THE SATURDAY EVE ST

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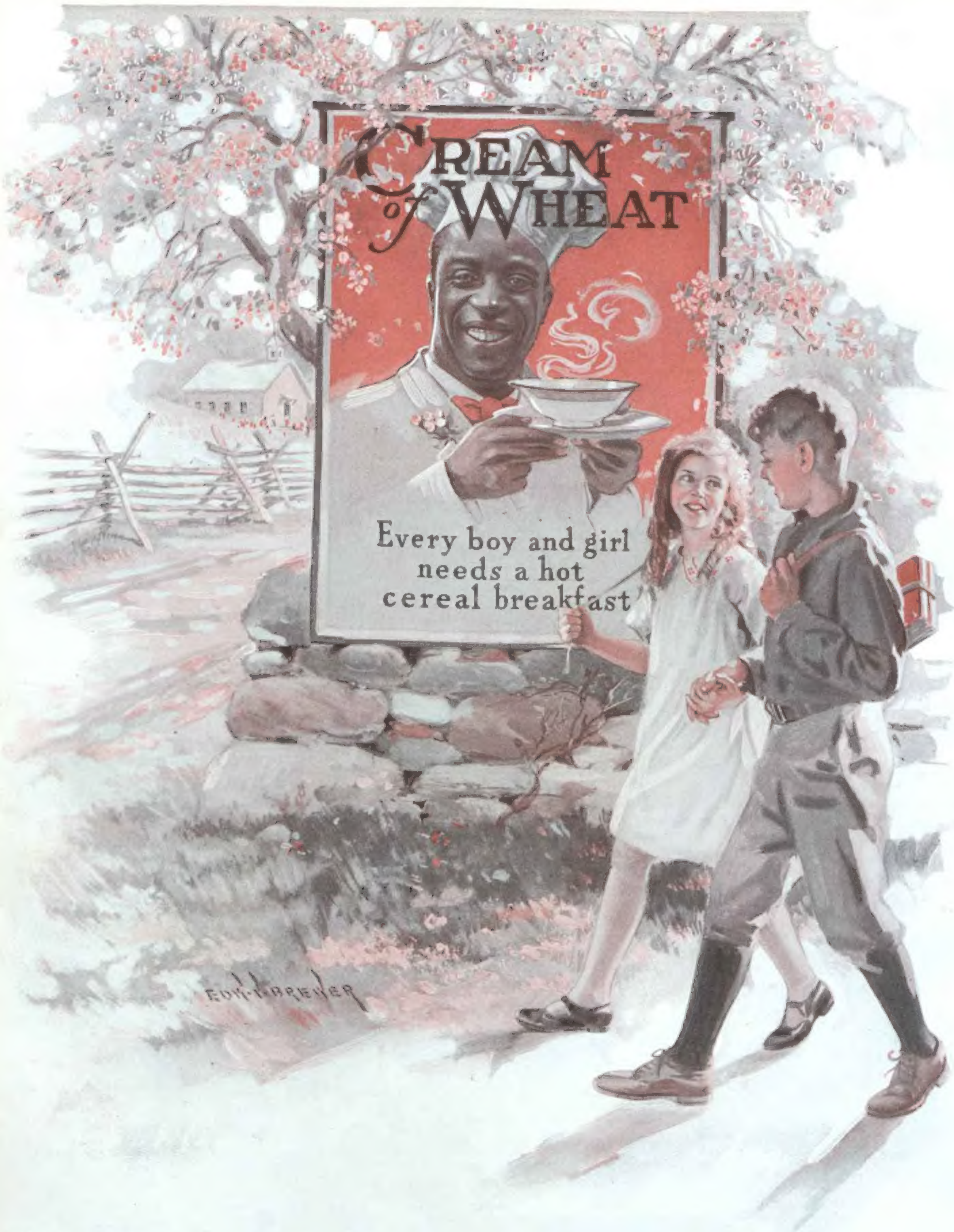

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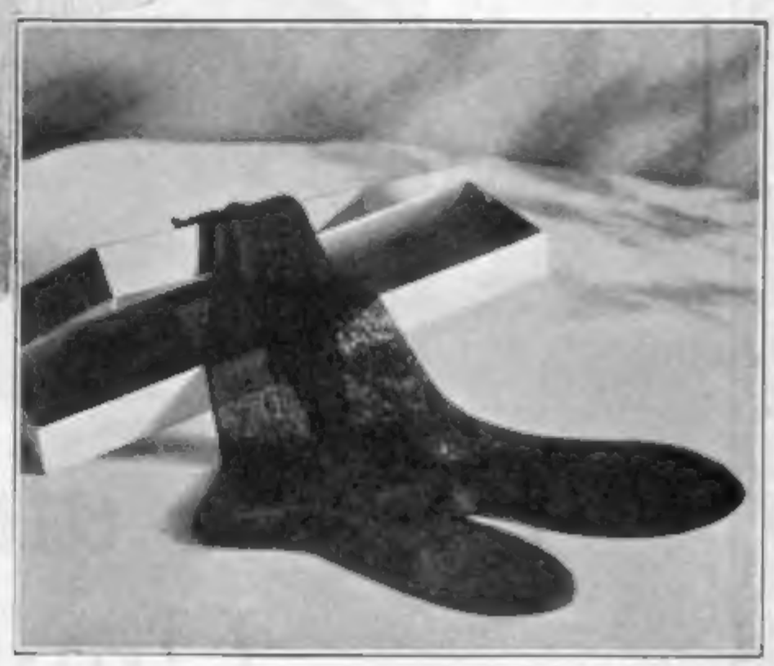
See this Discovery

that gives men's socks 3 to 4 times more wear

A new way of knitting brings the revolutionary feature Ex Toe. Sheer silks give striking smartness and trim fit. Look like Fifth Avenue. Wear like Main Street.

THERE has been a discovery in fine hosiery making ... a simple scientific knitting principle that brings amazing results. Now socks knitted by it wear 3 to 4 times longer.

At the toe where wear is hardest a special thread is woven at the tip and over the top in this new way. There is no heavy thickness. No bunching nor discomfort. So skilfully is it done that you can scarcely see where this unique feature, Ex Toe, begins or ends.



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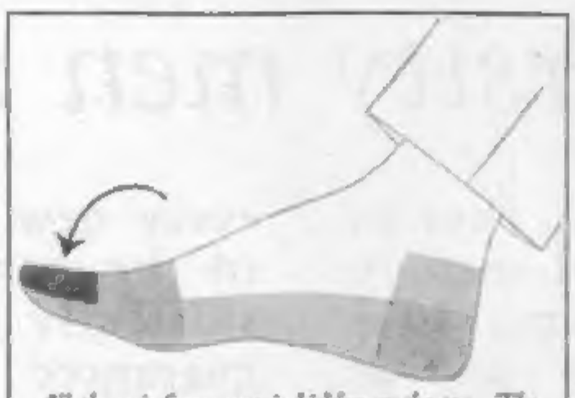
A Vital Improvement

Months were spent in perfecting this new process. Special machines were designed and built. Thousands of experiments were made. Finally we found the perfect way to do it.

Now Ex Toe is offered you in sheer silks of striking colors. Trim fitting at the ankles and faultlessly correct.



All the reinforcement is hidden at the toe. The part others see is superlatively sheer and webby

See the new summer silks. Other smart materials, too, if you prefer. Prices range from only 50c to $1.

Get a pair today. Be sure to ask for Ex Toe. If your own store hasn't any, write to us.

Holeproof Ex Toe Hosiery

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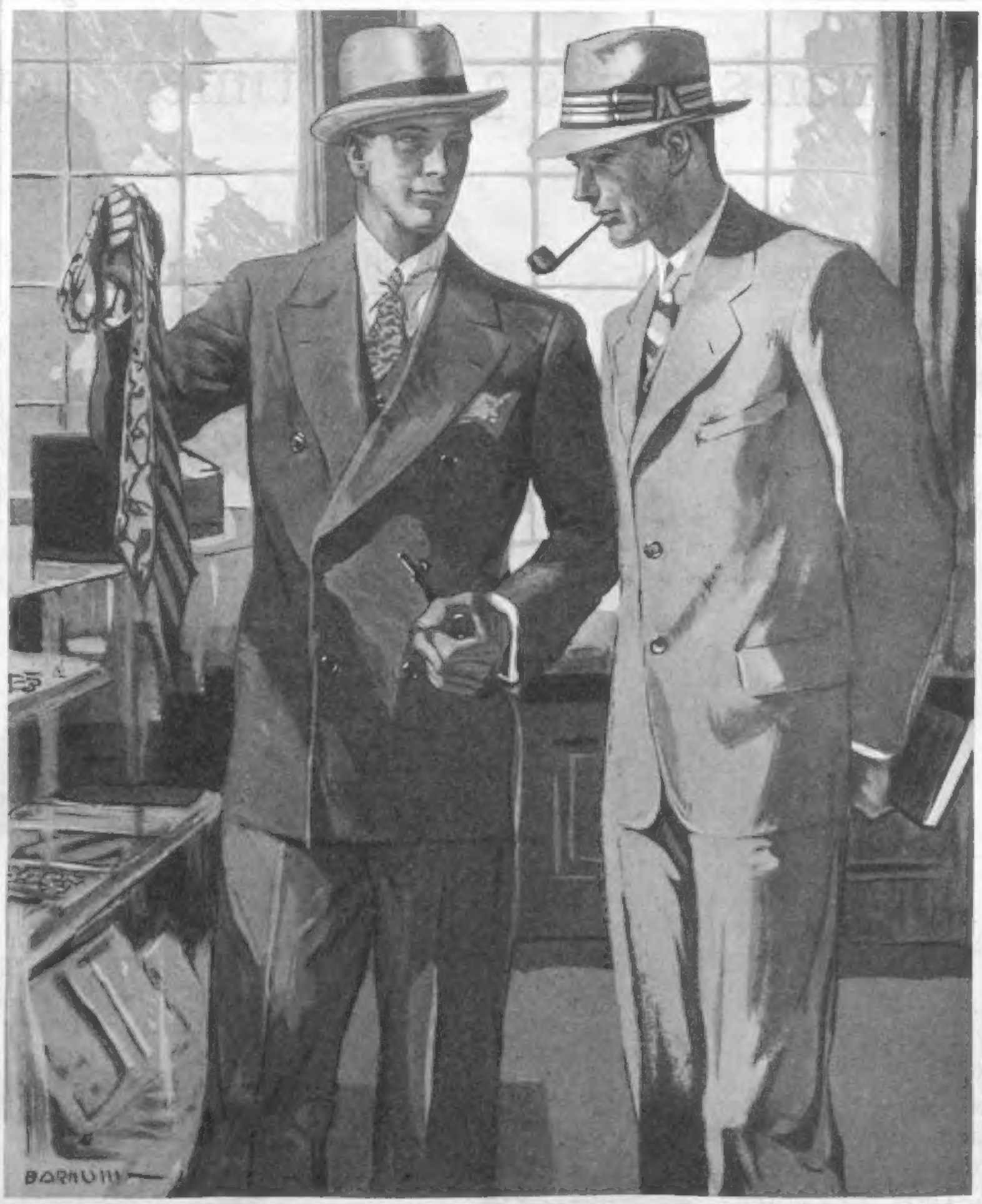

They're authentic in every detail— University men say so

You'll like these suit styles; they're made the way the best dressed men in the big universities want them. Our style experts are "on the scene" so that every new idea comes to you instantly; in the smartest fabrics and colors and skillfully tailored. Our label is your guarantee

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O O - H O O S K - A H

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

PAUL NEALE had never shaken hands with adventure. In the course of his twenty-five years it must have brushed his shoulder; if so, it had slipped by unrecognized. He had a remarkable memory, and could so intently concentrate his brain as once to forget the date and study methodically through a New York New Year's Eve. He never thought or said anything about getting there, but he slogged at a job till it was done—really, completely done. He had never thought about making the most of himself; nor indeed, of doing the best he knew how. He just did it. He was like an elephant pushing a log into place; it had to go there. Elephants are clever but they do not trumpet the fact; they achieve results; so it was with Paul Neale. He did his clever thinking about his work and not about himself. A single-track mind, perhaps, bound one day to bring great personal success; but he never worried about that. His life had been hard and he had no time to encourage humor. He had always avoided girls, but he was not shy. He met them as man to man, puzzled some, intensely amused some, and a few plain ones liked it. He exercised methodically in the gymnasium and kept himself always in the pink of condition. He had an odd weakness for beautiful clothes and once a year went to the most expensive tailor and outfitter. Simple in his food, he sometimes indulged in a dinner that emptied his purse. He was nearly six feet tall and had a good figure. His one fellow boarder—a girl—had described him in a letter as having a "long, lean handsome face, somber eyes, and lips that ought to smile and didn't." He was lonely without knowing it, and did not think about making social contacts. His annual suit of clothes, his occasional dinner hinted at future self-indulgence when money and time were his.

After his breakfast on a late spring morning he went to Park Avenue and began leisurely to walk up and down, scanning occasionally the entrance to one of the great apartment houses across the street. He found this bright May day delicious and he was glad that he had put on the new suit which he had found on his return from a week's vacation. That he lived in or owned one of these grandiose mansions none could have doubted; but he had just twelve hundred dollars in the bank and was parading quietly up and down on a business errand. An automobile drew up. He crossed, quickening his steps, but checked as he saw baggage, and that two ladies, one of whom was dressed in black, got out. Retracing his steps, he inquired for the nearest public library. There he asked yesterday's publications why Mrs. John Bates Benson wore heavy mourning. The answer was that her millionaire husband was dead and buried. So much for a week's vacation without looking at a newspaper.

Neale went down to Wall Street, emptied his safe-deposit box, carried the large wallet back to his room, locked the door and read, reread and studied the contents. It was midnight before he came to a decision which radically altered his life. It was deep in the morning hours before he perfected his plans, the first steps in the execution of which were the surrender of his room, the storage of two trunks, the reduction of his bank balance to two dollars and the purchase of a railway ticket. In the train he pored over one of the documents, learned it by heart and sketched little plans from its descriptions. At Hartford he bought a cheap suit, the things that went with such a suit and a cheap motortruck with a top; then he went to a cheap hotel, changed to his cheap clothes, and afterward ate an expensive dinner. He had forgotten to eat all day and he made up for that forgetfulness.

Presently the Woman Looked Out, Showed a Blank Face of Surprise, Then Smiled

In the morning in that celebrated bookstore in the main street he purchased a second-hand copy of Hough's book on trees and Mathew's Field Book and all the pamphlets he could find issued by the Forest Service. When he drove away he carried with him a lot of tools that would have puzzled any skilled workman; none could have guessed his trade. He went fast through towns and past acres of tobacco, some all white in the distance from the cheesecloth already spread to protect the delicate plants, but he checked at every lonely conspicuous tree in a field. He studied each with a concentration that detached him completely from the world about him, compared it with the colored prints in his book and gave it its name. Sometimes he got out and plucked a twig from a bough, a cone from beneath an evergreen or a flake from the bark of a trunk, and these he studied until he could tell an elliptical lance-shaped leaf twenty yards away. Never did a more passionate student of Nature pass up the valley of the Connecticut.

In Springfield he bought some colored Marlborough blankets and some stores, and in the early evening turned down toward the river and camped under the bank; but before he built his fire he identified by the light of his torch the speckled alders about him and minutely examined the broadly elliptical, or ovate, leaves. An obvious novice at camping out, he burned the sausages and his hand, and cut his finger in opening a can. The shrill cheep of millions of little frogs pierced his eardrums and the mysterious noises of the night seemed vaguely threatening to this dweller in the city. Sometimes in the intense concentration of which he was capable he forgot his unaccustomed surroundings, let his pipe go out and stared at the softly flowing water. He was not dreaming; he was thinking. It was close on midnight when he muttered "Some job" and bedded down in the truck.

He awoke at six o'clock and plunged into the water, to emerge gasping and glowing from the icy river. His bacon was successful, his coffee good; he was learning fast. He should have started with an exhilaration which ought to have overtopped care, but the long lean face did not relax, nor was the passionate interest in trees abated. He nodded to those he knew, and as he drove along he recited what he had learned the day before. He seldom had to refer to his book for forgotten details. At Brattleboro he added to his possessions a pistol,

He Lifted His Eyes and Saw a Pair of Rubber-Soled Shoes Wet With Dew, Above Them a Lot of Silk Stocking

six sticks of dynamite, a book on explosives and a suit of overalls. It was there that he left the river and headed for Rutland, and his camp that night was one of comfort, for he made a mattress of spruce boughs. In the morning he put on his overalls and aged them, as men age wine, by unfair means. He rolled in a dusty rut, and as he had not shaved he looked now the careless workman. This was a slow and busy day, with much reference to his volumes. In this wild hilly country the mountain birches, poplars, balsams and pines began to appear, and he passed sugar huts, where they had been boiling the maple sap.

"I can never get in that quarry by night," he said to himself toward dusk, and looked about for a camping ground; but he checked before an unusual specimen of a chestnut. He recited his lesson, but it took the form of an address to the stately tree, just now, in late May, at the full perfection of fresh leaf.

"You are lonely here so far to the north," he said gravely. "Perhaps that's why you're so healthy. No *diaportha parasitica* wiggles in your bark. No *ariopalus fulminans* bores at your vitals. Your yellowish-green staminate flowers will soon be blossoming in your erect catkins, and your top will be fuzzy and pale with bloom. Look out for the fungus parasite, O Castanea Dentata."

A voice came clear, low, with a catch of a laugh in it. Two ladies in an auto of splendor had crept silently to his side. Behind the veil of the one driving he saw a line of white teeth disclosed by a wide smile; the other, unveiled, deeply tanned, more considerately attempted to hide her amusement. The young man glowered in vexation, and the natural cast of his somber features exaggerated this expression into a scowl. The veiled lady tittered, if such a word may be used of one so unobtrusively luxurious; the other promptly said in a frank, kindly voice, "We are friends of trees, too, and so we would not interrupt." Her eyes said more; they were of that exceptional brilliant blue which cannot help overexpressing every slight thought and every passing emotion. They effectively looked regret for that titter, and the scowling face relaxed before their splendor.

"I'm a doctor of trees," Paul Neale stammered. "And it's fine to run across a chestnut that's not a patient."

"A doctor of trees," the blue-eyed one exclaimed. "What a fascinating occupation. All outdoors and the wind on your cheek and the smell of pines."

"A doctor of trees," the veiled lady drawled. "Perhaps I can give you work."

Neale was surprised at the maturity of the voice, and changed his opinion that she was the younger.

"Work?" repeated the sea-tanned one in wonder. "What can ——" Neale saw the elbow nudge that silenced her.

"What a lark to watch him feeling the pulse of a bough and listening at the bark for the beating of the heart." The lady tinkled flippant laughter. "Yes, I must watch you at work, my man."

"I'm full up," the young man curtly retorted, resenting the insufferable condescension of her manner and her shallow gibes.

"Oh, let the others wait," she said airily. "If I need you I can make it well worth your while. Stella, what's the name of that village?"

"Owl's End, Jane."

Neale peered into the veiled face, almost rudely staring. "It's a few miles farther on," he said. His civility was now almost excessive, for he had recognized Mrs. John Bates Benson.

"Come to me there tomorrow afternoon," she commanded. "Ask at the hotel for Mrs. Burnleigh."

"At five o'clock, Mrs. Burnleigh," he said submissively.

"Don't be late," was her sharp parting word.

"I won't, ma'am," promised this humble doctor of trees. He glowered after them, then at the tree. It and its kind had cost hours now proved to be vital.

A few lights from shadeless windows appeared in front of the automobile driven by the lady who elected to call herself Mrs. Burnleigh.

"Owl's End," she said, drawing up by the roadside and wringing cramped hands. "I'm dying for a cigarette. Well, that's a day, all right." She pushed up her veil and took a cigarette from her daughter's proffered gold case. "Ah!" She sat back with a sigh of pleasure. "It's so wonderful to know geography, isn't it? Just a little blue map and Ascutneyville and Owl's End and Rutland were on it, and Billy—Billy Holder, you know—he said quick, like that, Vermont."

A silence followed. The girl on sudden impulse patted the older woman's hand.

"Mother dearest," she murmured, "I'm so sorry I couldn't be here sooner. I'm so glad I'm here now. I ——"

"There you go, Stella," her mother interrupted. "You'd love to talk it over and look sad and cut wrinkles on our foreheads and get sentimental. Life's not a lash. It cannot make you wince if you don't wince. It cannot leave a scar if you won't have a scar."

"All right, call it a sandbag. It stuns you, let's say."

"Good girl, and who need know that if you go on laughing and talking? People will believe you are very much alive if you make the right movements, and the first thing you know you get over it. You've never understood me, Stella. You've never tried to. If I am really sweet to you, you look at me as if you'd like to put your head on my shoulder and weep. So I am always on the defensive. Very unkind, I call it."

"All right, old girl. I'll try and have more pluck."

"I could eat a whole chicken," Mrs. Burnleigh cried. She drew in a lingering whiff, then stretched an arm. She drew it back as they heard the distant sound of an engine. "If he stops, be nice to him. He may be useful. There's a tree on the map, stuck in later. The ink's almost fresh. It has a name like a rooster crowing. J. B. B. was off his head, and for a whole day he muttered that name over and over. If that's the woodcutter, his face is better than it looks, and his manner than it seems. Be nice."

"Don't patronize him, Jane, if you want his help," the girl cautiously warned.

"Oh, all right; I'll ask him to dinner—shall I? His face is bristly, but I dare say his heart is sound. I'll introduce him to you—shall I? He'll be clean Sunday and take you for a run in the truck."

The girl pretended to laugh as the truck drew up.

"Thank you, no," her mother said, in answer to a query whether anything was the matter. "We only stopped to cool the engine and warm my fingers. I say, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Neale, ma'am."

"Mr. Neale, if you run across any good bits of old Colonial, do let us know. Miss Burnleigh would cross a state to buy a tallboy and fly to Arkansas for an eight-day clock. Miss Burnleigh—Mr. Neale." The vague touch of burlesque in this introduction expressed the mother's annoyance at being told how to manage a man—any man—and at having to ask the help of a daughter.

"I hope we shall need you, Mr. Neale," Stella said in her charming voice, "for I should like to see what you do." She pressed her mother's knee to check the gibe she was sure was coming.

"At your service, Miss Burnleigh." He drove on into the darkness, lifting his cap and gritting his teeth at the unsuspecting interlopers.

The auto followed slowly. "Millions missing, Stella; oh, no wonder you start. Experts know they went, know when they went—but where? They say old men sometimes hoard like jackdaws. That's our only hope. Otherwise, it's bread and water for us."

"There's your money—and mine," cried the startled girl.

"We aren't sure about anything, Stella."

"Gone—all gone?"

"We fear so."

The girl was shocked to silence. At the clean little hotel Mrs. Burnleigh efficiently and patronizingly arranged for comfort.

"Shall I come and hook you up?" Stella asked, knowing that she would be denied. Only a maid was allowed to see the twice-daily restoration of the mother to youth. She turned to the young man behind the counter. "We are told there is some old furniture on a place up here—a Mr.—Mr.—a tall old gentleman, very distinguished, with white hair and mustache and the face and eyes of a splendid eagle."

"The archduke, miss. You must mean him. That's what we call him around here; a foreigner, by name Bintzen."

They had quite a talk about this Mr. Bintzen, reported to her mother an hour later during dinner. As they sat down Mrs. Burnleigh began a conversation about astronomy.

"They have stars, Stella," she said, "that never shine, and you only know they are there because some silly astronomer has calculated that they are there. What nonsense! What good is a dark star? Well, the lamp in my room is like that. Tell me, is my eyebrow on straight?"

"You look lovely, Jane. What for? Me?"

"One has pride; but you haven't changed. You don't need even to be clean, with your eyes and your color——" Her mother studied her with hardly concealed hostility.

A charming pair they looked; from a little distance, sisters, both shingled, disclosing two long heads, finely sloped behind, leading to the mistaken idea that the two skulls were equally filled; the one woman more exquisitely artificial, the other more markedly beautiful. Closer inspection disclosed a gay-hearted, fought-off maturity in contrast with buoyant and vigorous youth.

"He was known here, Jane," the girl said as soon as they were alone. "He took another name."

"He took everything in sight. Why not another name?" Mrs. Burnleigh patted her back hair with a hand on which diamonds and emeralds glittered. Her hand stopped as though from an electric shock, and she looked astonishment; then she laughed. "I've been shingled for two months and still I put my hand up, and every time I do it and feel the short hairs tickle I think my head's off or something like that. Well, another name, you say?"

"Austrian, I think. He made Benson out of Bintzen. He's had the place for ages, the boy said, and there's a farm there and——"

"Well, go on."

"Relatives."

"Relatives?" Mrs. Burnleigh could only stare. Mother and daughter looked at each other for a long instant.

"That's all, Jane. The boy's a newcomer."

"I must have a pain then," said the mother with apparent irrelevance, and when the maid entered asked about a doctor. Yes; old Doctor Farnham, who had lived in the village a lifetime. "Send for him, please.

"I dare say," Mrs. Burnleigh drawled on, "I know some of those relations by name. Oh, the women he thought I was when he was delirious—Gretchen and Hannah and Mathilde and Etelka—a dozen more, but never once Jane. Sweethearts, some of them, I suppose—a list longer than Leporello's."

"Mother! He was dying."

"He put it off years too long. He babbled about *silber Tannen* and *ulmen Rüster*—silver firs, elms, maples and about Hans the *Waldschütze*—sounds a big property to have a wood ranger. And relations in possession! I wonder if they know Bintzen is Benson, if they know he's dead and buried. I wonder how much the doctor will know. I'll have neuralgia, I think, and he must distract my mind by talking. Yes, more chicken, please. Stella, is this the ninth?"

"Yes, Jane."

"My wedding day, May 9, 1913—ten years."

"So it is, Jane, and you would not let me come."

"I wish I had not gone myself," was the answer, given with a chuckle. "I was over thirty and he was twice as old. But he was the handsomest man, even then, I ever saw. And he had millions. I had a wonderful year, Stella. I truly did. It might have lasted longer if the war had not taken him to his laboratories and his inventions. When it was over he was an old man, worn out, secretive, peculiar, suspicious, jealous—oh, hateful. He did wonders, they said. He had been an American citizen for thirty years, and nobody even remembered that he was of noble Austrian family, banished for some youthful folly. We hardly spoke—you know that. He wanted a nurse—not a wife."

The messenger came back with the information that the doctor could not come for some time; he had a confinement case.

"And when was his last one?" Mrs. Burnleigh demanded.

"A month or six weeks ago—Mrs. Turner's," the boy said after reflection.

"How inconsiderate babies are. A case a month and one must choose this night—and my neuralgia."

She touched her suffering cheek with her bediamonded hand and asked for some more apple pie. "No matter how late, I must see him."

At midnight the gaunt kindly doctor, wrinkled and weathered, found an improved patient sitting by a warm fire resting a cheek on an old-rose silk sweater. All that was needed now was a light sleeping draught, and would he sit down and warm himself? And if he cared for it, there was a little flask of very special old Scotch whisky. So under cheerful conditions in due time the talk was brought around to old furniture and the possibility of finding any at the Bintzen place. The doctor talked freely of this interesting foreigner who had restored an old mill for his summer home and an old farmhouse a quarter of a mile away for his family.

"His family?" drawled the patient.

"Yes, his wife."

"Ah, his wife? Perhaps I could see her—about furniture."

"She's been dead these ten years."

"Indeed!" Mrs. Burnleigh softly caressed her cheek as though it pained her. "Ten years dead?"

"About that, I should say. He built a tomb for her in a circle of silver firs he had planted himself. It looks like a little temple."

(Continued on Page 105)

She Darted Across and Pressed Through the Trees Within Three Feet of the Hidden Watcher

THE ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

By WILL PAYNE

DECORATIONS BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

A BULKY parcel in the mail last week contained a copy of the fiftieth anniversary number of the newspaper that I used to work on when it was getting into long pants and I was self-conscious over a new mustache. Certain rich and famous colleagues came to mind immediately. Such colleagues always do come to mind immediately.

Who ever forgot the friend of his youth that turned out rich or famous? Nobody. That friend becomes part of our stock in trade. It is like the inn that George Washington once slept in. Nowadays it may be a quite rotten inn; but the accident that the Father of his Country once reposed beneath its roof is supposed still to shed some of his merit upon it. I don't know how many hundred structures ask our admiration today on the ground—often a very debatable one—that George Washington slept in them.

So every notable man enriches a regiment of otherwise uninteresting youthful acquaintances. We wait for the distinguished name, and pounce on it with—"Peter G. Thompson! Why, I went to school with Pete Thompson," and so forth and so on. No doubt it is something to come that near to greatness. Nearly every biography and autobiography leans heavily on the Peter G. Thompsons. Many of them give you an impression that their subjects never made the acquaintance of anybody who did not turn out rich or famous. The second cousin who invented folding beds and endowed a college gets a whole chapter. The other second cousin who drank himself into delirium tremens and stole a child's savings bank is completely ignored.

But if I were starting life over again I should consider it more important to know how not to have delirium tremens than to know how to endow a college. Telling how So-and-So became famous and ignoring those who went quite the other way is a one-sided benefit; for only a few of us are in any real danger of becoming famous, while all of us are in danger of going the other way. Looking over the anniversary number finally reminded me of some who did go the other way. This is to be a Who is Not Who—and Why.

The number contains a picture of the old building into whose street door I used to hurry at eight o'clock every week-day morning, for the moment exclusively occupied with wondering whether I should be able to think up enough subjects for editorials to fill a column by half-past ten. That was the dead line, for the noon edition, carrying the editorial page, went to press then.

After half-past ten there was a period of comparative leisure, when I had nothing to do except run over to the courthouse or down to a police station and try to pick up a bit of news out of the ordinary run that could be made into a quarter-column or half-column story—dropping in at a dairy-lunch counter on the way back for a ten-minute repast. Before one o'clock I must be lending the city editor a hand in editing the local copy that was beginning to rain in from all quarters of the town. From then up to the final agony of getting the five-o'clock edition to press at half-past two there was no more time to reflect than there is when the house is afire. After half-past two there might be an hour or so of easy chores, such as clipping an article on Stonehenge out of a London magazine, condensing it, pasting it, writing heads and subheads and sending it into the composing room for an inside page tomorrow.

Who's Who and Who's Not—and Why

AFTER that one strolled out of the street door quite free to think over the problems of life and to ponder the advice which wise men have given as to the best means of meeting them. Only, of course, no one did. When a hundred or so young men and women issued from Chicago newspaper offices, afternoon and evening, the problems really pondered were how to get fifteen dollars of goods and services with seven dollars and a half, and whether one stood the better chance, next week, of getting a raise or getting fired. As to the future, all of us who were still in the joltless age of innocence let our flattering imaginations arrange that.

A few of those young men did come into futures that probably exceeded their imaginings. Two of them, George Ade and Finley Peter Dunne, made top-line successes in writing, when very likely they would have compromised, at twenty-two, on the second line. Another, Frank Vanderlip, became president of the biggest bank in New York, whereas his youthful imagination probably stopped at only the biggest bank in Chicago. To a person who is buying his winter overcoat on the installment plan a million dollars must seem a rather fabulous sum; so I doubt that any young journalist's picture of the future rose to that audacious height. But at least three that I happen to know about reached, or overtopped, that mark. Some others of whom I happen to know only indefinite reports probably reached it, or thereabouts.

I know about some successes of a more important kind than that—for example, John McCutcheon and Ray Stannard Baker. One whom I lost touch with when he was twenty-one or two, and a normally impecunious reporter, I next came across as the publisher of a group of flourishing newspapers. My most romantic young colleague mysteriously evolved into a bald and prosperous manufacturer, of strongly conservative views. When I think the list over, other examples of what may fairly be called success come to mind; and many, of course, have faded completely out of my ken.

The successes should be mentioned in order to keep a due sense of proportion. That group of a hundred or so young persons was exceptional in the number of its members who got into Who's Who, which means that a man or a woman has done something that attracted general attention. But you may attract general attention by falling off a bus without being any the happier for it. Aside from that incident of notoriety, I suppose the group's experience in later life would give a tolerably fair average of the experience of almost any other hundred or so Middle-Western young Americans who were blessed with some energy and mental alertness. So far as I know the record, the number of what may fairly be called failures in life has been small.

Of course, not one of the hundred did what he wanted to. Outside of a fairy story, nobody ever does what he wants to. No dream ever came true, or ever can. If your fancy turns in a monetary direction, you may dream of a million dollars; but if you live to get a million, it will not be at all what you dreamed it was going to be. By that time you will be dreaming of five millions, and having a row with your wife that makes the bank balance seem hollow. When dreaming, any sensible person will naturally dream of a thornless and joltless future. There is no such future. I am not talking about happiness, but only about the outward signs of success; and by failure I mean the outward signs of calamity.

So far as I know, such outward signs of calamity attached to four of the group. I have known several other pretty complete failures, but they came in later. Two of the four ended their lives with pistol balls; but one, I think, was not free. Afterward we recalled symptoms of some nervous and mental derangement that could not be attributed to anything in his conduct. By the strictest conventional standards, his conduct was exemplary—and that was the exception among young newspapermen at that time. I mean he never drank, never smoked, never gambled, never stayed out of nights; was notably devoted to his wife and small child; a model of industry. That had its reward, too, for while still a young man—after leaving town—he owned the controlling interest in a daily newspaper in the West and seemed well planted on the road to material success. But apparently there was something fatally wrong in the mechanism. Probably no amount of right living can ward off disease. As to the other suicide, we were at no loss for an explanation—drink. That explained a good deal in that period.

All periods, it seems, are transition periods. Everything is always in process of changing from what it was day before yesterday to what it will be day after tomorrow. The period in which I began newspaper work was transitional.

The Old Wide-Open Days

BEHIND it, if one could trust the report of hardy veterans who had survived, lay an era of almost complete saturation, when a strictly sober reporter was considered very eccentric, and brilliant journalism was supposed to be the by-product of a thorough pickling in alcohol. I doubt very much that the era was as inebriate as the veterans wished us novices to believe, for perfectly intelligible newspapers were written and printed; but it was wet enough.

Already, when I came in, the journalist who incapacitated himself with jocund beverages during business hours was beginning to be regarded with strong disfavor. My managing editor had broken definitely with tradition by announcing that he wouldn't have a booze fighter around the shop. It was one of those transition periods that are always with us. Some banks, or perhaps all of them, had promulgated a rule that any employe who was found frequenting saloons even out of business hours would be discharged. On the other hand, I had the malicious pleasure of seeing an officer of a leading bank at least three sheets in the wind at a public place. Only a few years later no bank officer would have been found in that condition except in the privacy of his club.

There was still plenty of drinking in newspaper circles. The abstainer who committed suicide and one other are the only total drys I remember. The grind on city newspapers was harder then than it is now. Newspapers were not a continuous performance. The morning papers had two editions—the early mail edition and the city edition. Evening papers had three editions—the twelve o'clock, the three o'clock and the five o'clock. After the five o'clock went to press nobody thought of getting out an extra unless something like an earthquake happened. Excepting on election night, I doubt that we got out more than six extra

editions in a year. So everything was keyed up tight to the crucial hours of going to press, at which time the office presented an imitation of a steamboat explosion, with panic among the passengers. Men worked longer hours and filled more space. Nowadays, when I contemplate the enormous editorial staff of a metropolitan paper, and remember the various news-gathering agencies and feature syndicates that send in copy, I wonder what all the men and women do with their time—although they tell me confidentially that they work like dogs.

The grind, I am sure, was harder. Perhaps the general atmosphere was more convivial. Certainly there were more open temptations. I have forgotten how many thousand saloons flourished in Chicago at that time, but except in a few restricted residence districts you could not take a great many steps in any direction without coming to one. They were all wide open seven days in the week, and some of them all night.

The proprietor of one famous establishment, much frequented by journalists, boasted that his front door had not been locked in twenty years.

Gambling made scarcely a pretension of hiding from the light of day. Now and then one of several small but militant bands of outlaws, over by the stockyards, or up in Little Hell, gave the police a pitched battle. All the same, it annoys me greatly to hear that period referred to nowadays as one of lawlessness; for there was nothing like the régime of murder and robbery that has disgraced the city—and most other American cities—in late years. Two rival gamblers, meeting in a spacious thronged saloon on Clark Street one evening, drew their pistols and blazed away, to the consternation of the crowd, until one was dead and the other badly wounded. But they did not put their heads together, collect a couple of trusty followers, walk into a suburban bank in broad daylight, murder the teller, carry off the money and then sit down to enjoy the spoils and laugh at the law, as happens now. In spite of the open drinking and gambling, we were nearer civilized then than we are now.

I don't remember just how long I had been on the paper—lending a hand at the city editor's desk part of the day—when the managing editor called me into his cubby and said that he had made a new arrangement; Jim —— was coming back on the paper next week as city editor.

The Rise and Fall of Jim

I HAD never seen the man, but knew the name, so this announcement was something like saying to a young actor that Barrymore is to join the cast next week. By common report Jim —— was one of the best newspapermen in Chicago. He had been on the paper before my time, and got discharged finally for insobriety. I had been told that after his discharge he sank rapidly to a woeful state and even his best friends almost gave him up. Then he took a patented cure for alcoholism and got an indifferent job outside the newspaper field. For a whole year he had been sober as a judge, and the managing editor, convinced at last, was taking him back.

"I guess he's had his lesson," the boss observed in telling me that Jim was coming to the city desk. "There's no better newspaperman when he is sober."

Those of us who had not known him before found, also, that he was a most lovable man—a quite pathetically lovable man, as I think of it now, and a veteran, having reached the venerable age of forty. He carried a gold hunting-case watch with a miniature photograph of his wife and two children on the inside of the cover, as we could see, because every day about half past one, as we came into the desperate home stretch of getting the five o'clock edition to press, he laid his open watch upon the desk in front of him where he could keep the tail of his eye on it. In less strenuous moments he would very likely fall to bragging about the children. To say that we never resented that, or made fun of it, is a sufficient testimonial to our affection for him.

Leaving the office on a hot summer afternoon, three or four of us would often drift over to Randolph Street and submerge in the dim and grateful coolness of a basement saloon where lines of German doggerel on the walls celebrated the Fatherland's favorite tipple. It is odd how easily anything with alcohol in it lends itself to repetition. If three or four reporters had chanced of an afternoon to drop in at a museum, or a library, or a church, they would presently have dispersed, and that would have been the end of it. Nobody would have suggested that they meet in the same place at the same hour another day. But having chanced to drop into this saloon one afternoon, we dropped in again, and it soon became an almost daily rite.

One afternoon Jim strolled over to Randolph Street with us, having an errand to do there before taking a train for home. As we filed down the steps he waved adieu to us and went on about his errand. Two or three days later he accompanied us again, and paused at the head of the steps.

"It's fearfully hot," he said. "I believe I'll have a Seltzer lemonade."

We knew his story, and felt uncomfortable as Jim went down the steps into the coolness with us. He ordered a Seltzer lemonade and sat at the table with us for quite half an hour, sipping his soft drink while we emptied our steins of beer. We compared notes afterward and found that we all felt much relieved when Jim went up the steps as sober as he came down. Two or three other days passed, and again Jim, it seemed, had an errand over on Randolph Street.

At the head of the basement steps he said nothing whatever of an explanatory or apologetic nature, but walked down with us as though that was what he had been in the habit of doing. We took seats round a table. A white-aproned waiter came up.

"Beer," said the first man. The second man nodded. The waiter's eye was on Jim.

"Beer," said Jim.

Presently we began awkwardly trying to lure him away; but he stayed until he was drunk.

I have never participated in a murder, but I suppose the corpse must be a monstrously gruesome thing—except, of course, to the professional assassin, who nowadays seems to take murder as coolly as the public at large takes it. The corpse of Jim's sobriety hung on our hearts as heavily as the Ancient Mariner's albatross. We were cheerfully ready to lie for him to any extent that seemed likely to be helpful—to say he had been run over by a dray, called to Minnesota by the death of a grandparent or anything else that would explain his absence from the office—if only he would stay away from the office until he was completely sober again. But he didn't. Toward noon the next day he appeared in an unmistakable condition and tried to tell the managing editor a maudlin story that wouldn't have deceived a child. He was crossed off the pay roll and went down again to the dismal depths he had known before.

None of us, I remember, could understand it then. When a man by no means a fool knew from long and bitter experience that any drink with alcohol in it would put him into the gutter, why would he deliberately go several blocks out of his way and down a flight of stairs in order to take a drink with alcohol in it? That puzzled us. But I think I understand it now.

The explanation goes back to a time when the only papers I was keenly interested in were those which Celia, for some occult reason, put over the tops of freshly baked frosted cakes. If one had a satisfactory record in the matter of filling the wood box, Celia would keep the papers for him so he could lick the frosting from them. It was a secret humiliation that I was a good deal of a duffer at playing ball; but by diligent practice I had secured the responsible position of left fielder in the junior hill team—hill because part of the town lay on a rise and the remainder on a flat. Usually nobody but ourselves paid the slightest attention to the junior hills. During part of one critical game, however, we had a gallery. It included a beautiful being, whose age may have been anywhere from sixteen to sixty—for I have noticed since that at the period when boys consist principally of arms, legs, appetite and noise their goddesses of the moment are as ageless as those on Olympus. The lady whom one took for perfection in visible form when one was twelve is quite apt to turn up, when one is twenty-five, in a wheeled chair, ear trumpet in hand, half blind and quite toothless.

When a Man's Brain Goes to Sleep

OF COURSE, I was much aware of the gallery and the beautiful being. A fly came my way—sent by Providence, for it was neither low and fast nor wide of my position. A dozen steps put me at the end of its trajectory. It dropped softly to my cupped hands, impinged upon them, and then softly bounced out again, rolling along the grass. Hoots of derision from the foe rang in my ears. I picked up the ball and threw it far out of anybody's reach. The hoots rose to a demoniacal chorus, and I sank—it was a sort of physical submersion—down, down to fathomless depths of shame and amazement. I couldn't really, it seemed, have muffed that easy fly, and then thrown the ball rods wide of the baseman—only, I had. Reason said it couldn't have happened, but the evidence on the other side was overwhelming.

It wasn't that I didn't know how to catch the fly, or that I couldn't have caught it. Many times before that disgrace and afterwards, in practice and in playing, I caught substantially the same fly. I could have caught it a thousand times running—if I had kept on the job of catching it. But something in my brain went to sleep, choosing that moment in the whole year when I had the opportunity to make the greatest fool of myself. There was a strain and something gave way at the worst possible time.

Putting one's hand in position to catch a ball is a mechanical trick; one is not conscious that his brain plays any part in it. But, in fact, it is the brain that catches the ball. The bow of the ship hits the rock, but it is the tiller that is at fault. Something in my head had lain down on the job just at the wrong time. Afterward, in newspaper days, it happened somewhat differently. My paper had a deep aversion to libel suits. True, anybody who did bring suit for libel against a newspaper was pretty sure to lose the case—if he didn't die of old age before it was finally decided. Or if, once in a great while, he got a verdict, it would be for a dollar. Nevertheless, everyone who handled copy was

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FAIR LADY

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

There in the Mayor's Robing Room They Were Dancing the Charleston With Imagination and Abandon

PROFESSOR DEWSLEY had a daughter—Flora. Flora had a soul. From early childhood her mother and father had catered for it devotionally, a little nervous, humble, as they both said, of such holy ground. At eight she was reciting the works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and other celestial-minded poets. From early childhood nothing gross approached Flora's mental or physical vision; nothing mundane was allowed to trouble her; and when she sat, ethereal, in some drawing-room in the Cathedral City of Boxburgh, quiet, rapt and shining, it was generally understood that she was thinking thoughts of utmost delicacy and beauty.

Everyone in Boxburgh handed the palm to Flora. Healthier young girls took lower places; middle-aged matrons said she was a miracle; and men young and old hushed their voices when they gazed reverently upon her.

Even Horace, the butcher's lad, the terror and scandal of the town, seemed more settled in his mind now that Flora had undertaken to assist his vicar in forwarding his education.

It was one of the sights of Boxburgh to see Flora walking in the garden with Professor Dewsley. Visitors to the place were sometimes bidden to look from drawing-room windows, and, across the old gray walls of intervening gardens, were shown Flora clinging to her father's hand.

"Birds and flowers, the sweet things of Nature, are all she thinks of," people would tell their visitors.

Then one day a certain titled widow—Boxburgh was a great place for elderly titled widows, retired colonels, canons, curates, indeed, naturally every brand of cleric—Lady Barker, who had a large, bewildered but exceedingly well-meaning son named Tristram, the holder of the title, said a thing.

"I wonder," said Lady Barker, "whom that angel girl will marry."

At the moment that Lady Barker said this all the people gathered in her first-floor drawing-room were looking from the window at Flora, walking with the professor away in their garden.

"She has grown up," said Lady Barker, "in complete, amazing and lovely innocence. But one day she will have to marry; one supposes; one day she will have to learn the realities, the trials and cruelties of life. Dear me, dear me!" sighed Lady Barker.

The only unmarried doctor of Boxburgh was present. He was of good family and possessed of some private means and was *persona grata* in the drawing-rooms of The Close. Several people said as they went home that day that they saw an idea strike him like a flash when Lady Barker spoke; and again, several people remarked, after, that they had always known that Doctor Lapworth had such a thing in mind ever since the little Flora was just so high.

However that may have been, the whole room suddenly sat up and bristled with interest when Doctor Lapworth spoke.

"I know," he said. "I, who have watched her grow up, know. I, who have watched her grow up, say that she is too fragile a flower to be taken into the wrong hands. She is so fragile a flower that she might die. But," said Doctor Lapworth, "the right hands are close to her, ready and waiting."

And he pulled down his waistcoat, took one last look out of the window, shook hands with Lady Barker and went away.

It was just here that Sir Tristram Barker awoke from his chronic state of bewilderment.

"Now what did he mean by that?" said Sir Tristram belligerently.

Several people said, after, that Doctor Lapworth's remark had touched the first spark to Sir Tristram's hitherto dormant passion for Flora.

And again, several other people observed as they went home that the Dewsleys were not the people to ignore that smear on the Barker escutcheon, that cousin, that Charles, you remember. However ——

II

THE only unmarried curate in Boxburgh had been present when Doctor Lapworth uttered his somewhat cryptic parting words, and so he had heard them for himself. The spinster sister of the manager—a widower—of the Town Bank had also been present, and she repeated to her brother what Doctor Lapworth had said. And then she detailed to him with imagination her impressions of Sir Tristram.

The manager of the Town Bank had—just as much as Doctor Lapworth—the qualifications of good birth and private income, which led him in through the accredited gate to the inner fold of Boxburgh, and when he had heard his sister he was silent for a short while; and then she saw a slight smile on his face that reminded her somewhat of the smile of Doctor Lapworth.

"Our friend the doctor is right," said the bank manager, "in what he says, but mistaken in what he anticipates. And now, Clara, tell me frankly, as a sister, if you think I look my age."

The bank manager straightened himself and pulled down his waistcoat. The sister was again reminded of Doctor Lapworth.

"No," she said, "you do not."

"Take that little Chinese vase of mine that I know you want; you may have it," said the bank manager.

As the sister was leaving, with the Chinese vase in her hands, musing happily on the ease with which she had won the coveted thing, she bumped right into the only single curate in Boxburgh. Or, no; this is wrong. The curate bumped heavily into the bank manager's sister, for he was almost running along, humming a giddy sort of chant and looking anywhere but where he was going.

"I beg your pardon," said the single curate with a beatific look. "I had no notion I was to have the pleasure of meeting you. This is delightful. What an exquisite day, is it not? Ah? Raining? True. But how refreshing. The earth needs not only sun but water. Ha-ha! Let me see, we were both at Lady Barker's charming tea party yesterday, were we not? Ha-ha!" The bank manager's sister assented. "Ha-ha!" said the single curate. "She entertains so charmingly, does she not? Yes? Ha-ha-ha! Did you think Doctor Lapworth was a little—er—ha-ha!—eccentric, though, in his comments upon Miss Dewsley? A little—er—ha-ha!—provocative really?"

The bank manager's sister settled her pince-nez and looked through them astutely at the young man.

"He is far too old," said the single curate, "for any such ideas; and probably he would say I am far too poor. I am poor. And probably he would say I am too delicate. As a little boy, I was delicate. But now—would you say I was delicate now?"

"Certainly not," replied the bank manager's sister; for she had that nice unmarried habit of trying to please everyone, however irrelevant.

"Ha-ha!" said the curate. "Ha-ha!" He lifted his hat. "Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

The bank manager's sister walked on, musing of these things.

And just about this time young Sir Tristram, looking his largest and plumpest in plus-fours, was seeking his mother where she sat writing about food in the cook's order book;

and he was kneeling down by her in the most affectionate beautiful boyish way, and gasping:

"Oh, mummy, would you like the loveliest daughter-in-law in the world? Oh, mummy, I must marry Flora Dewsley. But I know I am not nearly good enough, mummy. She knows nothing of the world and its wickedness, and I —— Well, mummy, at school, a fellow learns everything. And no man is perfect, is he, mummy? What shall I do?"

"You are my only son," said Lady Barker firmly; "you are better than most "

"The professor and Mrs. Dewsley would never hear of her marrying anyone who wasn't above reproach, mummy. They would inquire into positively everything. Eugenics, mummy, eugenics! And taints and relations, and all."

"I think we can bear inspection," said Lady Barker, in majesty.

"Oh, mummy, Cousin Charles!"

"Only a cousin; and far away, Tristram darling."

"He would never have to come near her, mummy. She couldn't stand the shock of realizing a man like that. She doesn't know there are such men, mummy."

"Tristram, my precious, she need never know."

"I ought to speak to her father first, mummy, oughtn't I?—in the case of such a girl, and ask him to get her mother to prepare her for the state of my feelings."

"With a girl like that, why, yes," said Lady Barker. "One must not surprise or shock her."

And she and Tristram gulped together, contemplating tenderly the terrible whiteness, innocence and fastidiousness of Flora.

III

FLORA had finished the private class she was so good as to give the butcher's lad, and as Mrs. Dewsley went up to the girlish bower sacrosanct to her daughter she met the rustic creature with his goggly eyes and apple cheeks coming from it. Flora's mother proceeded to the bower and found Flora sitting at the window, looking abstrusely at nothing.

"Pet," said Mrs. Dewsley, "mother has come for a little talk." She sat down beside the fairy girl and took one of her impalpable hands in a much more useful one. "You know, pet, we must all grow up; and although you live in the world of dreams, dear, there is a world of reality which we more mundane people know. And mother and father would not be doing their duty by you if they did not try to acquaint you with it. Now, pet, you see all around you married people, people with homes and families, and has it never occurred to you that though it is very beautiful to devote oneself to the spiritual needs of others and to take pleasure in simple things like birds and flowers, yet—the world being what it is—in fact, pet, the world is what it is."

Flora gazed abstrusely at her mother. Tears came slowly into her large brown eyes.

"Yes," she sighed, "the world is what it is."

"That is all mother has to say, pet; quite all," said Mrs. Dewsley, drawing back in embarrassment from the abstruse, abstracted look in Flora's eyes.

And so that was all she said just then, although she knew perfectly well that only yesterday Sir Tristram Barker, Doctor Lapworth and the bank manager, and only this morning the single curate, had been thundering at the gates demanding Flora's hand in marriage—that is to say, the stronger and older men thundered. Sir Tristram thumped and the curate tapped.

Mrs. Dewsley sought the professor.

"She'll never bear to think of it, love. Tears came into her eyes just at the bare idea that her world of dreams might pass away. I could go no further."

"Listen, my dear," said the professor. "I assure you I have talked pretty sharply to them all. 'It is possible you may win her,' I said to Lapworth. 'You are much older than she, but that, with a timid temperament like hers, may be all to the good.' I said much the same to our friend of the bank, except that I suggested that his previous married experience might stand him in good stead with a nervous, shy girl. To young Tristram Barker I had, I am sorry to say, to refer to the smear in their family. 'There is a matter,' I said, 'about which you and I must understand each other. Should she marry you, she is never to come into contact with that cousin of yours everyone has heard about.' The young fellow felt the stigma acutely. He is a good fellow and a good son, there is no doubt. Then, as for that curate, he certainly believes her inclination is for him."

"That all this should arise suddenly in a clear sky!" moaned Mrs. Dewsley.

The professor continued: "I made it clear to each of them that if he valued his chances there must be no rushing. 'She has never even thought of love,' I said, 'except filial love, which she bestows in plenty. She has no interest in men,' I said; 'her thoughts are with angels. All I can say is you must do your wooing with the utmost circumspection and delicacy. You cannot risk startling her. She is so unaware. You must take your time, let her know you better before she guesses your desires. But of this,' I said, 'I am confident,' I said, 'that the best man, the most upright, cleanest and most spiritual man will win. She needs her equal, if such exists.'"

Mrs. Dewsley sat down and wept with pleasure at the tenseness of the drama that would be enacted here under her very roof; and, indeed, under all the roofs of Boxburgh; for Flora was very popular, if such a word expresses her. Perhaps it would be happier to say that her presence everywhere was courted and desired, and that she granted it

Horace, the butcher's lad, continued his classes twice weekly; and his vicar said he was improving.

IV

EVERY morning early found young Sir Tristram round at the Dewsleys' with a book or pattern or what not from his mummy as excuse, and he used to persuade Flora to show him the garden, herbaceous, vegetable, rose and fruit. It was just at this time that young Sir Tristram began the study of botany, and it speaks volumes for the high-mindedness of the youth, for his self-restraint and the earnestness with which he set about his hard and difficult purpose, that he would sit with Flora hour after hour under an apple tree, or upon the scented bank of thyme, and no matter how often her golden head laid itself accidentally against his, he did positively nothing about it.

"I can wait, mummy," he would say heroically, returning home.

The curate interested Flora in a new Sheet-and-Counterpane Club for the very poor, and the inauguration of this necessitated his seeing her daily, at 12:30, so that at one o'clock Mrs. Dewsley was constrained to ask him to lunch, which made him feel already—so regular the meals became—like a son-in-law. His effort, however, was perhaps a little neutralized by the manager of the Town Bank, who swiftly undertook to arrange a most complicated system of account keeping for the Sheet-and-Counterpane Club, which brought him in very frequently at about 3:45—so near four o'clock in fact that Mrs. Dewsley was constrained to ask him to remain for a cup of tea.

As for Doctor Lapworth, he had this advantage—that he was a doctor. It was a low advantage, but he took it. He professed, in high technical terms, to Professor and Mrs. Dewsley a definite anxiety about the health of Flora. Her good works and the task of teaching that devil Horace, he said, were a bit of a strain on her, seeing how seriously she took everything that came her way. Therefore he was often to be seen driving up to the house and striding up to Flora's bower, or searching for her in the garden, where he would remain by her side for an hour at a time, talking as well as anyone about birds and flowers, music and painting, and the Whistleresque quality of the Boxburgh sunsets.

As spring fled on, the competitors began, as it were, to find their places. The curate drew level with Doctor Lapworth, with the bank manager running close at their quarters. But young Sir Tristram had drawn ahead. He had refined and enfeebled himself so that really he was hardly recognizable for the stout youth in plus-fours who used to go honking in his car down the streets of Boxburgh.

And the time of Lent drew near.

"What sacrifice shall I make for Lent?" Flora pondered aloud on the first morning of that season of penance as she seated herself at the breakfast table. "I think I shall give up another hour a week to Horace. Yes, I will take Horace on Mondays, as well as on Wednesdays and Fridays."

Yes. It was Lent. "You know how she observes all the religious seasons," said Mrs. Dewsley to the curate. "She will do it; you know her fervor. Really her father and I think that perhaps you and she—it

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"I Live With My Parents, Who are Perfectly Moldy People, and They Think I am an Angel"

BURBANK IN YOUR GARDEN

By Wilbur Hall

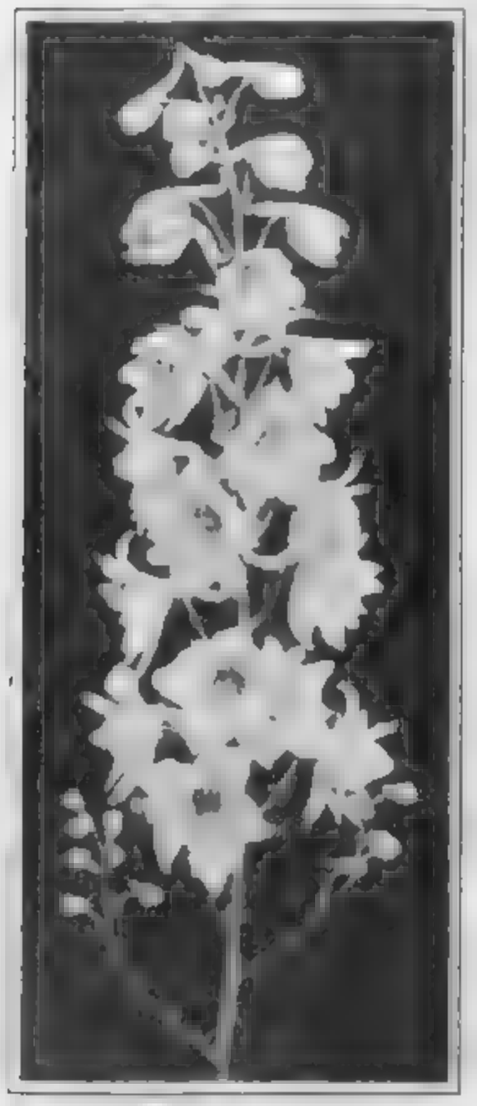
Some qualities Nature carefully fixes and transmits, but some, and those the finer, she exhales with the breath of the individual as too costly to perpetuate. But I notice also that they may become fixed and permanent in any stock by painting and repainting them in every individual, until at last Nature adopts them and bakes them into her porcelain. —EMERSON.

A LITTLE, thin, gray, red-cheeked wisp of a man in careless clothes, an old hat pulled down, a muffler around his neck, stood on a short ladder inserting a waxlike bud twig into a cleft in the end of a limb of a pear tree. Now seventy-seven, he is one of the five or six in America to whom the world has gone, beating a path to his door—much to his surprise and somewhat to his consternation—because he has made, not a mousetrap, but a new science of the oldest activity of man—growing things.

His fine, sensitive, strong hands moved swiftly and expertly; there was no lost motion; he talked as he worked.

Mr. Burbank in His Garden—Hybridizing Abutilon or Flowering Maple

"I'm not sure I would be any account at all in people's gardens," Luther Burbank said. "Dear me, it hadn't occurred to me before! I think it has been fifty years since I gave a thought to gardening. Choosing my soil, spading, cultivating, planting, pinching back, pruning, irrigating, mulching—that's all been second nature to me for half a century. It's so far behind me that I would have to stop and consider how to tell you to spray for aphis or how deep to plant delphinium seeds." He sat down on a ladder step and chuckled. "Maybe it would do me good," he observed contemplatively, "to climb into my attic and stir up the dust. Gardening? Let's see!"



Burbank's Hybrid Delphinium

Green!

HE HAD been asked to say something for you about how and what to plant, how to lay out flower beds and bring the plants to blossom; to talk for you as though he were going into your garden to lend you his wizard's magic there. Plainly it was an inquiry that had not been made him for a long time, since for the past several decades he has been absorbed in the higher branches of horticulture, with all the rudiments become, as he said, second nature to him—a part of his subconsciousness.

"I've known men," Mr. Burbank said unexpectedly, "who couldn't make plants grow. Plants didn't like them because they didn't like plants.

"Let's go to the bottom of this thing. How would I tell you to go about making your garden? U'm-m! do you know, I think I would start by telling you something about how wonderful plant life is. Look around! What is the color of every leaf you see? Green, of course, you say. But why 'of course'? Why aren't there blue leaves and pink leaves? What gives the leaf that green? Begin with that.

"The leaves of a plant—big plant, little plant, tree, blade of grass; they're all the same—are a factory. Just so. A factory and a laboratory where the most astounding mechanical and chemical processes are worked out and completed. That green you see is from the massed effect of little structures called chlorophyll granules that nestle in the leaf cells. Those granules are the essential part of the laboratory where, through the sun's actions, inorganic are changed to organic substances; and green is both the cause and the effect of that activity of the sun and the chlorophyll granules.

"How those tiny structures are able to do that work—perform that miracle—we don't know. But we do know that they take up water—hydrogen and oxygen—from the earth and carbon from the air and make sugar. The chemist can't do that. Never has; perhaps never will. The laboratory in the leaves does it.

"The chemist knows only that is what happens, not the how or the why of it.

"Part of the manufactured sugar is used for the growth of the plant—for its spread of leaves, for its buds and blossoms and seeds. Part of it is stored away, in the form of starch, for emergencies. Factory, laboratory and storehouse, the leaf of a plant.

Single Dahlias

"That isn't what you came to me for, but it's what I have to give you to begin with. Is it interesting? Well, it's the preface to gardening, to my way of thinking, and I'll tell you why in a minute. Let's go on with the preface first."

Nature's Way

"THE last step in the development of this plant life in our garden is the turning of the sugar into protoplasm—the living thing—the life force. The sugar is combined in the leaf factory with nitrogen, mostly, and with small particles of phosphorus, potash, lime and six or eight other properties in minute quantities. The factory does the combining of the raw materials, as you might say, and then the laboratory takes hold, and protoplasm results. Life, color, fragrance, beauty, growth—your garden, in short. H'm-m—I wonder if a man can know so much about his subject that nobody can keep awake while he talks of it." He chuckled again.

"Pretty nearly everyone knows that a garden must have sunshine first, good soil, water, cultivation and fertilization, just for a beginning. The children know that. But why? Well, because of the needs of the laboratory. In your garden the laboratory can't function without the assistance of your care and tireless work. You say sagebrush doesn't have cultivation; the great redwoods were never fertilized; the poppy and the lupine on our California hills grow along pretty successfully without man's blundering assistance. All right. Wait a minute!

"That gets us right to what I want to say. The garden plant has to be tended jealously and with intelligence; wild things just grow. What's the real difference? Well, in the first place, Nature was making garden long before we ever thought of one, and she is a pretty skillful old lady too. She knows how to irrigate with rain and melting snow and the night dews of the desert. She fertilizes with the falling leaves, with dead plant life, with the dust of animal life. She doesn't cultivate, to be sure, but she goes about the job of weeding by an entirely different method from ours. She has seeds and plants to spare. She is extravagant, reckless. In her garden she sows seeds so thickly that, if they all came up and lived, the whole earth would be a jungle. But they don't all come up and live—they can't. There isn't room or moisture or plant food for them all. So she selects automatically—by a rule. The strongest plants survive. If the weeds are stronger, they live; if the flowers are stronger, they choke the weeds. Thousands of plant things die for every one that lives to blossom and come to seed. Not cultivation, but the law of the survival of the few strong ones.

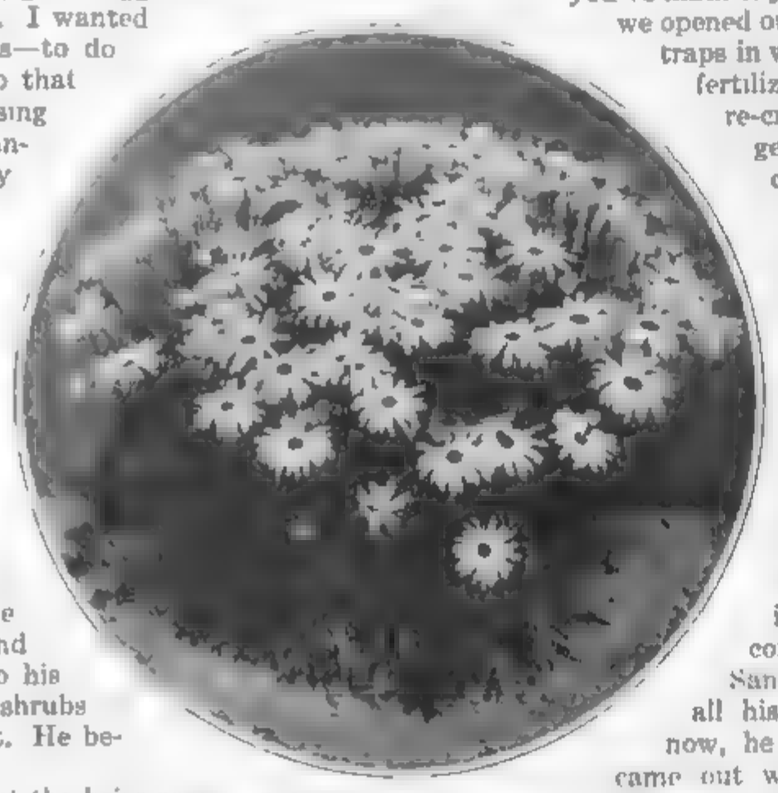
"Nature prunes too. Don't laugh. If a tree or a plant grows in a shaded place or in close, tight groups, notice that it has fewer leaves than the one all by itself out in the sunshine, where it needs protection. Watch a young tree

grow in the hills, in its natural environment, and you will see that it starts with many more branchlets than it can possibly grow. Nature just cuts off the source of supply of food from some of the limbs and they never mature. That's pruning!

"She uses judgment too. You'll observe that she doesn't plant cactus in the Mississippi bottom lands or corn on the high mountains. She puts the plants where —— But that's leading me astray. The fact is that I give the credit to the plants themselves: they were the ones that picked out their homes, adjusted themselves to their environment, changed their habits and demands as conditions changed around them. To get it correctly, let's say that Nature, working through her laws of heredity and environment in the plants themselves, makes the wild growth possible and gives it everything you give your garden.

"That's the first thing to remember when you are wondering why we have to break our backs and dirty our knees and get calluses on our hands gardening, when Nature takes her job so easily and so coolly. But there is another side to the picture. We brought it all on ourselves.

"We weren't satisfied with Nature's results—her gardens. I wasn't, for one. I wanted to hurry things, improve, get new colors and fragrances, grow bigger individuals, double production. I wanted the plants to get into harness—to do what I asked them to do, so that they would be a greater blessing and boon and beauty to mankind. That's all there is to my life work.



A Shasta Daisy Plant

"Man has always been that way. He started out satisfied with the wild vines that grew over the mouth of his cave, and an occasional buttercup or snowdrop or brier rose that he found in some chance nook near by. But when he got out of the cave and built a hut or cabin where the view was better or it was closer to his work, he longed for a touch of color and fragrance and beauty close to his home, and he transplanted shrubs and saved seed and sowed it. He began to make a garden.

"He had some success. But the brier rose didn't bear enough big blooms; it was thorny, it was spindling, it sprawled all over the job. So he began to pinch off buds to send the strength of the vine to a few blossoms; when he planted new cuttings he chose them from the bushes with the fewest thorns; he cut back and broke off the long trailing branches, and woke up one day to find himself with a bush rose. When he had a hard year and the plants began to wither, he dug around them with a stone hoe; he got out a goatskin and carried water to them; or, more likely, he made his wife do it." Burbank laughed delightedly. "Improvement all along the line, for him, you see! Well, he began to tend his garden."

Domestication

"IT WAS a short step then to forcing the plants—to experimenting in better methods of culture. Time went on. His neighbors took seeds and cuttings and bulbs from his garden, instead of going to the forest or the field for them. Their children replanted the seeds from the father's gardens—their children and their children's children. We began to speak of certain flowers and shrubs and trees as domesticated.

"Take animals. The same thing there. The wolf became a captive, his sons became useful, their sons were put to work and became allies of man, their sons became tame, their sons became pets. But those last generations dogs, by that time—couldn't be turned loose to hunt and kill for themselves, to find their own water and food and mates and their own caves to sleep in. They were fed, watered, tended and bred by man, for man.

"So, as time passed, they had to have more and more care and attention. I saw a big dog the other day with a thick blanket on his back, fresh straw in his kennel, a silver collar around his neck and the milkman and butcher calling every day to leave his expensive food for him. Yet twenty-five generations ago that dog was a wolf, ranging the Black Forest of Germany. Look at what environment did to him! Now he has to have the care and luxuries and comforts and the food to which he has been developed by breeding—by domestication. By heredity, a wolf; by environment, a police dog, said to be worth ten thousand dollars.

"Exactly what we have done to plants and flowers. We've asked them to change their natures and they have obliged us. But after that they say to us: 'All right, now we're no longer taking care of ourselves; you've made it your job. Once upon a time we opened our blossoms only to prepare traps in which to catch the pollen to fertilize the seeds with which we re-created ourselves in the next generation. You're taking care of us and asking us to bear loads of big blossoms that are strange to us, to produce no seeds, or very few, to grow where you want us and how and in that shape and form. You've made us your responsibility. You've changed our natures; now give those natures what you've made them demand.'"

Mr. Burbank rose and went into the house—the simple, comfortable, pleasant home in Santa Rosa that is the center of all his activities and from which, now, he does not often go far. He came out with a smoking pot of wax, paraffin, rosin and linseed oil—it developed afterward that he had been melting it on the kitchen stove, "even as you and I"—and began daubing the dressing on the cuts he made in performing his surgery on the pear tree. His hands moved deftly, surely; he wasted neither wax nor time. And he worked automatically, talking from his perch on the short ladder.

The New Burbank Hybrid Crimson Rambler

"I just happened to think of something in connection with our development and cultivation of plants, and the fact that we don't lay any stress on seed bearing. Take the horse-radish, planted time out of mind from pieces of the root, not from seed. Seeds weren't needed, and we trained the horse-radish away from the habit of bearing them. And so what has happened? No horse-radish seed! That's a fact! I offered a thousand dollars for an ounce of horse-radish seed it was a standing offer for years but there were no takers. Not an ounce of horse-radish seed in the world. Now what do you say to that?"

Requisites of a Successful Gardener

HE TORE a slip of old-fashioned butcher's paper up and wrapped it around the warm wax coating he had given his budding operation. One was reminded exactly of a skillful old physician suturing an incision mechanically while thinking of something else.

"I said, to begin with, that some men can't raise a garden. The usual explanation of that is that the men are too lazy or too careless or too ignorant, or they're unlucky with growing things. I don't believe it. I think they are simply men who don't care for gardening. They don't like plants and growing things for their own sakes—for the interest they have in their natures, habits, needs and idiosyncrasies, as well as for the rewards a garden gives. Perhaps I seemed to change the subject and talk about plant biology and chemistry and the development and breeding of flowers, but I didn't change the subject.

"The fact is that the man who would be caught by such talk as I am giving you would make a successful gardener. If he listened to me and didn't think I was a tiresome old

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An Experimental Dahlia Bed

TROUBLE IN THE DUST

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

I'VE seen it done. I know it can be done, but I'd sure like to see the fellow who did it first." Mull Rakes was sitting Jerry, his old palomino, looking over a herd of white-faced cattle. "Eatin' the first rattlesnake wasn't nothing to that," he added.

How a man got the idea in the first place to bulldog a steer; how he got up his nerve and got away with it was what Mull was pondering on. The subject had fascinated him for months, ever since he had seen Slim Hasson and Mike Dolley turn the trick last fall. He wasn't aware that he was being lured into the game by all this thinking, but innocently kept on entangling himself deeper day by day, going over his idea of how the trick was done again and again.

"First you cut out a steer, set him going full tilt, race your pony till you're alongside, reach down from the saddle and slip your right hand up the steer's neck to the nigh horn, your left down his face to the nose. Then you kick clear from the saddle—all your weight pressed in and down."

Mull's temperature had invariably risen by the time his thoughts carried him this far. The rest was less clear.

"Steer's hind quarters supposed to keep going and you're to find yourself unpegged by a horn and occupying ground outside the parcel the steer picks to fall on. Also not to linger in fond embrace, havin' somethin' left to get up with."

He Saw the Ground and the Sky and the Hills, But in Swift Falling Darkness. Sometimes the Head of the Maniac Was Between Him and Half the Sky, Sometimes Cutting Off the Earth

One thing Mull would never forget—Slim Hasson's Indian smile and how Mike Dolley's right arm looked as he got up after making his tackle. It was bowed out like a gorilla's—that right arm. It looked stretched at least six inches longer than the other.

Ripper Townsend said that dozens of cowboys entered the bulldogging events at Pendleton and Cheyenne and elsewhere.

"I've heard they turn 'em loose out of chutes up there," he explained. "On one side is a driver to set the ox goin' and keep him straight; on the other side is the young man about to commit himself——"

Ripper owned the Eight-O, which stood for some cattle and a lot of land in a section of largely forgotten Texas, where the water was still alkaline and the fences still human. It was tradition at the Eight-O to put on a barbecue and little rodeo after the fall round-up. Mull Rakes was one of a dozen hands who worked for Ripper, not counting his five daughters, who kept house. In the spring of the year, after the light snows and heavy rains, the grass grew high and kept blushing all day in the strong light and the strong winds. Gradually, toward summer, it sagged down into hay; finally into crisp dusty toast of hay, but still containing virtue as forage.

This was Mull's third year with Ripper's herds. Mainly the cattle were white-faced, though a few longhorns still remained. It was summer now, and summer meant hot dusty winds. For a dozen mornings Mull had opened his eyes cautiously on account of the thick veil of dust in his eyebrows and bristles. He was nineteen and weighed a hundred and eighty pounds, put on thick. He had a slow-movement brain. Any object it seized upon was brought in and milled over with pulverizing persistence.

In his first months of line riding he had talked to himself or to the cattle, but that sort of thing stopped. He still sang a little, but his thoughts began to turn in on themselves, so far as words went. When he came up with the owner, Red Price, Dogface Burns or other of the hands he fell into the habit of a grunt for yes, a covert twitch of the head for no and a shift of the shoulders signifying doubt. Hours a day, when the cattle were still, Mull practiced roping. Generally he had a colt or two along to train—bits of real busting with no one to watch. It was his secret sometime to belong to the few great ropers and riders who made the big rodeos. There were plenty of calves to practice on through the lonely days, and an occasional cayuse, aged in badness.

The day came. Mull found himself looking into the hazy eyes of a certain runt steer, draggled and underweight. This dry-stomach specimen was successfully cut out from the herd and driven a half mile clear.

"Here I am doin' it," was Mull's awed thought; only the steer didn't look so runtish now, but big as its father, Ripper's Hereford bull back at the ranch, and a bit crazier all the time to get back to the herd. Mull let him go.

"After him, Jerry!" he called, and the heavy-footed yellow horse settled dubiously in chase. Finally alongside, Mull's hand reached down to the steer's neck; it crept up to the nigh horn and closed; his left hand slid down the white face to the muzzle. He kicked clear of the saddle and found himself staring straight up at the sun the same day, though it was never figured out exactly how long afterward. His breath had a gurgling sound; his chest felt like a basket of smashed eggs; the light of his eyes seemed burned out from the long stare straight up. Gradually he pushed himself to his elbow.

The herd was quietly feeding at a distance. Old Jerry was hanging around with a worried look. Mull tried walking a little later, but lost the feel of his legs, so it was mainly a crawl back to the line shack. Red Price, circling in at nightfall, found him, and Mull always remembered the smell of Red's green woolen shirt as he was lifted across the saddle for packing back to the ranch.

At the Eight-O an incredible thing had happened. Ripper wanted to talk about it—wanted to keep on talking about it. As Mull was laid up in the bunk house alone through ensuing days, he was frequently nailed by the boss to listen. A stranger had come riding over from Jerdon's recently, inquiring if there were any longhorns at the Eight-O.

"I thought this here stranger was undertakin' to get pleasant with me," Ripper said, squatting on his heels and reaching down to the bunk-house floor for a grass blade to pull. "So feeling in a hospital mood I fell in with him, told him uh-huh and set a price such as I'd make for prime steer beef. Only my kind of sportin' talk don't gash into him none; he pays part cash money, certificates the rest, and has 'em driv' off next day. I don't seem to get over it."

Thinking about this was a bit burdensome for Mull, since he had two distinct lines of thought going at the time. He had found himself done up in a queer cotton harness like an unbleached sheet. He had periods of pain, then periods of sagging into a queer lull, like a bit of bottom country where you couldn't breathe right after just so long—a lot of pain and then a lull.

On one of his first afternoons lying up at the bunk house, Mull had heard a step outside. Not feeling like listening to Ripper about the longhorns just then, he had shut his eyes, but it turned out to be Ripper's daughter Gracie this time—that one of the five girls you saw least of, neither youngest nor oldest, prettiest nor ugliest—a big silent girl who never waited on table or took the air when the hands were about. Mull had sometimes seen her through a couple of half-open doors at the kitchen range or farther in at the washtubs.

Gracie stood several seconds in the doorway, then tiptoed in. She had Mull's clothes across her arm—overalls and shirt, washed and ironed. She placed them just so on a chair and tiptoed out. Now Mull was in a sweat. Suppose his shirt had smelled like Red Price's.

That was one of the things his mind had seized upon, and the other was the fact that he had learned more about bulldogging a steer in that five or ten seconds after his hand slid from the runt's neck up to the horn, than in all the talk he had heard and study he had made of the matter

for the past two years. In spite of the cracked rib, his reaction wasn't "Never again!" but "Now I know how!" A hundred times a day he went over the whole process, but Ripper didn't leave him alone for long.

"They're weasels for milk; I'd just as soon boil cork as longhorn—for beef. What in hell?"

Mull shifted his free shoulder.

"What do you s'pose in hell, Mull?" Ripper persisted.

"Did that stranger look bright?" the other painfully asked.

"Peeling off his cash money, he looked real bright. Then again, when he wishes I had some more, I got doubtful."

The isolated Eight-O toiled over the puzzle without solution until a coast newspaper drifted in carrying the story that a certain moving picture had caught on with a roar—a Western picture, big cattle scenes. The masses of white-faced moos lending volume to the herds in this picture had been artfully edged with longhorns; and these, it appeared, had caught the American public, always past finding out, with the same irresistible attraction as a full-rigged ship. The mysterious thing called romance had somehow folded back to the longhorns, and Hollywood had a score of buyers out—all over the Southwest, even to Texas, it was reported—scouting for all in sight.

Hollywood—that was the first time Mull had heard the name.

The Ripper acted quickly. In the next few weeks, in all the far-flung ranches surrounding, he picked up the longhorns the stranger had missed, including a bad young bull called the Weaver. Meanwhile Mull had gone out to the herd again.

On the day he saddled Jerry after his long rest, Ripper had called to him, "Better keep off them oxen, Mull."

The young man neither answered nor obeyed. On the day he could fill his chest tight without a stab of pain anywhere, he launched himself from the saddle to the neck of a full-grown steer that forgot himself to stray. Twelve hundred pounds of beef slapped the prairie and out from the muzzle locked in Mull's left hand came a bawl from the big two-year-old, so neatly downed. Mull didn't even limp when he got up. In his quiet way he felt good for two days, then he did it again. Gradually, after that, life passed out of doing the thing unwatched. The need of eyes—the need of human eyes—came over him and stayed.

The days neared for which he had worked all year. Round-up and then playtime, circus and all besides; but before Mull turned ranchward with the boys, he drew from his blanket a long-kept shirt and overalls, whacked the dust out and put them on. The discards he washed in the creek; at least, he washed the rough off and hung them on a bush to dry. Slim Hasson turned up at Ripper's again, but Mike Dolley was north for the big shows.

It was different, after all—this being watched. Mull began to know a fear entirely uncounted on, and equal to his dread of bulldogging in the first place. Slim Hasson stayed sober for two days and hung up a new set of pictures for that part of Texas as to what a great cowboy can be.

"The horses know him," Ripper whispered. "I've noticed it before. They figure it ain't no use to be bad with Slim aboard. They just won't unwind."

They unwound for Mull, however. He fanned and raked and sat to the whistle without pulling leather or showing daylight, but it was his horses the crowd roared at, not Mull's riding. He merely passed. In the calf roping he didn't do so well. A couple of baby monsters fell his way. They bawled "Nay-nay" and climbed all over him, giving the spectators a good time. Mull hadn't planned his life work as a rodeo clown and was cut deep. Gracie hadn't been able to stay long—pressing need for her in the kitchen—but she was there for the steer riding when Mull was miserably piled.

"Better not try bulldoggin', Mull," Ripper said, when the young man essayed for the big feature. Slim Hasson was drunk enough not to care that second day. He pegged his beast and left it with a broken neck. "Them obsequies ought to be the other way round," Ripper muttered angrily, not planning to hang up so much beef.

Mull reached down for a lively one that lunged into the palomino at the moment of his dive from the saddle. Jerry didn't give and Mull overreached, the steer using him to step on front and back. This time Mull came to with the word "Hollywood" on his lips, and Gracie was in the doorway, or else it was a ghost that meant Gracie to Mull.

"Bein' hardy, you're goin' to live, Mull," Ripper reported later. "But you're all broke out with contusions, doc says."

"It must be them that hurts so bad," Mull thought.

Slim Hasson sauntered into the bunk house before leaving for Fort Worth. No one else was there at the time.

"What you need is a hoss, kid. That never-sweat of yourn means well, but you might as well roll off a punkin' at an ox. Why, he didn't counter none when your steer jerked in."

Mull couldn't answer. His eyes sprung a leak when he was alone. It was as if the clumsiest apprentice had been called on by the master of the game. Six weeks later he was knitted together and went out to grass for another year.

"You see, Mull, you ain't quick enough," Ripper said. "You don't lay on right. Better keep off them oxen."

All that year Mull tried to get the right horse, as Slim had advised. He tried out a lot of young stuff, together with his calf roping and secret bulldog practice; but the festival season came round again with him still riding the old palomino. Things went better for him, but not sensationally. Slim Hasson had turned up again and did some trick roping the first day that quieted everybody down on that branch of sport. No use trying, thought Mull. The best he had ever done alone wasn't up to this ease and grace. He was runner-up to Slim, however, in the calf roping against the best local contestants.

He was sitting alone the first night down by the new corral, studying the bad horses in his thoughtful way. Some distance off by the big fire, the boys were singing. Mull knew a kind of melting hurt inside over Slim Hasson. The big fellow was keeping up his stuff, but he couldn't last. Ever since that moment in the bunk house, this warmth was alive in Mull toward the man of the Indian smile. He heard a step and saw Gracie coming.

"It ain't none of my business, Mull," she said in a low forced way, speaking rapidly. "But you've been mashed up twice. I wish you wouldn't—I wish you wouldn't——"

"What?" he said, though he knew.

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The Main Point of Mull's Concentration Was Never Again to be Caught Off the Job Enough to Hear Voices or Laughter of the Stands

Making a Living in England

By JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

The Engine Driver

THREE times a week George Smithers takes the fast express train out of the London railway station for a nonstop run of more than 200 miles straight across England, making an average of fifty miles an hour. Having such a run, Mr. Smithers is naturally something of an aristocrat in railway circles and receives the highest union wage—four pounds ten shillings a week, or about $22.50 in American money. Of late there has been considerable criticism in the newspapers of the high wages paid railway workers in comparison with other trades, but Mr. Smithers feels he receives no more than his due, for railroading in England is exacting and slow in advancement.

Take Mr. Smithers himself, for instance. He has been in the service of the company thirty-nine years and worked seven years as a washer at division headquarters before he was promoted to fireman on a local goods train. He had been with the company fifteen years when he had his first engine. All this, it must be remembered, was during the times when business in England was prosperous. At present, promotion is much slower; Mr. Smithers knows men working as washers about the roundhouses who have been with the company nine years and who still have no idea when they may be promoted to firemen.

Like many other men who have reached the top of their chosen profession, Mr. Smithers is a bit inclined to criticize the younger generation. Take the matter of coal now. In the old days the engine driver who had one of the fast jobs could depend on it that his coal would be carefully selected; but now the young fellows are so slack, thinking about their girls and their cinema shows instead of their work, that they just throw anything into the tender, and the engine driver has a jolly hard time of it to bring his train along on schedule.

Speaking of cinema shows, Mr. Smithers took his wife to see one recently. It was an American film and in it there was an American engine driver who was a widower and whose pretty daughter kept house for him. When it came time for the engine driver to go on his job, the daughter went around to the back of the house and directly drove out to the front in an automobile, where her father got in and off they went to the roundhouse, him all dressed up and smoking a cigar. At the roundhouse the engine driver kissed his daughter good-by, and in a couple of minutes he had on his overalls and was on the step of his engine wavin' to her as she drove off in the automobile. These American cinema shows are interesting sometimes, Mr. Smithers thinks, but they would suit him better if they would stick to facts instead of making up romances about working people having automobiles and such.

Mr. Smithers is a strong union man, as indeed he should be, when it is his union that is responsible for his getting his four quid and a half every week instead of the three pounds he used to make before the war. Still, there is a limit to what a union ought to demand. The trouble is, there are always two or three fellows who can make a good speech in meeting and all the others vote like a lot of sheep for anything the speech maker proposes.

Just the other month there was a lot of discussion in the Engine Drivers' Union about the men who are on long runs and who have to sleep away from home every other night. Some fellow got up and said this wasn't right. Mr. Smithers asked him how he was going to fix it in a case like his own, where he ran his train straight to the other end of the line without a stop. The speaker said that could be fixed easy; that when the two fast trains met halfway on the line, the engine drivers should pull up, each step on the other's engine and run back home. Mr. Smithers is no speech maker, but this made him so angry he fair let go.

"It makes me sick," was what Mr. Smithers told his fellow unionists, "to see the rising generation so effeminate. What I like to see is a man with a bit of adventure in him. You may lay your last sixpence that the British Empire wasn't built by men that were afraid to stay away from home a night or so! What I want to ask you men is this: Do you think the railroads are run for the public, or for the convenience of a few union men who are afraid to be away from their missus' apron strings?"

The discussion was dropped; for, as has been said, Mr. Smithers has been thirty-nine years in the service of the company and his words bear the weight of one who has never received a black mark and who has not failed in the past three years to take his train on schedule time over a nonstop run of more than 200 miles.

Another Thing That Contributes to a London Policeman's Contentment Is the Good Pay That Goes With His Position as Compared With the Pay of British Workers in Other Lines

The City Salesman

JAMES HOOPER is London-born, has spent all of his forty-two years in the British metropolis and believes in British institutions; yet he is very happy in his present employment at the branch office of an American manufacturing firm in Regent Street.

He entered this employment three years ago and has risen successively through the positions of assistant stock clerk, bookkeeper, office salesman, and up to his present post as city salesman. This rapid advancement is the more wonderful to Mr. Hooper from the fact that when he first applied to the American firm for work he was not only down at the heel from long unemployment but he had no letter of recommendation.

His unfortunate condition came about this way: He had for a number of years held a berth as bookkeeper with a firm in the East End of London that manufactures petrol engines, and as far as he knows, his work was always quite satisfactory. However, on one unlucky day at the noon hour he had as usual eaten his lunch in the office and started to go out for a bit of a walk, his route leading him through a part of the works. There on a platform was an engine of the firm's manufacture and for some reason it was not testing out as it should. Several of the technical men and one of the directors of the firm were gathered about the machine, and James Hooper stopped to hear their comments. Although trained only as a bookkeeper, he had always been interested in machinery; and after listening a little while to the conversation, he ventured to point to a certain device with which the engine was equipped and remarked that he believed therein lay the loss of power.

He realized the next moment that he should not have spoken, for the others looked at him irritably and one of the technical men remarked that when the engineering staff needed advice from a clerk they would ask for it. The full force of his punishment came the following Saturday, when he was discharged by the managing director and refused a letter of recommendation on the charges that he had violated tradition and had flagrantly overstepped the bounds of his class.

For more than a year James Hooper was out of work, because wherever he applied, the first question always was as to his recommendations, and when he would say he had none the interview terminated at once. It was not until he answered the American firm's advertisement in a newspaper that he even got a chance to explain why he had no recommendation. The American manager heard his story through and then remarked:

"If you got fired because you took too much interest in your firm's business, I can afford to take a chance on you."

James Hooper is as loyal an Englishman as ever he was, but he has come to like American ways in some things. He was a little resentful at first when the manager began to call him Jim instead of Mr. Hooper, but that feeling passed away when he learned it was a term of friendliness instead of condescension. What he likes best is the fact that everyone in the organization is encouraged to make as many suggestions as possible. James Hooper believes that is one of the reasons the American firm is making headway in England even though there is so much propaganda in the newspapers and everywhere about it being the duty of British subjects to buy British-made goods.

"Discipline is a good thing," he says, "and I suppose there must always be classes; but the way competition is now, every business house needs all the brains it can get."

The London Policeman

DURING eight hours each week day Policeman Rowbottom directs traffic at a congested corner near Trafalgar Square. In England, as everyone knows, the traffic

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THE ROOKIE—By CULLEN CAIN

The Crouching Start—a New Stunt in Base Running. Left to Right—Coach Charlie O'Leary; Ninky Haines, Using the Crouch, and Earl Combs, Using the Regular Start

IT IS to be doubted if any calling has a greater lure for the average American boy than big-league baseball. From the age of ten to twenty more boys want to be big-leaguers than to be engineers or circus riders or soldiers or knights-errant in any other field of action or adventure. The glamour of the big-league training camps in the South and the parks at home is both bright and strong. As Judge Kenesaw M. Landis has said often in his public speeches, "Nearly every boy builds a shrine to some baseball hero, and before that shrine a candle always burns."

And of all the glamorous phases of baseball there is none more attractive than the Southern training camp. It might be said that the heart of the nation turns to these camps every springtime. The big-leaguer flies southward even before the first wild duck begins to stir uneasily and try his wings for the northern flight. And with the big-leaguer on his Southern jaunt go the trainers, the camp followers and the baseball writers, and with him also go the thoughts and longings of hundreds of thousands of boys, young and old. And to these camps, which dot the Southland all the long way from the Florida coast to the Catalina Islands of the Pacific, go also the rookies, bound on their first and splendid quest for that same golden fleece that Jason and his young men sought when this old world was very young.

Eddie Rommel, the Ace of Connie Mack's Pitching Staff

Of all the fascinations of these training camps in the South, to me, who have made these camps for many years, the most fascinating is the rookie. What is a rookie? Webster defines him as a raw recruit. He is the beginner in any game of peace or war. In baseball parlance, any lad who has yet to win a regular place on a professional ball team is a rookie, no matter how long he has played the game. The minor leagues have their rookies who come from amateur and semipro ball, and the majors have their rookies who come from everywhere—from colleges, from sand lots and from the minors.

A small army of these rookies reports every springtime. From 150 to 200 show up at the sixteen big-league camps, and from twenty to forty of them are brought North, and it may be that ten or twenty will be carried through the season. The rest of them are either farmed out to minor-league clubs for further seasoning or cast adrift.

There is no gamble in all the world of finance or business or work or play like the baseball rookie of today. There is no fairy story any more wonderful than the opportunities of the rookie in baseball. There is no romance of adventure more thrilling than the career of the big-league recruit. That trail that D'Artagnan took from Gascony to Paris and on to the captaincy of the king's musketeers was not more radiant and royal than the trail 100 or more boys of today take every springtime from the old farm or home town to the training camps of the South.

When I write in this vein I write as one who has traveled this trail and knows well the glamour of the training camp, for I, too, was once a rookie. I was a bush-league newspaperman from a small town in the Middle West, and I was thrilled to my heart's core that first time I went as correspondent for a big Eastern daily to the camps of the South.

And there I first met the baseball rookie, in his pride and in his—peril. And although there were many famous players in that camp, players who had been idols of mine for years, I was fascinated most by the rookie. To this day, weary and worn with travel through the camps of the South, and friendly with most of the great players of both leagues, the rookie still gets the most of my attention, my thought and my speculation during the training-camp tour. He is a psychological study, unique, distinctive, vital.

The Stuff That Stars are Made Of

CONSIDER the rookie. He comes from every section of the country; from the city, the town and the farm. He comes from every walk of life. He comes from college, from street corner, from shop, from plowed field, from mine, from store and from cultured home. He is the pick and flower of his neighborhood, his school, his county, his league, be it Double A or just Class B. He has served an apprenticeship of at least ten years at his chosen calling, and yet he has only just now approached the threshold of his career. He is coming to work—he may think to play—for an organization that has some $15,000,000 invested in real and personal property of its operating departments. He will, if he makes good, perform his labors before about 2,000,000 spectators in the next six months, and his name will appear every day in more than 2000 newspapers and will be read with praise or blame by about 10,000,000 persons. And the name of this rookie will either be forgotten in a year or two or it will become a household word for a decade.

Consider the rookie. In his home town he may not be considered worth more than ten cents a pound on the hoof by either the butcher or the baker for clerk or errand purposes, or by the candlestick maker for any purposes whatsoever. He is just an average boy who fools around and spends entirely too much time playing ball. If he had a good trade, he might make forty dollars a week. And then, lo, there cometh a day when this boy is bought by a big-league club for $20,000, sight unseen. He has simply excelled at his chosen profession and an eagle-eyed scout has watched him at play. Then came another scout, attracted by the sound of his hitting or the flash of his fielding skill, and they have bid for him and some bush-league manager has sold him for the price of a prairie farm.

And this raw rookie comes to camp to win the place of a fading veteran who only a few years back was one of his own particular idols. He comes weighted under the handicap of this big purchase price, but he does not realize that until later. He comes to greet a manager who has never seen him before. He comes fresh from the hero worship of his home-town fans to be a nobody for a while in the mystic aura of the camps of kings.

Was there ever such a reporting for assignment to duty as that of the rookie in the training camp? This is not the least of the marvels of this age. A boy destined for a clerk's job at thirty dollars a week comes from his rural obscurity into the white light of publicity and national adoration that beats down upon the training camp, and as he comes upon the field for the first time a man with a weather-beaten face and a keen eye and incisive manner of speech greets him thus:

"Get out there and show me what you can do!"

And then when the boy, with his heart thumping against his ribs, gets all warmed up and going good he looks around, and there is the manager with his back to him talking to some vets or looking everywhere and interested in everything but this toiling, straining recruit. But he is a foolish rookie who thinks that his manager does not scrutinize

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Kent Greenfield, a McGraw Product

BATTLING TIME

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"Any Boob Can Get Married; it Takes a First-Class Man to Win a Championship"

IN BLACK and white he read it "Old Dan." Old? Dan Kirk grinned grimly. His freckled fists, big and hairy as adult coconuts, and as hard, closed. He'd show them! He'd show those callow squirts on the newspapers who was old!

"Youth," he read on, "must be served—especially in the ring—where a man is old at thirty and antediluvian at thirty-five."

Dan Kirk wrinkled what little forehead he had. Antediluvian? He must be that, whatever it was, for he was thirty-five.

"So," he read, "Old Dan Kirk, great champion that he has been, must one day soon meet the fate of the pitcher that frequented the well. At an age when most men are just starting to go up in their professions, he must go down in his. For it is a hard game—the ring game—and its prizes go to the young and strong. Out of the mists of obscurity, any day now, will rise a youthful giant before whom Old Dan will go crashing down into the limbo of fallen heroes. The young unknown may have little of the skill of the old master. He may have little of that amazing technic, that hard-won science Old Dan has gained in sixteen years and more than two hundred battles. The young unknown may not have Dan's wits or heart. But one thing he will have that Old Dan can never have again—youth. All Dan's experience will avail him nothing against that."

Dan Kirk expelled a "Huh!" and read on:

"Who will the conqueror of Old Dan Kirk be? Who can say? But there will be one, for that is the way of the world. Possibly it will be young Jim Jansen, the green kid Hercules from the coast. Jansen has the size and the age. He has hurled challenges at Old Dan. Why has Dan avoided Jansen? Has Dan himself seen the writing on the wall? Will it be the juvenile Jansen who will end the glorious career of Old Dan? Young Jim thinks he is the man for the job. Perhaps. Only one thing is sure, and that is this: Whoever hurls Old Dan into the rosin dust of defeat, he, too, must inevitably face the day when a younger, stronger man will tear the crown from his brow. For champions come and champions go, but there is only one champion of champions who will never lose, and he is—Battling Time."

Dan Kirk stroked the knobby chin that had weathered so many leather storms. He chuckled. Write his obituary, would they? Not yet a while. He stood up, filled his deep chest with air and surveyed himself in the tall mirror. As good as ever! He slapped the newspaper.

"Bunk!" he ejaculated. He tightened his muscles and struck his famous fighting pose, a half crouch which enabled him to shift suddenly and sink his paralyzing left to the solar plexus or cross his devastating right to the jaw. As good as ever? Sure! Better!

Nature's hand had slipped in making Dan Kirk. As a baby, nobody expected him to live; he was built so differently from the other babies in the shabby flats of his part of town—Hudson Street, hard by the docks.

"Head like a tomato and a mess of arms and legs," his father, a scrubby paper hanger, alcoholically disposed, had remarked. New babies were no treat to Mr. Kirk, for he had had seven.

"I can't understand it," he told bartenders while seeking solace for his inconveniently profuse paternity. "The wife is that frail, a puff of wind would blow her away."

From his parents, Dan Kirk inherited nothing but life. His nursery was the piers. Provender being scarce at home, he lived mostly on bananas purloined from the fruit ships. The stevedores kicked him plentifully, but ended by letting him tote loads. The boys picked on him because he was so ungainly, freckled and comic of aspect. Necessity taught him to shoot out his skinny arms and produce black eyes. Cheerfully he struggled with heavy loads, and as cheerfully punched and was punched in uncounted street-corner combats. For Dan Kirk had a dream.

Napoleon dreamed of dominating the world with his armies; Dan Kirk dreamed of dominating the world with his fists. To be a fighter, a good fighter, the best fighter—that was his aim, his reason for living. Toward this goal he worked, and so he early developed into a man with enormously wide shoulders and the dangling, sinewy arms of an orang-utan. He looked like a child's drawing, with his little head perched on the bulk of his shoulders like an apple on a crate. His legs were his cross. They were sketchy strokes, trivial legs, many sizes too small for his torso. With such legs, he could never be a very heavy man. No matter. He'd have to learn to hit harder to make up for his lack of tonnage. What if the sport writers did call him the House Boat on the Sticks? The men he fought professionally soon learned that this freckled, knock-kneed, gangling lad was not to be jeered at. They snickered at him at first, but after the bell rang they were rather too busy to laugh, or even smile. Their sensations shortly became those of an arrogant canary that has flown into an electric fan.

Mr. Joseph Corridon—Debonair Joe, the fight fans called him—was inclined to smile in a superior manner when he walked out of his corner to defend his title of world's heavyweight champion against the freckled upstart. Before the bell, he remarked to his manager that young Kirk looked like a comic valentine on its way to the dead-letter office. Mr. Corridon was taller and at least twenty pounds heavier than Dan, and vastly more versed in ring craft. For twelve rounds he made Dan the target for his brilliant and extensive repertoire of blows. It annoyed him that Dan remained vertical. It was really quite tiresome, hammering that freckled face like a man laying a carpet. Patiently, Dan Kirk kept marching into the machine-gun fire. Mr. Corridon grew exasperated. He became, indeed, violent, and this tired him, for he was ten years older than Dan. His reactions grew slower. In the fourteenth, Mr. Corridon carelessly left a gap in his defense. Through it shot Dan's left fist. Mr. Corridon thought a stick of dynamite had exploded just north of his belt. Darkness fell upon him with the suddenness of a tropical night. When he awoke, he had joined the endless file of ex-champions.

For a dozen years now Dan Kirk had ably defended his most highly prized possession—his title. Indeed, there was nothing in his life he valued save that. Being an artist, he sacrificed everything to his art. Parties? They cut in on a man's sleep. Not for him. Marriage? A distraction. It interfered with a man's work.

"I'd rather box four rounds with a two-handed slugger than marry the most beautiful woman alive," Dan Kirk said, and meant it. He thought next to nothing of women.

"Too soft to fight," was his disdainful verdict.

So now they were calling him Old Dan. He threw down the newspaper and strode into the next room, where his manager was busy with letters.

"Larry," said Dan Kirk, "get me this here Jansen."

"Huh?"

"You heard me."

"Sure, I heard you. What's the idea? He ain't no playmate for us. Last week that big ape spattered Sailor Skelly all over the ring, and the Sailor's no cream puff."

"No matter. Get me Jansen. He's been pestering me for months. Now they're saying I'm scared of him."

"Say, champ," the manager demanded, "have you been eating raw wolves for breakfast? This here Jansen is only nineteen, but already he's as big and rough as a grizzly.

Young Dan Kirk Mastered the Left Jab Before He Learned His Alphabet

"Are You Trying to Grandpop Me? You Don't See No White Whiskers, Do You? I Tell You I'm as Good as the Day I Flattened Corridon"

Weighs two-twenty. Green, maybe, but they say he's got a left that would cripple an elephant. Let him be. Pick something soft."

Dan Kirk frowned.

"I'm champ, ain't I?" he demanded. "I ain't one of these pink-tea movie champs that wants a million to fight the oldest living graduate of Sing Sing. Being champ to me means being champ, see?"

"Well, you want to stay champ, don't you? We can stall off this Jansen for years—tell him to go get a reputation. Maybe if we wait long enough a hotel will fall on him and bruise him up a bit. Lay off these young gorillas, Dan."

"I can take him," declared Dan. "I've stopped bigger guys than him. Them overgrown, wild-swinging lumberjacks is hot mince pie for me. I'll make him swing and miss till he has no more steam than a toy train. Then I'll pop him dizzy with my left and finish him with a right to the potato."

Dan illustrated with gestures.

"Oh," said the manager, "you could take him all right. Sure you could. But it's like kissing a wildcat. You might get away with it and then again you might not. No use picking the tough spots when there are so many set-ups begging to be smacked down. You know, Dan, you ain't as young as you used to be."

Dan, usually amiable, growled: "Say, are you trying to pull the Aunty Deloovian stuff on me?"

"Aunty which?"

"Are you trying to grandpop me? You don't see no white whiskers, do you? I tell you I'm as good as the day I flattened Corridon. Better. I know more. I'm not side-stepping any nineteen-year-old kids. Get that?"

The manager shrugged his fat frame.

"I been in the box-fight business thirty years," he said, "and I never met a guy who knew when he was about through. I tell you there's always a risk when an old-timer mingles with a youngster who hasn't had the ginger sapped out of him by long service. I'm not saying you're through, Dan. Far from it, I hope. But you'd better be careful just the same."

"Get me Jansen," repeated Dan. "He's been making cracks that I hide under the bed when he walks down the street. I don't like that egg. Get him for me and I'll crack him."

"Well," said the manager, "have it your own way. Perhaps it would be better to make a match with Jansen now, before he learns how to land that undertaker left of his. But take a tip from me, Dan—sink that baby early in the fight."

The good-natured grin returned to Dan Kirk's face.

"About the fourth round, Larry," he promised, "I'll knock this Jansen so flat they'll have to scrape him off the canvas."

As Dan Kirk trained—conscientiously, as always—for his fight with Jim Jansen, he began to develop a keen hate for his rival. He'd never felt that way about an opponent before.

Usually all he wanted to know was when and where the fight was. The other man didn't matter. It was all in a day's work. But toward Jansen he felt a bitter personal animosity. Perhaps it was because Jansen had been talking in the papers, bragging a little, with the insolent self-assurance of youth. "I'll beat the old man," Jansen had stated. "I'll hit him so hard it will hurt his grandchildren."

Or perhaps it was because Dan found that at the end of ten miles of road work he was slightly weary. When he trained for his fight with Debonair Joe Corridon, he had minded ten stiff miles of road work no more than eating a breakfast. Fatigue was a new sensation for him. He didn't like it. He mentioned it to his manager.

"You was a kid when you was training for Corridon," the manager reminded him. "You ain't a kid now."

Dan fumed and sulked the rest of the day.

The night before the fight with Jansen, Dan Kirk did not sleep well, and this was without precedent. Usually he slept with the happy peace of an artist who knows that on the morrow he is to display his art before admiring thousands. But before the Jansen fight, Dan tossed and fretted. He wasn't worried about winning. He knew he would win. He felt that he was in perfect shape; that his legs and wind would stand the test. Still, a disquieting thought came to him now and again. He'd get by Jansen sure. But there would be other Jansens, other young giants to be faced and vanquished until——

Well, no man can go on fighting forever. Some day he'd have to give up his crown. The thought filled him with a resentful rage. He put himself to sleep by planning how next day he would cut that ponderous cub Jansen into particularly fine ribbons.

Dan bounded into the ring filled with the fiercest determination to crush a foe he had ever felt. He eyed Jansen. Yes, there was power in that massive chest, those arms like hawsers. But, thought Dan, the young caterpillar, be he ever so strong, is no match for the agile, brainy wasp.

The weights were announced: Jansen, 216; Kirk, 174. Those tapering legs of Dan Kirk had kept him from ever being a full-sized heavyweight. He looked down at them. They were slender, but tough as steel cables.

"I'll box him cross-eyed for three rounds and belt him to sleep in the fourth," said Dan to his manager, as they waited for the bell.

Historians of the ring will always acclaim that fight as one of the classics. Dan Kirk did as he promised. Boxing superbly, he made the vast, slow Jansen miss a hundred lefts, fourscore rights. He prodded and stung the giant from every angle. But Jansen kept boring in. In the fourth, Dan cut loose with all the relentless fury at his command. He drove his dread right to Jansen's jaw with every last ounce of power in him. Jansen's head went back, he blinked, he kept his feet and he bored in. Again and again Dan landed his finishing blow, cleanly, desperately. Jansen was dazed, but he spread his oak-tree legs and did not go down.

It was in the eleventh round that Dan Kirk's legs began to get numb. He did not seem able to control them perfectly. They buckled and wavered. His head was perfectly cool. He had not been much hurt by the wild blows Jansen lashed at him. He would win the fight easily, on points, if his legs would hold him up four more rounds—twelve brief minutes.

Dan Kirk summoned to his aid all the guile, all the tricks he had learned in his long years of campaigning. He held Jansen off through the twelfth. In the thirteenth, his arms began to get as leaden as his legs. In the fourteenth, he had nothing to fight with but his heart. With that, he fought on. He came out for the last round. He could barely move his feet or raise his arms. By sheer will power he forced himself to take a fighting stance, his famous crouch. Like a goaded bull, Jansen rushed upon him. In Jansen's cut and punished face, which was like a face in a nightmare, Dan Kirk saw a look of triumph. Jansen knew. Dan saw Jansen's left coming. He knew he should duck. He tried to. He was a tenth of a second too slow.

While the crowd acclaimed the new champion, Dan Kirk sat broken in his corner, his face buried in his gloves, sobbing. The crowd paid no heed to him. Crowds are not interested in the emotions of has-beens.

Across the ring strode Jim Jansen and thrust out his hand. He was jaunty and condescending in victory.

"Put 'er there, old-timer," he said. "You gave me a whale of a fight."

Dan shook the proffered hand.

"Good luck," he said. "You got a kick like a big gun, kid." Then, half to himself: "But if I'd only been twenty pounds heavier ——"

"I'd have took you anyhow," said Jansen.

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"I'll Fight You Again—Right Here and Now!" Cried Dan Kirk

FOOLS' NICKEL

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

IT WAS an old joke, but custom had not staled it for the loungers in the wide doorway of the blacksmith shop. They grinned expectantly, nudging one another; even the blacksmith looked up, his rasp suspended above the huge hoof clenched between his knees. Curly Teamer was always funny and at his funniest when teasing Eddie Fitch. Besides, this particular trick invariably cost Curly money, and there was something impressive and enviable about the prodigality with which, just for a good laugh, he would risk a dime and spend a nickel.

He twitched the pink elastic a little higher on his fat arm, where a zone of perspiration darkened the gay pattern of the sleeve; the bright-belted cigar stub twirled to the corner of his mouth and he brought a little handful of silver from a jingling pocket.

The sight of the money had an instant effect on Eddie Fitch. His face came alive and eager as he strained for speech, his hands waving in eloquently urgent gestures which Curly, to prolong the fun a little, pretended not to understand.

He made as if to slide the coins back into his pocket, and everybody sniggered at Eddie's frantic clicks and gurgles of protest and dismay.

Affecting now to comprehend, Curly spread the coins out on his soft palm and took up all of them except a nickel and a dime. These, with a pushing movement of bestowal, he held out to Eddie, lifting and wagging the forefinger of his other hand to stipulate that Eddie, free to choose between them, might not help himself to both.

Eddie's whole body seemed to quiver under the mental stress of choice. He hooked a finger over his lower teeth and his free hand hovered above the coins, the fingers making little eager snatching motions. The loungers in the doorway craned their necks, and Curly winked humorously at them over Eddie's head. Again he made as if to take the money back, and the movement put an end to Eddie's indecision. He snatched, and held the nickel up triumphantly between his thumb and finger, his gutturals endeavoring to declare that Curly had again failed to fool him into picking the smaller and therefore less valuable dime.

He backed away a little warily, stowing his booty in the pocket of his ragged overalls. Guffaws and delighted back-slappings applauded Teamer, but he wore his honors modestly.

His Stepmother Blocked His Entry, the Backs of Her Hands Against Her Hips, Her Face, Pretty in Spite of the Sharp-Edged Quality of its Features, Soured Now Almost to Malice

"Dog-gone," he said, "you'd think the fool would learn sometime, wouldn't you? Funny, too, when he knows darn well he can buy twice as many jelly beans for ten cents. Bound to pick the biggest, though, every time."

"Say, I know a good one." The biggest of the farm hands clapped a heavy thigh. "Le's heat up a penny when he ain't lookin' and see if he'll grab it."

"Hadn't better." The blacksmith squinted through the smoke that lifted from the horseshoe as it touched the hoof. "Yonder comes young Johnny Marr, and he mighty near killed the last fellow 't tried that on Eddie."

An empty box wagon stopped in the littered space before the shop, and Johnny Marr's big, ungainly figure climbed down from the spring seat. He paid no attention to the men in the doorway, setting soberly about unhitching the heavy black Belgians.

Eddie scuttled toward him, a doglike quality in the eagerness of his greeting. His scrawny body squirmed and quivered, and his hands, waving in some vague attempt at pantomime, plucked at Marr's hickory shirt.

"What's he trying to tell you, Johnny? You and him speak the same language, don't you?" Curly Teamer's voice was discreetly amiable, but his wink invited the other loungers to enjoy the innuendo. Marr turned, one of the trace chains in his hands. He was, as always, unsmiling; his burned face was expressionless, and his movements gave him a curious resemblance to his horses, a suggestion of the same slow awkward strength.

Eddie Fitch elaborated his pantomime so that even to the group in the doorway it held a blurred significance. His gestures unmistakably imitated the motions of someone stroking a long beard. At Marr's nod of understanding, he clucked delightedly, clutched both hands against his breast, staggered, swayed and let himself fall flat on the ground.

"What's he up to, anyhow, Johnny?" said Teamer again. Marr turned deliberately and hooked the trace chain back to the whiffletree.

"Guess I better not wait to get these shoes reset, Eb." He addressed the blacksmith, ignoring Teamer. "Eddie says pa's worse."

He hoisted himself over the wheel and stretched out a big hand to Eddie, who scrambled nimbly up beside him. The wagon box clattered as the team broke into a lumbering trot. Curly Teamer grinned after the lifting fog of dust.

"By gorry," he said, "if you drew them two simps in a jack pot, you'd have openers anyhow."

John Marr stopped the team at the doctor's gate. After a glance at the empty carriage floor of the stable, he went around to the side door, where Mrs. Worrell, stirring a cake in a yellow bowl, looked up from her work.

"Doctor's just gone down to your house," she said. "Lew Fitch came up after him. Your pa's had another stroke, I'm afraid."

Marr nodded. "Thought that's what Eddie was trying to tell me."

The woman's eyes slanted over her steel-rimmed spectacles toward the wagon at the gate.

"I'm glad you found Eddie," she said. "Lew was real mad at him for running off instead of holding the horse. Lew couldn't wait to hunt for him, though—had to start straight back."

Marr nodded again. "Wild to go up to the blacksmith shop any time he gets to town, Eddie is," he said. "Did Lew say how bad pa was?"

He saw Eddie slide down from the seat and cross the road to the post-office store. The doctor's wife wagged her head.

"It's his second stroke, you know. Apt to be pretty serious, I guess. I'm real sorry, John."

"I better go right down." Marr shambled back to the wagon. The screen door of the post office slapped behind Eddie Fitch and he scurried across the road, a paper bag held proudly in a lifted hand. Scrambling to the seat, he gurgled happily, exhibiting a nest of many-colored jelly beans at the bottom of the bag. John Marr moved his head approvingly.

"Got 'em, did you, Eddie? Good for you." He swung the loop of the reins against a huge shining haunch and again the horses broke into their ponderous trot. They were drenched and heaving by the time the wagon stopped at the side door of the farmhouse. The doctor's rig was hitched in the shade of the big elm. John Marr twisted the lines about the brake handle and ran heavily toward the door.

It opened before he reached it, and his stepmother blocked his entry, the backs of her hands against her hips, her face, pretty in spite of the sharp-edged quality of its features, soured now almost to malice. She could not have been more than a few years older than her stepson, but her voice held the annoyed contempt of an adult for a stupid, disobedient child.

"You trying to founder those horses? And where's the feed?"

Marr moved toward the door, but she held her place.

"Didn't wait," he said. "Heard pa was worse and ——"

"And ran your horses two miles!" She made an impatient sound in her throat. "Have to make another trip now to the mill. I declare ——"

"Wanted to see pa," said Marr doggedly.

"Think it'll cure him if you founder the best team on the place?" she snapped. "You go 'tend to those horses before you set a foot inside this house. That's what your pa'd tell you if he was fit to talk."

"Guess I'll see him first." He moved deliberately past her, one shoulder brushing against her as she stood her ground. She did not follow him into the front room, where, since Andrew Marr's first stroke, a bed had been set up for him.

He lay upon it now, flat on his back and motionless. Doctor Worrell stood beside him, his hands in the sagging pockets of his linen duster. He shook his head doubtfully in answer to John Marr's look of question.

"Pretty bad this time, John." He explained in long impressive words just how bad it was. John Marr came to the bedside.

"What's he doing dressed?" he asked. "Who let him get up?"

"Far as I can make out, he got up himself. Mis' Marr went over to see the tenant on her place, and your pa must have taken a notion to go somewhere. When she got back she found him down at the barn with a horse half hitched up to the buckboard."

Marr leaned forward. His father's bearded face was twisted in a frozen grimace, but the eyes strained out of it.

"Can you hear me, pa? Shut your eyes if you can."

The lids flickered twice in answer. Worrell leaned over at John's side.

"Looks as if he was trying to talk."

"You want me to do something for you, pa?" Again the lids fluttered. "Want Hattie?" The lids did not move. "The minister? Squire Dudley?"

Still there was no response except for the fixed, straining look.

"Maybe it's something about the farm," suggested Worrell. The eyelids closed and opened with an effect of emphasis. John Marr glanced at the door.

"You want me to stay here and work the place? Always aimed to, pa."

There was a moment's hesitation before the lids descended and rose again, but Worrell was delighted.

"That's what he wanted, John, sure's you're born!"

"It ain't all he wanted," said John Marr slowly. He bent over the bed again, but his father's eyes had closed and did not open at his questions. He straightened as Hattie Marr came to the doorway. Doctor Worrell, for all his fifty years and the sprinkle of gray in his ginger beard, became slightly less professional in his manner. He tiptoed forward as if to stop her at the threshold, but she came briskly into the room; and her voice, a little hushed by the still figure on the bed and sweetened, as usual, by the presence of an outsider, addressed John Marr.

"You better go see to your team," she said. "You can't do any good here."

Marr hesitated, his glance shifting to the face against the pillow. There was no sign of consciousness, and he went out, his shoes creaking a protest against his endeavor to walk on tiptoe. Lew Fitch, father of Eddie and the only permanent farm hand on the place, helped him put up the team and told him, as they worked, what he knew of the affair. Lew was a man past middle age, submerged in the self-pity of dyspepsia so that, just as his son's defects impressed him always as afflictions heaped unfairly on his own unmerting head, he saw in Andrew Marr's seizure only one more misfortune for Lewis Fitch.

"Ain't it just my luck?" he grumbled, looping a line through the bit ring. "Andy promised me he'd fix it in his will so's I'd get that house I'm living in, and them three acres that goes with it. Ain't over a week since he told me. Feeling spry that day, he was, and come out on the porch. Bet he was hitching up to drive to town on purpose when this here fit took him. Wonder he wasn't tromped on, laying on the floor 'longside the mare with the harness half on her. Lucky thing Mis' Marr and Eddie was around and moved him before the mare got restless." He wagged his head dejectedly. "Ain't it just my luck, though?"

John Marr snapped the throatlatch of the halter and sidled from the stall

"Guess it's all right about the will, Lew. Squire Dudley was down here last Monday. Wouldn't wonder if pa 'tended to it then." He paused. "Guess that was it. Curly Teamer was around the house, too, that day. He could've signed for a witness."

"Loafer's been hanging around here a lot too much to suit me," said Lew. "Always pestering Eddie."

"Guess Eddie kind of likes it," Marr said. "Goes hunting Curly any time he can."

He went out into the carriage room. The rickety buckboard stood in its usual place, its shafts propped high against the wall.

"I run it back again." Lew Fitch spoke at Marr's shoulder. "Andy had it backed out, all ready to hitch up."

Marr nodded. The tattered cushion had fallen to the bed of the buckboard, and he put it back mechanically on the seat. His thigh brushed against the felly and he glanced downward as he backed away. There was a smear of fresh mud on his overalls. He lifted his head and turned.

"Say, Lew ——" he began, a stir of excitement in his voice. But Fitch was not listening. Eddie had come in while Marr's back was turned, and his father held him by one arm.

"Gimme that candy," Lew ordered. "Ought to know better'n go hiding it. Forget where 'tis in five minutes and be hunting all over the place tomorrow, or meeching round for money to buy more." He reached for the paper bag, but Eddie twisted free and danced backward, highly pleased with himself. His father did not try to follow.

"Don't know what I ever done," he grumbled, "that the Lord's hand should lay so heavy on me. Talk about Job! Sooner have a whole batch of boils than try to handle Eddie."

Hattie Marr's voice shrilled down from the house, and John ran clumsily toward the sound.

II

SQUIRE DUDLEY, as usual, made a little ritual of reading the will. He was a windy, word-loving man, relishing the set phrases of the preamble and darting self-important glances above his spectacles at the divided group of listeners in the parlor, which still wore something of its ceremonial aspect although the undertaker had carried off his folding chairs and pushed the stiff plush furniture back into place against the walls.

Nathan Willet, in the capacity of friend and neighbor, was present with his wife and daughter by John Marr's invitation, and sat next to him at one side of the room. On the other, Curly Teamer fingered his imitation panama and shuffled his shiny yellow shoes, plainly ill at ease in spite of Hattie Marr's composed presence at his elbow. He watched John Marr almost furtively, but there was a hint of contemptuous amusement at the smirking corners of his mouth. Squire Dudley paused after the preamble, inhaled deeply and read on more impressively.

John Marr's elbow rested on his knees, but his head rose slowly as he listened. Andrew Marr left fifty dollars to his son, and all the other property, real and personal, of which he died possessed, went outright to his widow, who was named sole executrix without bond.

There was a little silence as the squire finished. Nathan Willet's face went dangerously red, and his wife's hand moved in a cautioning gesture.

"When was that will made, squire?" he demanded, his voice harsh under the strain of repression. Squire Dudley smacked his lips.

"Eight days prior to the testator's demise," he said "Last Monday week, in fact." He cleared his throat importantly. "It is drawn up in proper legal form and duly witnessed by Dr. Matthew Worrell and Earl B. Teamer."

Hattie Marr's company voice intervened before Willet could frame another question.

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Eddie Fitch Elaborated His Pantomime So That Even to the Group in the Doorway It Held a Blurred Significance

FAME IS A BUBBLE

"Elmer," She Said, "What Horrible Cuticle!"

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

MY IDEA is, a bathing beauty is something to look at and that's all; but if ever there's somebody feels like they want to marry one, which there probably is every now and then, very well and good—it's a free country, I hope.

As for the one my old pal Elmer Casper wanted to marry—well, to give my old pal a square break, he'd wanted to marry Jean Rogers, her that become Miss Flat Rock this year, long before she become Miss Flat Rock this year. He'd been in love with her when if she was a bathing beauty it wasn't except when she sprung in her own tub, and he'd of wanted to marry her if she never become nothing but Miss 665½ Pinehurst Avenue, Ring Cassidy's Bell. That was the way my old pal Elmer was.

Now it don't ever matter what I think personally about a thing when a pal figures in it. A pal's a pal, and that's all there is to it; and if my pal Elmer wanted to make a sap out of hisself and marry somebody that was just a high-toned beasel—and I don't minces no words about it, all right—there wasn't nothing else for a regular pal like me to do but take steps in that direction.

"But, Elmer," I told him, "you're doing this falling in love with this high-toned beasel against your pal's advice; but a pal's a pal, Elmer old pal, and you know you can always count on your old pal Bascom McNutt. That's what a pal's for."

Now I got this to say for myself: You don't be a soda jerker in the Élite Ice Cream Parlor for five years without learning a thing or two, at the lease, and while I may not be in the class with Eddie Faber when it comes to mixing some of the fancy drinks, such as that Faber Egg Flip Astonishment, still and all there ain't many can say I ain't got a pretty good slant on the fair sex of Flat Rock, including Jean Rogers.

I met her, not socially exactly, maybe a year ago, and I don't have to meet a girl but once to spot what kind of girl they are. That was the way with Jean Rogers. She come in the Élite and ordered something—it was a McNutt Jumbo Special Caramel Nut Sundae, if I recollect correctly—and all I said was, "Well, girlie."

So far as I can see now there ain't a thing in the world wrong with calling a girl girlie. And all I ask out of anybody is just decent civility. I don't expect anything else. But do you think I got any out of this baby? You think I was even treated polite?

"Soda jerkers," she said, "should be seen—or else fired out of their job. A nut sundae for me, if you can take the time off from talking to customers that don't want to hear you talking to them."

No, I didn't get mad. I expect civility, as I said, but if I don't get it I ain't mad. I'm hurt, more than anything else.

"Well," I said, not to let her think she was getting away with anything, "I suppose you're Lillian Russell or somebody."

You can just see from that, though, the kind of impression she give me. I didn't need to know anything else about her. Just from that I seen the kind of type she was—cold, unfriendly, no repartee at all; a mighty bad type for a wife, if I'm any judge, and people say I am.

And that was the kind of girl my old pal Elmer falls in love with—a hard-boiled baby.

"I'm just talking to you as a pal," I says to him. "She's just a high-toned beasel, that's all. I'm telling you, old pal."

"Bascom," he says, "beasel or no beasel, I love her."

Well, the way he says it I knew I might as well try to get him to vote the Socialist ticket as give her up.

"All right then," I says. "It's a free country."

As I say, it don't ever matter what I personally think about a thing if a pal figures in it. I'm with my friend. And so, this time, I stuck to Elmer and I was nice to his girl—but on his account, mind you, not hern.

In fact, I was more'n nice to her. I treated her like a princess. Whenever she come in the Élite she got the best in the house. I didn't let on I remembered her at all; but if she noticed, she seen when she ordered a McNutt Lido Banana Split she got three scoops of ice cream and not two like everybody else got; and when she ordered a McNutt Mary Pickford Extra Special Surprise Nut Sundae, nothing else would do but that I got to put two cherries on it and not just one like the others got. No, sir, she sure couldn't complain I was holding anything against her, because I wasn't, and that was because she was Elmer's girl friend.

That was the way it was then when this contest for who would be Miss Flat Rock to go to Atlantic City to see who would be Miss America come along.

The announcements about it wasn't no more'n on the street when Elmer comes rushing into the Élite, and after giving his order—it was a McNutt Himalaya Mountain Extra Special Surprise Mélange, if I recollect correctly—breaks his news.

"Jean," he says, "is going to try to be Miss Flat Rock. She's going to try to be," he says, "Miss Flat Rock."

"And you," I says, "if you let her get away with anything like that," I says, "will be Mr. Flat Head."

"Aw, bunk!" To me, his old pal, he says bunk.

"Look here, Elmer"—I laid down a dish of plain ice cream some cheap skate had ordered—"we might as well talk this thing over right here and now. What do you want to make outen your life? Just tell me that." I just wanted him to tell me what he wanted to make outen his life.

"Well," he says, "I don't want to be a automobile mechanic all my life of course," he says. "I kind of thought I'd like to write poetry."

"In other words," I suggests, "you want to be a poet."

"You might put it that way," he says. "Rudyard Kipling was a poet."

"Who?"

"Rudyard Kipling."

"Oh," I says, "Rudyard Kipling of course! Indeed he was a poet, and a mighty nice one too!" Which he was. "You mean you want to be like Rudyard Kipling?" I says.

"I wouldn't mind."

"All right then," I tells him, "it's nothing to be ashamed of. It's honest, anyways, and you'd meet some mighty nice people. And have you wrote anything?"

"Yes," he says, a little hesitating; "a sonnet. It's called To One With Locks of Gold."

"Good!" I says. "It's a start anyways. Bring it over and if it ain't too long I'll read it over and tell you what I think of it."

"It's fourteen lines," he says, hesitating some more

"A nice length," I says. "So, you see, you're going to be a poet. You got a career ahead, just like I got a career ahead; and let me tell you, if you let Jean get started on a career herself, like being a bathing beauty, you might as well call it a lifetime. Do you know that in all history there ain't a single record of a fellow that got ahead when his wife was trying to make a career too? Did you know that?"

"Well," he says. "I thought maybe ——"

"Remember, Elmer," I says, "not in all history!"

Elmer's no fool. He seen then that I was right.

"You're right, Bascom," he says. "I'll just tell Jean I don't want her to enter this contest."

Well, just to give you a rough idea of what a free country this really is, a week later Elmer and me went to the Odeon Theater and seen Jean Rogers walk right away with the bathing-beauty title.

"You simply can't do anything with her, that's all," he says. "She's going to do what she wants."

"You mean," I says, "that you can't do anything with her," I says. "Before this is over she's going to be doing what I want."

But I had to hand it to her that night. A high-toned beasel she may have been, but that night she was the berries too. Golden hair in curls, big blue eyes, skin like fine boiled custard—ah, but she was swell looking! The judges didn't have to look at nobody but her to decide which was the prettiest.

Afterwards, after he'd tore her away from everybody that wanted to come up and speak to her and say "So you're Miss Flat Rock!" he brang her over to the Élite, where I'd had to go back to work, and I set them at a table at the end of the fount so's I could fling them a word or two every now and then.

I might say, too, that this was the first time that she'd acted toward me like I hadn't got the lepressy or something, but even at that she wasn't no roaring furnace for warmth. Middle distance, you might say she was. She could take me or leave me.

Naturally, though, business being slack, it being pretty late, near on to eleven, I couldn't help overhearing a little they said, though of course not by trying. I wouldn't eavedrops. Elmer, when I first heard him, seemed to be pleading

"Rudyard Kipling was a poet," he says, "and you can't say nothing against Rudyard Kipling."

"Poets," Miss Flat Rock says, "don't get anywheres."

"I reckon Rudyard Kipling ain't anywheres," Elmer says, a little hurt. "I reckon poet laureate of England ain't anywheres."

"What do you keep harping on him for?" Jean complains. "He's dead."

"Why, Jean," Elmer exclaims, "Kipling ain't dead!"

"He is so, dead," she says. "If he's the one I'm thinking of, he's dead."

"You got him mixed up with somebody," Elmer says, and then turning around he sees that, as luck would have

it, I'm near by. "Bascom," he says, "Kipling ain't dead, is he?"

"Rudyard Kipling?"

"The poet," he says—"Rudyard Kipling, the poet."

"Oh!" I says. "Rudyard Kipling! Oh, yes, he's dead. Died a year or so ago. You're wrong about it, Elmer, old pal."

"Well," he says, turning back to Jean, "I could of swore he was alive. Anyways," he says, "you see what I mean ——"

"There's money," I says, "in poetry."

"You think there is?" Jean asks.

"Sure," I says. "Barrels of it! Look at Longfellow!"

"Say, you know," he beams on Jean, "that wouldn't be bad! Me a rich poet—and then you wouldn't have to go in the movies ——"

It was just my luck that I had to go then and shake up a drink—it was a McNutt Super Surprise Fizz, a little thing of my own, if I recollect correctly—and I didn't hear the rest. But it didn't take no master mind to see which ways things was drifting.

That last line of hisn just showed how right I'd been. She'd got it already, a hankering after a career, and there ain't nothing worse in the whole world for a girl that's going to be your wife. First Miss Flat Rock, then Miss America, and finally the movies. Poor Elmer! I seen his finish. He oughtn't never fell in love with a bathing beauty, and if he'd of listened to me in the first place he never would of.

I seen also that the time had come when it was a pal's duty to step in and help out his old pal. Things mustn't get too far.

Elmer and me had to get down to brass tacks at once, if we was going to get him married to Jean. The next day I come straight to the point.

"Old pal," I says, "so far everything's gone jake. We played our cards well and we got her across as Miss Flat Rock. But now, Elmer, we got to put our foot down. Don't let Jean go to Atlantic City. In a bathing suit, old man, if you'll pardon the familiarity, she's the berries, and she's liable to be Miss America, and then where'll you be, poet or no poet? Answer me that!"

"Jean wouldn't forget me," he says.

"Elmer," I says, "this is straight from the heart. A gal that's been elected Miss America would forget the World War. So put your foot down. Tell her nothing doing, understand?"

"Bascom," he says, "I'll do that!"

And so, freedom being what it is in this country, two weeks later Elmer and me was among those present at the Union Station, along with the mayor of Flat Rock, the president of the Boost Flat Rock Club and the commander of the Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, United Confederate Veterans, to see Miss Flat Rock, carrying a big bouquet of flowers and a seven-pound box of bonbons, board the train for Atlantic City, taking with her the best wishes for success of everybody present excepting Elmer Casper, of the Lightning Auto Repair Company, and Bascom McNutt, of the Elite Ice Cream Parlor.

II

I DON'T know as I ever come across as hard a situation to solve as the one I had to for my old pal Elmer when Jean Rogers returned back to Flat Rock from Atlantic City. I don't know as I ever seen a girl change like she changed during that trip. What's more, I don't know as I ever want to again.

For a time we didn't hear anything about what was happening to her in Atlantic City, the newspapers showing no noticeable desire to single her out, even in very small type, and distinguish her with notices. Then Elmer got a letter from her.

"Bascom," he says as soon as I've give him his McNutt Nita Naldi Special Sundae, "what do you reckon?"

"Jean," I guesses, "was cheated out of first place."

"No," he says. "She come out fourth—fourth, Bascom! Not only three ahead of her!"

"And how," I asks, "does she figure that, when they don't pick but three beauties?"

"She says," he says she said, "she looked around after they picked the three and she seen there ain't no girl that even a prejudiced judge could say was prettier'n her, except he wanted the people to get mad and shoot him. So she said that made her fourth."

"A girl," I says, "that don't give herself no worse breaks than that is going to be hard to handle."

▶ Then, a couple weeks later, Jean Rogers come back to Flat Rock.

Well, she wasn't Miss America, but just seeing the way she acted around the town, why, you wouldn't hardly be able to tell she wasn't.

Two Weeks Later Elmer and Me Was Among Those Present at the Union Station to See Miss Flat Rock Board the Train for Atlantic City

Now I think I said before that when a pal's a pal, he's a pal, and no two ways about it. My pal Elmer was just a plain fellow, putting on no dog and not trying to, although as fine a man at cleaning carbon out of batteries as I ever seen; and the way his face kept getting longer and longer, like Bill Hart's, I felt it right down in my bosom. I wanted to help him—good old Elmer!

The next time she come in the Elite I spoke to her about it, hoping to touch her heart maybe.

"Jean," I said.

"Miss Rogers," she says.

"All right then," I says, "Miss Rogers then. Miss Rogers, I just want to say a word about Elmer."

"Well?"

"Miss Rogers," I says, "Elmer's a mighty fine fellow."

"Well?" she says.

"I mean to say," I says, "Elmer is a mighty fine fellow—none better in Flat Rock."

"Well?" she says.

"That's all," I says. "Elmer's a mighty fine fellow—a mighty fine fellow indeed. He's a mighty fine ——"

"Ain't what you're trying to say," she asks, very sarcastic, "is he's a mighty fine fellow?"

"Yes, it is." I was hurt by the way she spoke. "Yes, it is—and he is, too, a mighty fine ——"

"I'll take a raspberry soda," she says.

I seen it all then. Everything was plain as day to me. I didn't need to hear any of the things I did hear later to know that she'd changed into the kind of girl she'd changed into, which I could of from the very beginning.

"I know," Elmer says that evening. "I know all about it. It was that society life she led in Atlantic City, with

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Now I Got This to Say for Myself: You Don't be a Soda Jerker in the Elite Ice Cream Parlor for Five Years Without Learning a Thing or Two

OPEN SESAME

By BOYDEN SPARKES

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

FOR some reason the descent of the curving flight of worn marble stairs into the basement precinct of a securely guarded safety-deposit vault in the theatrical sector of Broadway had been a terrifying journey for this woman. She was past middle age, thin and shabby, in a hat and coat long out of fashion. The trembling, uncertain man she led by the hand was in a worse state, that was not utter collapse only because of the comforting words of endearment murmured by the woman.

The gray-uniformed ex-policeman with stubble hair who stood at the heavy bronze grille eyed them with suspicion His pose with folded arms was designed to conceal his habitual clutch on a small automatic pistol holstered in his coat sleeve. His working philosophy was a curt phrase—"You never can tell who's coming down them steps." But the manager interposed himself between this scowling watchman and the fear-stricken visitors

"What can I do for you?"

His tone was pleasant and calculated to put them at their ease.

"My name is Goodwin," explained the woman—"Mrs. Herman K. Goodwin. This is my husband. We think that is, we hope we have a safety-deposit box here."

"Well," said the manager genially, "they can't put you in jail for thinking. Sit down and tell me about it"

The man began to sniffle

Watchdogs of the Treasure Cave

"MY HUSBAND," began the woman, patting the bony knee of the old fellow—"his mind failed. He had been sick and closed up the butcher store. Everything he put in bonds. It would have been enough to keep us. We were going upstate to live. He had me sign a card one day, but he was very impatient and wouldn't answer any questions Then he was in bed for a while. The doctor said he needed quiet and freedom from worry. One night he began to yell and holler. He got so bad we had to put him in the asylum. That was five years ago. He always told me he couldn't think where he'd put the bonds. I thought, myself, he must have lost 'em. Last Christmastime he began to improve and the doctors at the asylum said I could take him home if he kept getting better. A week ago I brought him to the little flat I rent—I do cleaning in an office building at night—and all the time he's been saying he didn't lose the bonds, but forgot where he put 'em away. He said it was a strong box."

"But what makes you think he might have had a safe here?" probed the manager.

"Because we've been pretty near everywhere else in New York. They got to be somewhere."

"Lady," said the manager tensely, "how could you prove you are Mrs. Goodwin or that this is Mr. Goodwin?"

"Why," exclaimed the woman, "I am Mrs. Goodwin! I could prove it easy."

"Suppose you write your name on this card; let your husband try to write his too."

The woman wrote her name, a thin signature carefully shaded on the back strokes. Then the man tried. For a long minute he moved the pen in ovals just above the card, but each time he brought the point to paper it was as if something seized him by the back of the neck. Twice he laid down the pen. Abruptly he picked it up a third time, made the practice gesture above the paper and that time he wrote, "Herman K. Goodwin." He did not stop there. He wrote another word—"tenderloin."

"You see how he is," apologized the wife "Don't mind that extra foolish word."

"Tenderloin, hey?" said the manager softly, and began to scan a worn old ledger and to finger a card index. "And what was your husband's mother's maiden name, Mrs Goodwin?"

"Lamport," said Mrs. Goodwin

"And how old was she when she died?"

"Sixty-nine"

"Have you the keys to the box, Mrs. Goodwin?" The manager was smiling as broadly as a department-store Santa Claus by this time.

"I have two keys alike that I never have been able to say what they were for. They were on his key ring when he went away. I found out about all the others. I brought 'em with me. I thought maybe ——"

"Mrs. Goodwin," said the manager, "here is your signature written on this card more than five years ago. It made you joint tenant of the box your husband rented from me at that time. When the rent was two years overdue we tried to find him, but our bills came back from the address he had given us."

"We had to move from the old place," broke in Mrs. Goodwin, her eyes shining as a young girl's might glow on a lover, her fingers clutching almost painfully the limp hand of her partner.

All Their Eggs Safe in One Basket

THEN the manager exchanged signals with the ex-policeman at the bronze grille. It would be difficult to say what that signal was, although there would have been small trouble in decoding it. It was a sign for the guard to unlock the light steel grille that interposed a daytime barrier across the circular opening of this modern treasure cave that at night was closed air-tight by a fourteen-ton door of steel and glass and bronze, round as a silver dollar and eighteen inches thick.

"Ma'am," said the manager, "go right in. I was sure there was nothing phony about you, but when your husband remembered the password there was no chance of a mistake"

"Password?" exclaimed the woman. "What was the password?"

"'Tenderloin,'" the manager whispered, though they were the sole occupants of the vault. He fitted a key into a lock that was one of thousands in that low-ceilinged chamber of concrete and railroad iron and patented steel. "Now put your key in here, so, and there you are. It's none of my business, Mrs. Goodwin, but I think you should prepare yourself for a disappointment. After all, there may be nothing of value in the box"

In her thin arms he placed a slender box of japanned tin. It was not much bigger than a two-foot section of two-by-four timber.

Into a small room containing a glass-topped table, a pair of shears secured to a chain, a straight chair and a wastebasket, the woman took this vessel that contained all her hope. In a few minutes she emerged, her hands grasping heavy yellow papers, crisp as vellum.

There had been $15,000 worth of bonds in that cache, but the magic of interest-bearing coupons that had ripened

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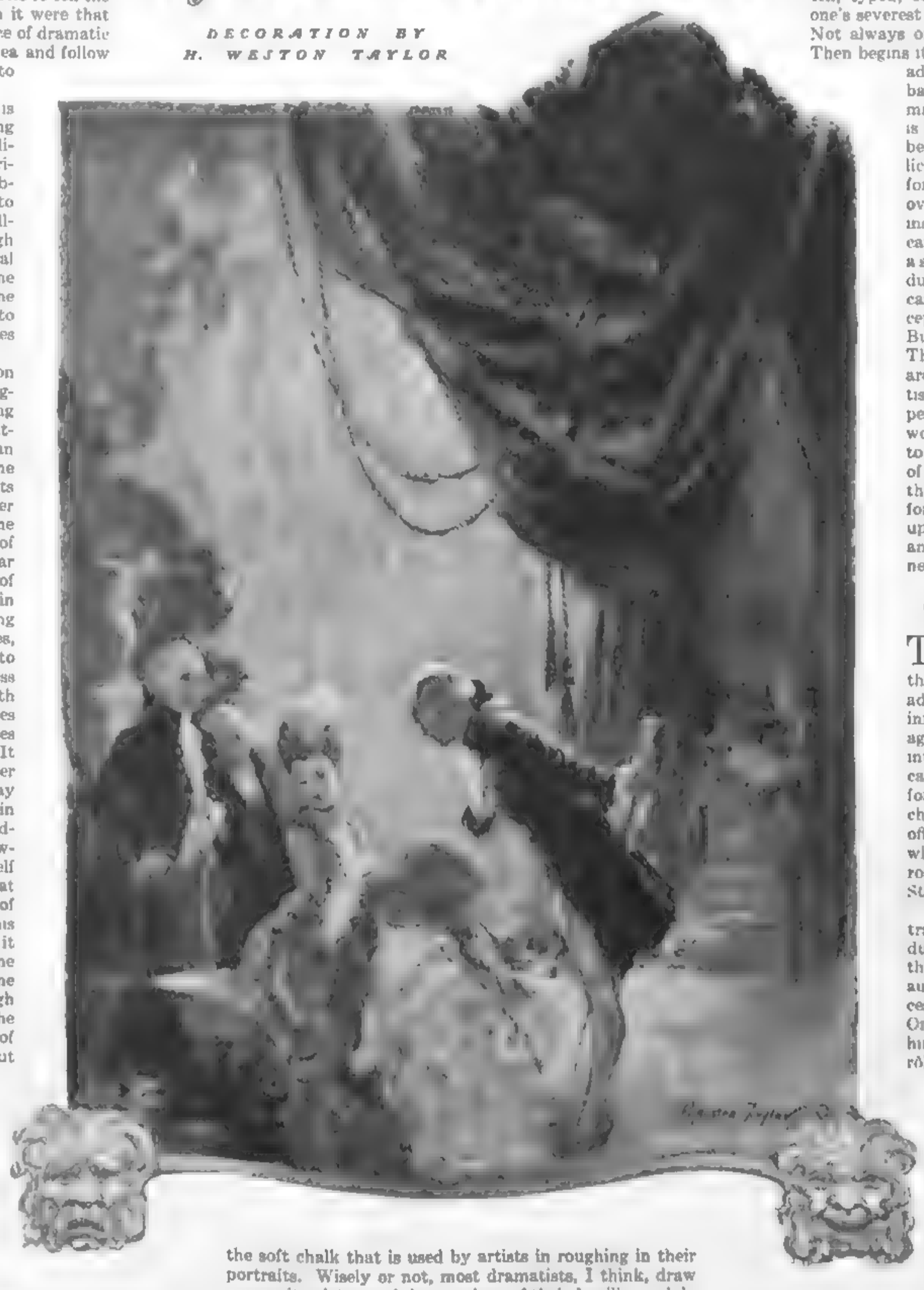
He Picked It Up a Third Time, Made the Practice Gesture Above the Paper and Wrote, "Herman K. Goodwin." He Wrote Another Word—"Tenderloin"

From the Diary of a Dramatist

By COSMO HAMILTON

DECORATION BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



IT WILL, I believe, be interesting, exciting, amusing and not a little pathetic to tell the life story of a play as though it were that of a person, to take a specific piece of dramatic work from the inception of its idea and follow it through its various adventures to its bitter or glorious end.

Unlike a novel, whose course is as smooth as that of a river, going from the writer's desk to the editorial rooms of a magazine for serialization, from there into the publisher's hands and finally out into the sea through the usual bookselling channels, a play goes through all the ups and downs of a prodigal son before it settles finally into the allotted theater, either to enjoy the fatted calf or to be hustled into the storehouse followed by the gibes of the critics.

I have not the remotest notion whence comes the germ of an original play. It is, I suppose, a flying spark from some anvil, the outcome of something suggested by an actual happening, the twist of one of the not very numerous plots which have been used over and over again since the theater, in some form or another, became part of civic life. I only know that so far as I am concerned the genesis of all my plays has come to me in the bath. It is there, while going through my matutinal exercises, without which no man can hope to survive the enforced sedentariness of the city, that I am bitten with the ideas which divide themselves immediately into the two processes of my work—plays and novels. It must be confessed that the greater number of these bites fade away when they come to be examined in the cruel light of post-bath consideration. Every now and then, however, one of them impresses itself lastingly on the skin. From that moment, whatever I may have of a dramatist in me is focused on this germ, thesis, plot or whatever it may be called. I take it with me into the street. It goes with me for varying lengths of time through crowds and traffic—often to the intense annoyance of the drivers of taxicabs. It follows me in and out of my den, annoys me when I am endeavoring to concentrate on the work I am doing at the moment, and goes with me to bed. In fact it becomes an obsession, a more and more fixed idea.

I think that it was Charles Frohman who said that if a plot cannot be told in fifty words the waste-paper basket is the only place for it, and it was he, in another moment of inspiration, who laid it down, and rightly, that if the scheme of a play is not erected on a solid foundation of truth, recognizable as such by its audience and its critics, it will never hold up its head.

Dramatizing Friends and Relatives

BUT the idea is not everything, although it is most of it. There are the people to be decided upon who shall carry it out. There are the place, the period and the social set, length of the play and its treatment, whether comedy or farce—tragedy is barred—and before one dares to put the play on paper it is vitally necessary to work these details out in a full scenario. In other words, to construct it, to give it a design, to blue-print it in an architectural manner and to see that it moves from act to act on an upward plane. Then, too, before anything may be committed to paper, the characterization of the chosen few who are to bring it into life must be carefully and painfully considered. Mostly, of course, these people are drawn from life—some with a suggestion of caricature, others with the accuracy of an untouched photograph, and the less essential ones with the soft chalk that is used by artists in roughing in their portraits. Wisely or not, most dramatists, I think, draw composite pictures of the members of their families and do not hesitate to go to the club, the golf course, the transatlantic liners and other people's dinner tables for the rest. In every play that is worth its salt, the characters are recognizable human beings, however greatly they have been altered from their prototypes for the sake of art and safety.

When the actual work on the play is started it must be done under the firm belief that it is going to be the best ever perpetrated by its author. Ink must contain optimism, pen a certain definite triumph, and the daily struggle to concentrate, build up and fill in the bricks must be conducted with the keenest sense of enjoyment. Otherwise the thing is bloodless, unvibrating and as dry as a bone. To my way of thinking, there is no medium of writing so delightful, so exhilarating, so surprising, or so difficult as that of dramatic work. The process of elimination which is essential to its technic lays a less heavy mental strain upon its author than does the work of writing a novel, and this is perhaps more easily explained by explaining that, whereas the average novel may contain from eighty to one hundred thousand words, no play, except those written by George Bernard Shaw, may have more than fifteen thousand.

Well then, say that the play has been written, typed, corrected, measured up, read to one's severest critic, who is invariably a wife. Not always one's own, perhaps. Then what? Then begins its checkered history, its series of adventures, humiliations, handings back and forth, inanities, futilities, misunderstandings. Sometimes it is lost—and if the author has not been wise enough to retain a duplicate copy it falls into the limbo of forgotten things or is written all over again. Sometimes, through the instrumentality of an agent, or because it has captured the fancy of a star, it is given an immediate production. There have even been cases in which a play has been accepted on its merits by a manager. But they are few and far between. The vast majority of the plays that are written, generally by dramatists who form something like 75 per cent of the population of the world, drift about like snowflakes, to melt and disappear. Ninety-nine of them deserve no better fate. Of those that remain in a concrete form, the greater number are piled upon the shelves of agents' offices and grow sad and dusty in the corners of managers' rooms.

Cruelty to Brain Children

TO FOLLOW the one that is alive, and has been accepted, through the second course of its adventures, come with me into the inner sanctum of the average manager. Sometimes it is a room made interesting by a gallery of theatrical photographs, strange toys given for luck and one or two comfortable chairs. Sometimes it is merely an office. Always it is in a building whose windows let in the ceaseless roar of Broadway or Forty-second Street.

You must understand that a contract has been signed for its production for one of several reasons though, usually, it is because its author has achieved a recent success and may do the trick again. Or it may be that the star has seen himself or herself in the leading rôle—a fat one—or because the enthusiasm of an agent has overpersuaded the manager and found a hole in his armor of unbelief and uncertainty. Never mind the reasons. It has landed, found a home.

You see, seated behind an enormous desk covered with a litter of letters, telephones and manuscripts, a person who looks like a manipulator of real estate, and generally is. He has sent for me, and so he says, "Oh, good morning, Hamilton. What is it that you want?"

I explain that I don't want anything—except the finest cast that has ever been gathered together, the most popular theater in the city and the best publicity man. His smile is wan. As a rule he never smiles. He is too busy letting his theaters and meeting his backers.

He says, "Oh, I remember. I sent for you. Before we cast your play there are points to be discussed."

With great surprise I ask him if he has read it, and he says, "No, I never read plays. I have no time for that. But I have some notes from the people who did read it and some of them seem to be good. Here's the first: 'Ask Mr. Hamilton to turn the male lead into a part for a girl. We have Miss Blank Dash on our books. Why not put her in work?'"

You, who are listening to this conversation, appear to be amazed. You can see, of course, without explanation, that such a change would wreck the play. Being accustomed to manager's talk, I am, however, unmoved, unshaken and utterly without surprise. "What's the next?" I ask.

(Continued on Page 75)

CASH AND CARRIE

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

AURELIUS WAIL rolled a double six and shook hands with disaster.

"Yonder goes my wife's insurance money," he mourned, "an' heah goes me."

Large feet carried Mr. Wail's ponderous frame through the door and into the street. Aurelius quested in his pockets and produced three five-dollar bills, one fifty-cent piece and three dimes. He gazed unhappily upon the remains of the large sum which had until recently been in his possession. He reviewed the melancholy events leading up to the present tragic situation.

Aurelius was large and his wife was small. He was passive and she was dynamically active. Their modest home in Savannah had been the scene of several hectic battles, in each of which Aurelius had come off second best.

Recently the acrimonious Carrie had been stricken with a malady which caused her to lie in bed for two weeks but did not allay the sting of her tongue. She recovered rapidly and completely, but remained in the house an extra two weeks that she might collect the full amount of eighty dollars which would become payable under her health-insurance policy should she be rendered hors de combat for any one calendar month.

This afternoon Aurelius had collected the eighty dollars. It was more money than he had ever seen outside of a bank. He moved rapturously down Broughton Street. Eighty dollars suggested possibilities. These possibilities crystallized into definite hopes when he met two friends who were en route to a crap game. Aurelius hesitated—and was lost. He decided to roll five dollars and let it ride three times. That was the beginning.

And now he found himself once more on the street bereft of all Carrie's insurance money except fifteen dollars and eighty cents. The dice had been unkind to him. He didn't consider returning home—— "Does Carrie ever heah what I done with her sick money, a homicide is sholy gwine happen to me."

Low-hanging gray clouds rolled up the Savannah River across salt marshes and sent a spiteful rain into the face of the figure of misery. The pavements became damp and shiny; there was a penetrating chill in the air. But Aurelius Wail did not seek shelter. He desired to go somewhere—immediately. He moved forlornly toward the Central of Georgia Station and presented his round and troubled face at the ticket window. The clerk arched an inquiring eyebrow.

"Cap'n," inquired Aurelius, "how fur can I git fo' fifteen dollars an' eighty cents?"

The clerk smiled bleakly, as he consulted a rate sheet.

"Fare to Birmingham, Alabama, is fifteen-sixty. That'll leave you twenty cents for expenses."

"Gimme!" commanded Aurelius, shoving three bills, a four-bit piece and one dime through the window. "I cravee to exodust."

With the ticket in his pocket, Mr. Wail vanished into the night. His train was scheduled to depart at nine o'clock and he did not wish to be any too prominent. There was always the chance that some kind friend might carry the evil tidings to Carrie, and Mr. Wail shuddered to think of what would happen to him if she ever discovered how her money had departed.

Having lost Carrie's money, Savannah was entirely too small to hold both of them unless he desired to sleep in a cemetery. And while Mr. Wail was experiencing a qualm of stage fright at the thought of severing lifelong connections, there was an exultant thrill in the knowledge that desperation had now brought him to the point of doing what he had wished to do for several years.

Aurelius Stood in the Aisle, Staring. His Eyes Closed and Opened Again

At a few minutes before nine o'clock he returned to the unimpressive red brick station and oozed through the side entrance, as unobtrusive as his two hundred pounds of soft flesh could be. He moved affrightedly up the platform and found a seat at one end of the Jim Crow car, where he trembled until the bell of the locomotive sounded and the train moved slowly out into the drizzly night. Then Aurelius lay back luxuriously and emitted a vast sigh.

Safety was his, and freedom. He peered through the spiteful rain at the dully glowing lights of Savannah. Somewhere in that beautiful city Mrs. Carrie Wail was waiting impatiently, wondering where her husband might be and why he had not long since returned with the eighty dollars insurance money she had earned by being sick two weeks and remaining indoors an extra fortnight.

After all, Aurelius felt that the equities were against him. The financial aspects of his married life had been rather one-sided. Everything Carrie earned was hers and everything Aurelius earned was Carrie's. For years she had exacted every penny of his wages and in return had given him tobacco money and three meals a day—some days. Her tongue had scourged him day and night, she had enumerated with devastating particularity his shortcomings and proclaimed these defects to the neighbors.

In actual cash she owed him more than the eighty dollars which he had unwittingly borrowed—expecting that the dice would be kind to him. And because they had frowned he was leaving home, definitely, finally and permanently.

As the train was swallowed by the night Aurelius was glad that he had been unsuccessful in the game of chance. The money was gone, but with it he had bought freedom. Ahead stretched the glorious, adventuresome world—a world free from acid-tongued women. He would find work of some sort and then he might do as he pleased; remain out until all hours of the night and make explanations to nobody.

He gave scant thought to the fact that he had in his pocket a mere twenty cents. The glory of the present was sufficient. If there was any tomorrow, that might be counted on to look out for itself. Aurelius was magnificently rid of his awfully wedded wife and the glittering lure of Birmingham was before him. The gentle motion of the train soothed him; he yawned, his head wabbled, and he slept.

When he waked the following morning the train was crossing the line from Georgia into Alabama. The country was assuming a more hilly aspect. The rain had ceased and the sun was smiling. Aurelius was happy. Also he was hungry. The news butch came through the car singing his wares and Aurelius purchased prodigally, expending for his breakfast of assorted fruit the sum of twenty cents.

At noon the train rolled under the huge shed of the Birmingham Terminal Station. Mr. Wail was excited and bankrupt. He moved through the waiting room and stared down the broad expanse of Fifth Avenue. His eyes marked the tall buildings and the air of hustle and bustle. He noticed several colored persons all intent upon themselves. The atmosphere reeked of prosperity, and Aurelius started down Fifth Avenue.

Instinct carried him the eight blocks to Eighteenth Street. There the blare of an orchestrion in front of a negro moving-picture house arrested his attention. He found himself gazing up at the imposing portals of the Penny Prudential Bank Building and at the inviting entrance of Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored. To the right of him and to the left were flourishing businesses run by negroes for negroes, and all within a single block of Birmingham's Loop. Aurelius recalled the stories he had heard of the Alabama metropolis—that wages were high and regular, that poverty among the colored population was unknown, that here—above all cities in the South—existed a dusky society which was interesting and distinctive. Aurelius parked himself in front of the Frolic Theater and inhaled deeply.

Prominent among the sensations imparted to him by the inhale was one of hunger. Mr. Wail entertained a toothsome suspicion that he was not very far away from barbecued pork.

"M-m-m!" Mr. Wail's mouth watered. "Barbecue an' Brunswick stew! Them is the fondest things I is of."

He dropped a large fat hand into the pocket of his trousers. His search was fruitless. A stranger in the city, Mr. Wail found himself possessed of one penny less than a single copper cent, and with the discovery came the increase of hunger.

Aurelius' appetite had always been a prodigious thing. All his life he had stood prepared to eat heartily and often. To him, hunger had always been life's greatest boon, in as much as each spell of hunger gave him opportunity for a half hour or so of unalloyed enjoyment. Now, however, things had changed. The apples and bananas of the morning had disappeared, leaving only tantalizing memory. Eighteenth Street became suddenly filled with the exciting odors of lunch time. Stores and office buildings disgorged

a flood of colored humanity. Aurelius emitted a hollow groan.

"Golly! What woul'n't I do fo' one ham san'wich!"

He stood the strain for half an hour. Then he entered the offices of the Acey Upshaw Taxicab Company and applied for a job. Acey, a small and bitter man, informed him curtly that there were no jobs to be had. Meter cabs were ruining his business.

"Uh-huh. They showly is, suh. Listen"—Aurelius fidgeted uneasily—"you ain't got a dime you ain't usin', has you?"

"No," retorted Acey. "An' I don't expect to have—ever."

Mr. Wail staggered out. Two young colored gentlemen were leaning against a telephone pole matching quarters. Aurelius watched in fascination. One of those quarters would buy him a meal. He edged closer.

"Gemmun," he suggested, "I wonder if you could spare one of them two-bit pieces fo' a feller which ain't had no lunch an' is pow'ful hongry."

They stared at him, tapped their foreheads and moved away, and thereafter Mr. Wail tried no more begging. Instead he circulated through Darktown seeking a job; any kind of a job, at any salary. He wanted to start right now -and to collect the price of a sandwich on account. But jobs were few and far between. One or two employment agencies promised to place him in distant mining camps, but they received frigidly his suggestion that a dime or two might be acceptable. He didn't visit any of the huge industrial plants because he didn't know the roads and didn't possess car fare.

By three o'clock in the afternoon Aurelius had decided unanimously that there was one thing in the world worse than living with Carrie, and that was hunger. For the first time in eight years he would have welcomed the sight of his attenuated wife hovering over the kitchen range. She might talk to him all she wished, if only she'd give him something to eat. He was doubtful about all the good things he had heard of Birmingham. He figured that at his present rate of suffering he'd have lilies growing on his grave before a pay day came along. A sign caught his eye and an odor assailed his nostrils:

BUD PEAGLAR'S BARBECUE LUNCH ROOM &
BILLIARD PARLOR
GOOD EATMENTS
POOL FIVE CENTS A CUE

Aurelius' knees were sagging as he passed within the portals of Bud's place. A half dozen negroes sat at the lunch counter partaking languidly of savory luncheons. Behind the counter was spread an array of food which brought misery to the tummy of the abandoned gentleman from Savannah—luscious hams, baked to a turn; portions of superb barbecued pork and lamb from which delicate slices had been cut for noonday customers; a bowl of coleslaw, a pot of rich rice, a vat filled with thick gravy, a huge urn containing Brunswick stew, sandwiches piled under a glass cover, an array of pies with their crispy, crumbly pastry.

Aurelius stood in the aisle, staring. His eyes closed and opened again. He lurched forward and seated himself. Bud limped forward.

"How would you like a little nice barbecue?" he suggested.

"Oh, laway! That's the one thing I don't want nothin' else but."

"About a quarter's worth?"

Aurelius was on the verge of ordering and facing jail when payment time came. But he was a timid gentleman, and honest.

"Mistuh," he quivered, "I ain't got a cent."

Bud frowned. "Broke?"

"I ain't just broke. Ise completely destroyed."

"Well," announced Bud, "this ain't no charity place."

Aurelius shook his head slowly. "Please, suh, can I sit heah fo' a li'l' while?"

"Whaffo', if you ain't got no money?"

"I just craves to smell them eatments."

Aurelius breathed deeply and suffered agony. He was the moth before the flame of baked ham and barbecue.

The minutes grew into hours. Aurelius settled into a comatose condition of torturing hunger. Food to the right of him, food to the left of him -and the head of Aurelius Wail wabbled around on top of his neck, his eyes took on a fixed, glassy stare and there came to his mind maddening visions of Carrie's succulent chitlins, her pork chops coated with bread crumbs, her dainty waffles!

"Idjit what I was to run away fum food!" Aurelius anathematized himself. "Bein' talked to death is a heap sight better than starvin'."

Evening descended gently upon Birmingham and the setting sun glowed redly through a haze of industrial smoke. Eighteenth Street seethed with activity and Bud Peaglar's place became crowded. The pool tables were popular, and Aurelius suffered at the casualness with which the cue wielders ordered soft drinks and sandwiches. It was ghastly. His overample frame quivered protestingly and he knew that he should leave, but he did not have sufficient strength of character to tear himself away from the vicinity of food. Perhaps ——

At seven o'clock the door swung open and two colored gentlemen entered. One was of about the same gross tonnage as Aurelius Wail. He was dressed loudly and expensively. With each waddling step there emanated from his pockets the clink of silver. His companion was small and wiry. He wore a long-visored cap, a sport shirt open at the throat, a pair of horn-rimmed goggles, khaki breeches and shiny leather putties. Obviously they were persons of considerable importance in Birmingham colored circles, for even the most uppity of the pool players paused to bid them good evening.

It was plain that the large man and his small companion were not on the best of terms. Their faces were set and stern; their voices were lowered bitterly. They seated themselves at the end of the lunch counter and spoke curtly to Bud Peaglar, who limped forward respectfully.

"Food!" they demanded.

"Barbecue?"

"We don't care. Just food!"

Bud was no mean business man. He brought food in large toothsome quantities. The low-voiced argument continued as the two men toyed with their dinner. Aurelius leaned forward fascinatedly. All that food and they were merely playing with it. Why, it began to appear as though less than half the lavish orders were to be consumed! An idea came to Mr. Wail—perhaps he might prevail upon these gentlemen to let him finish their meals. It was a chance—different from begging for money. He waited with passionate eagerness. Within ten minutes they had abandoned the food and were sipping coffee. Aurelius hoisted himself to his feet and lurched toward them. He paused, swaying dizzily.

"Gemmun ——" he quavered.

They swung on him hostilely. The sharp voice of the smaller man cut through the smoke-laden air of the pool room

"Who you?"

"Ise Aurelius Wail fum Savannah. Gemmun, Ise hongry. Ise starvin' to death ——"

"Git away fum heah. We is busy."

(Continued on Page 185)

"I Got Me a Contrack With You Folks Which Says I Should Climb Out on a Wire an' Git Dumped in the River fo' Twenty-five Dollars"

A RIVER IN FLOOD

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

He Forgot Everything Instantly, Unrecorded, in a Great Gust of Delight, Paddling Downstream With the Black Rush of the Current About Him

THREE shots, cracking the moonless dark, jerked Hugh Nason from his restless first sleep. The vague memory of an earlier single shot and a man's long-drawn, dismal outcry was confused with his dream, so that he could not be sure of it. But the three real shots pulled his head up from the mattress he had dragged on deck out of the smell of new paint below. He listened, staring with distended young eyes which filled themselves only with dark. There was always a lot of shooting going on, nights, on this upper reach of river—bootleg wars, drunks shooting off blanks, once in a while a real murder. Tonight was plenty thick for it, he considered, broad awake now and quivering a little to the sense of drama in the rich black of the night and of the river in moon flood, and to the answering excitement of his own roused, restless youth. He wished vehemently that if anything were happening it would flash now out of the dark beyond the prosaic bow of the cruising house boat, Lady Jane, tethered to the bank. His craving was for drama, and for more drama, in keeping with such a night.

Over him the soft tide of the sea wind moved upstream. Around the boat the black river flooded invisibly, pressing along its sides, making itself known now and then by a stealthy sidewise lift and joggle or an indistinct gurgling murmur, quickly lost again in its unhurried, inevitable flow. The low-lying cloud mass beyond the inky shapes of live oaks on the opposite bank was a skyey blanket tinged a faint luminous sulphur by the street lights. From these the river caught only one bright tremulous splinter through close leaves.

No more sounds came from upstream. Hugh relaxed, still wakeful. He was acutely conscious of the silent flood alongside, in this tropic midnight before the full of the moon. It was swollen with rain that had fallen on the vast plains to the westward. It passed, sleek with new power, a furtive thing from the Everglades, sinuously escaping between the lights, the crowded and bestrewn banks, the encroaching chaos of the city, out at last to the wandering shallows of Biscayne Bay, out at last to the sea.

"Wonderful, Eh? Old Enough to be Your Aunt"

The boy felt a stir and urgence in his veins in sympathy with that escape, craving the clash and drama of manhood rather than this tied safety and tranquillity. He shook off his bed covering with one twist of his long, muscular body and strode forward on bare feet to peer again into the dark. But the night, like something parental, had suppressed all unusual sounds. A late truck rumbled over the Fifth Street bridge. Far off a solitary switch engine chuffed and whistled like some rooting, nocturnal animal. And he heard his father snoring leisurely in his berth below, the deep-lunged comfortable inhalation, the relaxing sigh of a man wholly enjoying oblivion. It was the very tone of sound-minded authority, counseling sleep on such nights as this, when powerful elements in young blood and dark rivers wake and only the disreputable are abroad.

In that moment Hugh felt boiling within him all the turmoil of his conflicting emotions about his father—his old awed devotion, his more recent impatient contempt. Child love and man resentment stirred within him against the grizzled head on the pillow below that kept him here, tied to the Lady Jane's shining engine—to the business of being a sort of higher servant to anyone wealthy enough to charter a reliable cruising house boat well equipped with captain, engineer, chef and crew for any number of days' cruising or fishing among the Florida Keys. The mingled impulses and imagination of his half boyhood, half manhood goaded him into hating everything that kept him subdued and obedient, goaded him into desiring vague and splendid achievements, free and dramatic and admirable. He paced now restlessly, trying to forget the sound of his father's sleep in one of those dreams of splendor. He would be master of his own ship, owner of it, owner of a whole line of ships. He'd show these weak white-flanneled youths whose hooks he baited. He'd be bigger than any of them, harder and more masterful, taking what he wanted. He saw himself so for a triumphant moment. Then the boy's dream blew away like smoke and he knew himself tied to his father's conservatism and uncompromising sea captain's doggedness, tied, by the very turmoil of his emotions for his father, as securely as the Lady Jane to this river lot which seemed to be the only thing his father really wanted. Hugh considered contemptuously that it was just like his father to have pinched and scraped for years to be able to buy this muddy piece of earth, because it meant a good berth and safety in the slack summer season for the Lady Jane. Snugness and safety, fresher river water to loosen the barnacles, was all his father thought of, when one bold gesture, one load of liquor from Bimini, would make them both independent. But no, Hugh considered savagely, that would be too dangerous for a sea captain. Oh, hang everything!

A wakeful bird in a tree near the boat's bow suddenly flung three round silver notes into the murmurous dark. A little animal, restless as Hugh with all the throbbing fullness of the dark, swished carelessly through the rank grass alongside. Its small, dark shape leaped on the landing plank and with a little yowling cry bounded to the rail by his hand.

"S-s-st, Mrs. Tibbetts, where've you been, you bad cat, you?" he whispered, rubbing the furry backbone that humped eagerly under his hand. He picked up the usually tranquil little cat and tucked her under his ear. "What've you been up to, nuisance?" he murmured, walking back to his mattress. "The night's too wild for respectable ships' cats. Come on now, settle down, can't you?" He could feel the quick, light pounding of the cat's little heart against his fingers as he dropped her on his bed and lay down himself. She promptly padded up to his chin, purring breathily into his ear. He snickered, absurdly glad of her friendly cat affection. It made him forget about his restlessness. He relaxed, grew drowsy with the warmth of her in the crook of his arm. He felt her paws kneading his shoulder, quiet, but still wakeful. "Hey, quit sticking me, you Tibbetts," he whispered and was almost happy.

He was first made aware of some stir, some vague presence alongside, by the tensing of the cat's muscles. Her forepaws on his chest pressed more heavily, as if she were standing up, straining to look at something on the river. Then he became aware of a dull, wooden rubbing against the bow. He was instantly awake again. There was a hollow rumble, as of an oar rolling, a scraping and an almost indistinguishable hissing, like a word or two whispered with the extreme of caution. Some heavy boat with men in it was drifting and rubbing alongside. Hugh rolled over quietly and peered under the rail, but except for a slight thickening of the dark he could see nothing. Everything was pitchy.

The little cat jumped to the rail above his head. As he looked up he could just see her faintly illumined against a

sulphury cloud, craning her neck with lively cat curiosity, but braced for fight or flight. The boat alongside scraped an inch or two nearer. It was some sort of motorboat, with the engine dead, making a cautious way downstream. But what the deuce did they think they were doing? There were subdued vague sounds within it and then that whispering that was like hissing. Hugh was just going to sing out, "What the devil do you want?" when a bright stick of light sprang from a shadowy hand to the white side of the Lady Jane. It traveled slowly along the side and suddenly was not.

A slightly louder voice, or breath, said, "It's that cruising house boat. Push away or we'll wake 'em. Find a bumper, can't you?"

An oar slid. Funny, all this caution. Generally people out of gas in boats aren't afraid of waking the dead. Hugh ducked back out of sight. The bright spot was slipping along the rail. Suddenly the glare was full upon the watching cat and she humped, straight-legged, hissing with stretched red mouth.

"A cat," the words came loud, startled into unrestraint, almost into his ear. "Cripes, a black cat—shove off from that—shove off or it'll jump in—I'd rather take poison—shove off there, you—it's a cat, I tell you." The voice was harsh with a lifting tension.

The oar lunged noisily against the planking, shoes scraped, the water gurgled, as the motorboat was shoved slowly sidewise into the current. The oar splashed into the water, pulled, splashed again. The heavy shadow was swallowed in the darkness and the silence. Hugh stood up, craning and listening, but there was nothing more, except a moment when the quivering reflection of the street light was blotted out by the passing of some bulk. Presently that winked and quivered again, the cat was curled in his elbow, and his eyelids were stinging with deferred sleep. Some bootleg outfit, he thought drowsily. . . . Funny how some people hated cats. . . . His father still snored.

The river, and the life of the river, were very different things next morning under the broad dazzling downpour of the sun. The blue water danced with sparkling patches of glitter. The palm fronds and shiny oak leaves on the shore thrashed and glittered as the morning wind raced headlong and fresh from the sea. The sky was pure sapphire, without a cloud, and on each side of the river the city of Miami pressed with the jovial abundance of its morning noises—trucks and the scream of sawmills and a fine rain of hammers tapping on new woodwork. Hugh whistled piercingly, waiting for Manassas, the chef, to bring his third sizzling fried egg to the neat white breakfast table, set aft where the passengers liked to have their tea. The tablecloth had to be starched white for Captain Nason, passengers or no passengers, the coffee clear, the decks already scrubbed and shining. Hugh tantalized Mrs. Tibbetts with a bit of bacon, even while he considered the possibility of getting all the painting finished in time for the ball game at four. He wished to gosh his father would give him a chance in the evening to slip off to a dance.

"Cut out that whistling," his father said levelly, not lifting his eyes under their shaggy gray eyebrows from the paper beyond his oatmeal dish. Hugh kept carelessly silent, trying to read the paper upside down. Mrs. Tibbetts clawed at his leg. Presently the older man pushed back his chair and stumped forward without a word, his grizzled skull stiffly held over the solid bulk of his shoulders. Hugh observed him impersonally. From the waist up he was a fine figure of an old martinet, but the limping left leg revealed what had brought him to the captaincy of a cruising house boat in sheltered tropic waters. The grimly sensitive lines of his mouth, under the straight-cut gray mustache and not hidden by the neat short beard, hinted not so much of dangerous seas as of old unacknowledged bouts with pain. Yet his hands were the bent and stiffened hands of a man who has hauled on tarry ropes since his childhood. His left eye, with its slightly glassy stare that came from gazing into the eyes of too many gales, cocked with an unaffected alertness upon the weather signs for the day visible above the leafy banks, the dancing current of the river.

"See that you get on with the paint, Hugh," his father said curtly, having inspected every brush stroke of the day previous. "You're not following the grain carefully enough. And I don't like the way you've lashed that canoe forward. In any sort of sea it would carry away. Don't interrupt me. I know there's no sea here. But I won't have you getting lazy landlubber habits. . . . Manassas, where's that list of stores?"

Captain Nason trundled his bicycle down the plank and across the uneven path to the road.

"And one of these days he'll be run over, as sure as shooting," Hugh said bitterly to Manassas, as the spidery black hands of the chef cleared away. "He's so darned sure that everybody will make way for him. Gosh, I'd like to break up that bicycle. It's rotten for his leg, Manassas, only he won't listen to me. I'd be tickled to death to drive any old junk heap of a flivver for him, but, no, that would be too expensive, considering how much this lot's gone up to. I think they jump the price on him just because they know he wants it so bad." Hugh chewed gloomily. "Makes me sick and tired. I wish I had a shore job. Manassas, why in heaven's name did you cook two helpings of oatmeal for him on a hot day like this? It's too heating for him. Coffee and toast is all the doctor said he ought to have. You oughta refuse to cook it for him. He doesn't realize he's getting older, eating all kinds of junk and riding a bicycle in the sun. Why don't you side with me sometimes?"

"'At's all right wif me," Manassas crooned. "'At's all right, me 'fusin' to do what the skipper says to do, on'y s'posin' you tell him, 'stead of me, and see whut it gits you."

"Aw, you'd give him your head on a plate if he said so, you old idiot."

"Reckon the skipper c'n take care of hisse'f an' you, too, boy, an' has befo' this. Wha's a matter you keep pickin' on him the way you done been doin'? Y'all ack like you was a hen hatched out a duck aig. He ain't so ole yet you can teach him anythin', chile."

"You're a couple of old stick-in-the-muds," Hugh said, rustling the paper irritably. "Just because you both brought me up 'sno reason you're always going to know the most. And it makes me so sore to see him pinching to buy this moldy old lot, when a coupla trips from Gun Cay would fix it. Why, he needn't even know about it. Oh, what do I care? I don't want the old lot. It's only his pride because he doesn't want to rent anything. If he'd sold the boat last spring as I told him to and bought those two corner lots, he'd of cleaned up big, and I wouldn't be stuck as a nurse to an engine in a silly old river."

"Yeh, you'd be out d'livin' groceries," Manassas remarked tranquilly, sweeping up crumbs. "You do' know whut you'd be doin', lessen the skipper and me looked after you. Lots of boys would give they ears to run a swell engine like you got."

"What's so swell about running an engine all your life?" Hugh said, running his eye down a column. "Any fool can do that, and slap on paint, and steer, and say 'No, ma'am' to fool women that want to know if sponges will bite. How long do you think dad would have been satisfied, taking tips from sissies? He sailed before the mast when he was fifteen, and he keeps me cooped up like a girl. I ——"

"They's on'y one thing the skipper wants," the old negro's face was reverently solemn, "and that's just for you not to go th'ough what he did. An' course he don' want you mixed up wif all this drinkin' and committin' abominations to the Lord on shore, like you read in the papers. He des wants ——"

"He doesn't want me to do anything but what he tells me," Hugh growled abstractedly. "He wants to make a man of me by keeping me a kid all my life. He won't give me a chance even to make my own mistakes. You bet he made 'em. I'd have run off long ago, only it didn't seem fair—well, I'll be damned! . . . It was a murder, after all! Listen! They found a body floating down below the Fifth Street bridge. Four bullet wounds—gosh, then there were four. Body recognized as man named Jake or Jack, worked in a restaurant. One man already arrested, but his pal, the actual suspect, disappeared. Police dragnet out for James Sloan, alias Richard Hutchins, alias White Eye Lewis. Lewis also wanted for a holdup in Oklahoma. Reward of five thousand dollars for information well, I'll bet you a dollar I saw ——"

"Wha's sat you say?" old Manassas peered near-sightedly at the paper. "What you mean, you saw?"

"Nothing," said Hugh shortly, getting up and striding forward. The excitement he had felt last night returned to him. Why, he could have grabbed Lewis right then, and claimed the reward. Gosh! And he fell to his morning's stint of painting, moving his long arm with an assured and habitual accuracy, his head thick with dreams. He wouldn't tell anybody anything. It was his adventure.

By late afternoon, with Captain Nason taking his usual off-duty nap below, Hugh's brush was still active. He had forgotten all about the ball game. The glamour of the river was still upon him. Its drama had brushed by him in the night, had spoken to him in its hoarse whisper, and all the lavish imagination of his eighteen years had leaped and

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"I Cert'nly Never Talked Like This to a Stranger I Hadn't Been Introduced To Before. But You're — Well, Honest, There's Something About You"

SUNRISE

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I Was Told by My Good Old Elena That it is Well Known That You Have Been Enchanted by a Bruja"

II

BUT Miss Mannering did not go the next day, nor the next. She stayed on day after day, and every night Mayne was in her opera box, and every afternoon they walked together in the park while the band played and all Coronada talked about them, although the broad copper-colored face of the Indian woman was always a few feet behind them.

And yet, although she stayed on avowedly for the pleasure of his company, there was very little to flatter a lover in the situation, for the subject she talked of was not love but philosophy—philosophy and religion. He had never come in contact with a spirit so deeply and mystically absorbed.

When at the end of an *entr'acte* she turned to him, leaning her clasped hands on the back of her chair, fixing her liquid black eyes on his lips, all Coronada undoubtedly believed that her topic was human love, but what she was actually saying was something like this:

"This ether you told me of, Don Luis, impalpable and universal and infinite, unknown to our senses, the object of faith rather than of experience—surely that is a perfect symbol for God, a far better symbol than the sun itself."

She had read only the library which twenty years before her father had brought with him from England—the Bible, the English Prayer Book, Shakspere, Milton, Tom Jones, Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour, Malory's Morte d'Arthur, Sir Thomas Browne, prose translations of Homer and Dante, and, by some accident, William James' Varieties of Religious Experience. But she had read as only those who are lonely and entirely at leisure can read—every word had become part of her. From all this she had built up a sort of system of philosophy, without knowing that histories of human thought existed. Mayne was the first person since the death of her father with whom she could talk. Indeed, as she had been only fourteen when her father died, she had hardly really talked to him on these subjects.

Like a true Englishwoman, she was deeply interested in her property, and understood the practical questions of soils and plantings and season; but of science she knew nothing, with one exception—the science of astronomy was at the tips of her fingers and was a part of her daily life; the signs of the zodiac, the morning and evening stars, the true north, the equinoxes. Every now and then a strange Indian name for a star or planet would slip out and she would hastily substitute: "What you call Venus," or "What you call the Ram."

"Where did you learn all this astronomical lore, Antonia?" he inquired.

She answered quite simply, "From an old Indian who brought me up—my father's headman, Molpili."

"And how does he come to be so wise?"

"Oh, the Indians are great astronomers," she answered. "They must be—the headmen, at least—for it is all part of their religion."

"And of yours?"

"Of everybody's," she answered. "Have you ever looked in your prayer book about Easter? It is all about the cycles of the moon—*muy interesante*."

"What is your religion, Antonia?" he asked.

But she shook her head. "I cannot explain it to you, dear Don Luis," she said, "because you have none. You are without the faculty, like a man color-blind."

She did not forbid him to make love to her, but he could not avoid seeing that she was more thrilled when he talked to her of Pythagoras and the science of numbers, or of Moses and the magicians of Egypt, than of his love. The barrier she thus raised made her no less dear to him.

From all she told him, and from much that she avoided telling him, he was able to form a picture of her youth. As a small child her belief in the Christian religion had been shaken between the intense convictions of a passionate and uncritical mother who believed all the more miraculous legends of the saints, and a cool-headed father who believed in the Church of England as a respectable social institution. When she was seven her mother had died and she had fallen under the influence of her Indian nurse and of Molpili. She felt the human need of religion, the mystic's need of ritual. She might have been devout like her mother, but Mannering deliberately interfered with her going to the cathedral, and a service in the sitting room of the hacienda, conducted every other week by the young English clergyman—the son of the lady who had refused to let Mayne be introduced to her—satisfied none of the child's instinct for beauty and truth.

But the ritual of the Indian's faith—the ritual of rising sun and morning star, of the forest and the idol in the forest—exactly fitted the spiritual need of the lonely mystical child. Forests have always bred magic.

With all his distaste for it, Mayne felt he could understand how, after her father's death, she had given herself entirely to a sort of mystic pantheism. It seemed to him he could work it all out and see exactly how the three different strains in her blood had combined to make her what she was—the intense sense of superiority of the English aristocrat, the deep religious passion of the Spaniard and the proud impersonality of the Indian. She was in essence a princess and a priestess: but, unfortunately for him, she was also an extremely pretty woman.

No one seeing them together guessed that they were talking of esoteric religion. In Coronada it was looked upon as a bold and discreditable love affair. It is not true that all the world loves lovers, especially when it has plans of its own for one of them. The arrival of a prominent, well-off and attractive American in San Sabado was potentially important to many people. All the men, natives and foreigners alike, had properties to sell him—mines and farms, or else railroads and water-power schemes that needed a little additional capital. All the mothers

knew that, heretic as he was, he would be a kind and liberal husband. No one was pleased to see him in the toils of "*esa mujer*."

On the other hand, nothing could exceed Antonia's contempt for criticism—or rather her complete indifference to it. When one day in the park Mayne lost his temper at two children who actually walked backward staring at her, she swept it all aside.

"What do they matter, these people?" she said; and added, with her strange little accent, "Complete outsiders."

Mayne laughed aloud at this expression so obviously inherited from her British father, for on her lips he knew it had a spiritual, not a social, significance.

But there was no denying that to him their ostracism had immense advantages. They were never interrupted; they were as much alone as if on a desert island; alone, as he bitterly reflected, to conduct their endless philosophic discussions.

Then, after a week, she turned to him suddenly at the opera and said that she was going the next day. The opera was Tannhäuser—a rather Latin interpretation of that great work. The song to the evening star, sung to the sweet cadence of a very slow waltz, had moved Antonia.

She had pointed to it with her lovely wise smile and said, "That is my star. I was born under it."

Mayne saluted it with a gesture. "Glad to meet you, star," he said.

"Be careful," she said; "its rays kill kings."

"Well, fortunately I'm not a king," he answered. At which she looked at him gently and replied that he was very noble. It was soon after this she told of her coming departure. He had known this was bound to come, and had only wanted to delay it until he could with some confidence ask her to take him with her. He had not yet told her the object of his visit, an instinct he now knew was thoroughly sound having warned him she would disapprove. Now he did not dare tell her. His idea was first to get to the farm and then make her show him the idol of her own free will.

"Of course, you are going to take me with you," he said.

She shook her head. "Dear Don Luis," she said, "this has been a wonderful week in my life. I shall never forget it. I have learned much from you. I shall be grateful to you all my life. But it is over."

It is not the privilege of the woman to love and ride away that has always been considered the right of the man

"And is it your idea," he asked, "that you and I are not to see each other again?"

"Ah, *que lástima!*" she murmured.

"In the vernacular of my own dear country," said he, "you have another guess coming."

"I do not understand that—another guess."

"Do you think I will let you go?"

She looked at him as she had not looked since the first moment of their acquaintance, when in the long window of the Palace of Congress she had stared at him from head to foot.

"And since when," she said, "have you had authority over my actions?"

He was not going to be humble with her. "From the moment you let me love you," he returned stoutly.

"I have not—I have not let you. I have told you from the first that I could not give or take love—again and again." She persisted in recalling the place and the phrase, though he did not contradict her. It was quite true; she had warned him, but he had paid very little attention, believing in his heart that it was for him to decide what their relation should or should not be. Then, as he yielded her the point, she grew suddenly gentle again, and murmured, "My dear friend, I thought you were safe; a man so charming, I thought, would have many women at home to love him."

Mayne did not take up this question. "What difference would that make if I have the misfortune to love you?"

She nodded. "It is a misfortune," she said, only she used the Spanish word, with its strange connotation to English ears—"*una desgracia*."

"It is not a misfortune if you love me, Antonia," he said.

"Love is not for me, Don Luis."

"That's a phrase—unless you tell me more."

"I cannot tell you more."

They ceased to listen to the opera, although the struggles of Elizabeth with her pagan knight might have had some analogies for them; they ceased to know even when *entr'actes* came and ended. He was angry, he was hurt, but above everything else he was frightened, for he felt something unshakable in her resolution. Even when, at the end of perhaps an hour of it, she began to cry, he knew she was no nearer yielding.

"Why do you cry, my dear love, if you don't love me?" he asked.

"I feel so sorry to bring you pain," she answered.

"Keep your pity, young woman. I don't want it," he said.

"Ah, let me give what I have," she replied, and they began the argument all over again.

It was in pity for her utter exhaustion that at last he let her go home, though nothing had been settled. At least, it was settled that she was unchangeable in her resolution to go the next morning. She would not even promise to come back, although he warned her that if she didn't he would follow her to the farm. She forbade him to do it, and he let her see that he meant to come.

She did not speak to him when they parted. She took his hand in both of hers and held it, looking at him like a mother whose son is going to war, and then she was gone.

He stayed on in the darkness of her box until the opera was over, trying to recover the self-control which he had imagined was his birthright.

He had been so hurt and angry at her going that he had not concerned himself much to get the reason for her going. She had said once that she must be at the farm for Christmas, and later had spoken of "your Christmas," as if it were nothing in her life. But now, alone in the back of her box, as he grew calmer a dark thought came to him. He himself had always thought it probable that the old Mayan calendar began in February—there were many dates suggested. He remembered now that there was much to support the theory that the true date was the twenty-sixth of December—an approximation to the winter solstice. She was going for some great festival of her people. Perhaps it was the end of a great cycle of fifty-two or one hundred and four years, when the greatest of all festivals took place—the feast of the Renewal of Fire. He couldn't remember and he had no books with him to refresh his memory. The solstice and the new moon and the orbit of

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"I Told You Not - I Begged of You Not to Come," She Said

PRESENT-DAY PIONEERS

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

IN A MONTH or so more the street which runs before my mountain home will contain more of interest than ordinarily. True, it still will be in its winter state of solitude as regards the whirring of tourist cars and the bluster of the red busses which every summer bear their tens of thousands in a rushing glimpse of the Rockies. The grass will still be brown in the parkways, for spring in the high mountains is a tardy affair; there is no spring in fact—merely the last snowstorm, usually arriving on Decoration Day, as if by schedule, and after that, a swiftly descending summer, with every mountain stream roaring with the torrential meltings of the drifts of the higher crags, the popping forth of the flowers as though in response to the touch of a magical wand and the sharp light of brilliant sun, transforming a winterbound land almost overnight.

There will be none of this, it is true, for the snow still will lie on the shady side of the street and the pines on the opposite hill still will hold their peculiar shade of winter blackness. But there will be something of far more interest than mere motor cars or tourist parties or strong-voiced guides. There will be the covered wagons.

An Army of Covered Wagons

PERHAPS only one in a day or a few in a week. But to the imaginative, they form an army. Covered wagons. With the round heads and surprised eyes of children showing at the puckering of canvas at the rear, the inevitable crate of chickens, the cow and the extra horses dragging along behind; the lean man bending over the reins, the wife, an expression of tiredness, of unexplainable sadness in her eyes, sitting placidly beside her man, accepting that which is to come with the same resignation in which she has met that which is past; the covered wagons of pioneers of a present day, moving forward to gather at the foot of Berthoud Pass, there to await the news that the drifts of the Continental Divide have been lowered sufficiently to allow the plunging progress of their horses, permitting them to go onward—and build from the wilderness.

For neither the pioneer spirit nor the pioneer himself is a thing of the past in Western America. True, cities have grown where there have been deserts, roads have come to take the place of trails, railways have built their embankments and taken their rights of way where once there were only rutty roads; nevertheless, the West is still a big country in spite of the laments concerning its civilization. There remain vast territories whence people emerge but seldom, and areas where men and women and children exist in a replica of the life which built America. There is still the homesteader and the covered wagon; the courage and the hope and the determination which cause people to forgo gladly an easier existence that they may even face and meet death in their answer to an urge which may seem inexplicable, but which exists nevertheless—the urge to answer the call of the land, particularly if that land hold the lure of being free.

Farm Land Near Snow Caps in the Uncompahgre Valley Near Montrose, Colorado

That it is not in reality free by any means seems to make little difference. That the price of it may be even a human life or suffering beyond the imagination of many a city dweller appears rarely to be taken into accounting. The land itself will cost nothing besides the filing fee; the other element is accepted as a natural consequence—and the covered wagons continue to go onward.

Not that all homesteaders are pioneers or that every homesteader is a martyr. There are homesteaders and homesteaders, just as there are various grades of any other vocation. In the various districts of Idaho, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana and other Western states which still possess unallocated lands available under the homestead laws, the same consequences often apply in the fashion that rules in any newly developing country. There is the man who gambles, the man who invests and the man who builds; homesteading may come under any one of these classifications.

To illustrate: A new country, untenanted, proves itself to contain oil, with an immediate rush for settlement in the hope of holding land a short time and then selling the relinquishment at a tremendous profit for the labor involved; or a merchant in a frontier town may file upon land through which he has cause to believe a railroad may pass; or any one of a half dozen other variations of a like condition.

Free Land

THIS, of course, constitutes homesteading in name only. The true free-land seeker is a different sort of person, and his hope of reward is not gauged in terms of quick profit or of short labors. He has a greater hope—that of a home. There are more of these than is generally imagined. A few years ago, for instance, a weekly newspaper in a Western city evolved an idea for increasing circulation by booming the agricultural possibilities of a homestead district which to this day remains sixty miles from a railroad. To be fair, it announced at the same time that here was no place for the weakling, the get-rich-quick hopeful, the person without sticking powers. Just the same, the applications for advice, for information and for actual assistance in filing upon the possible acreage literally rolled in by the thousands.

That meant many things; one being, of course, that there were thousands of persons eager enough for land to accept cheerfully the task of living for three years away from a railroad—where roads must be built, fences erected, journeys made by the slow, arduous process of wagon instead of the swifter progress of the present-day automobile. Where a home must be built of the materials at hand—logs cut from the forest and snaked to the place of abode, there to be reared into the same sort of home that had shielded forefathers. Where there were no schools; where the soil, though virgin, must be subjected to the tedious labors of grubbing that it might be cleared of sagebrush ere the seeds of a crop could germinate. Where the winters meant absolute solitude, with the nearest neighbor perhaps ten miles away and a mountain range intervening. Where the work would be unending and where a serious illness, owing to the lack of medical facilities, more often than not might balance on the side of death.

The wife of a friend of mine, two years ago, spent the entire seven months of a winter without seeing another woman. Another acquaintance, his leg broken, suffered four days before the fractured bones could even be set. And even when that was accomplished, it was done by a lumberjack who, far in the past, before he

The Covered Wagon of the Pioneers of Today

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A Child Actress of the 80's

By Izola Forrester

Miss Ellen Terry as Viola

I WAS sorry when I found we were not going through New York on our way west to Chicago.

I always loved the thrill of New York. Yet I never remember playing there. But there were the daily strolls along the Rialto, when you met other professional people out of engagements, and it was a continuous reunion and relating of experiences. I know we always stopped at Madison Square, and I found my man in white there. He usually sat on a curved seat, backed by high lilac bushes, on the side facing Fifth Avenue, and he loved children. He dressed in white flannels, as Mark Twain did long after, and he talked to the birds just as he did to us. I thought he was like a person who had lived years in India, and this intrigued me. He was deeply tanned, but his hair was long and curly and snow-white. His name was George Francis Train, but I did not find this out until one day I asked a policeman if he was always there, and he told me yes, mostly so. He liked birds and children, but not grown-ups.

Another favorite pausing place was in front of Daly's. Mr. Augustin Daly had been a friend of my mother's family since before she was born, and while they would stand and talk together I looked about for entertainment Once I asked him, I know, if I might go up and see what sort of rooms were behind the little round windows in the front of the theater, and another time I was playing hopscotch on the pavement below the broad steps leading to the lobby. My mother called to me to stop, but Mr. Daly laughed and promised he would play it with me sometime if I would come around when the sidewalk was clear.

Mr. Richard Mansfield as Beau Brummel

Innocence Abroad

"IT'S a great idea, Izola," he said. "Strange I never thought of it."

This time we traveled straight through from Connecticut to Chicago, and the only incident on the trip I recall is being excessively annoyed by a stout old gentleman who asked to have his berth changed to the far end of the car when he found there were children next to him. But after the first night I went and sat down beside him.

"You know, we thought that you were terribly cross yesterday," I said to him, "but now I know why you did it, and it was dear of you. We really don't mind snoring so very much though."

Another of Nat Goodwin's Conquests

CHICAGO struck me as being very sloppy and gray at this time of the year. In December, down East, there was a sparkle to the ice storms we had, and the frosty days, but here we found soft-coal dimness and days of just slush. My stepfather was ill in Jacksonville, and we found we had missed the Coast engagement with Mr. Miln, as he could not wait for us. So there followed days of haunting the office of our dramatic agent, Arthur Chamberlain, watching for openings.

I did not realize the significance of these becalmed spells or how deeply worried my mother was. We would leave Beatrice and Charlie with the landlady, and walk down Madison Street and over the bridge to Clark. I remember the long waits in the outer office, with rounded armchairs against the walls.

One day a very cheerful blond young man, with a brown derby on the back of his head and a cane with a silver dog's head, stopped to greet my mother. I liked him at once. While he talked he ruffled my short brown hair over my eyes and said I must come to the matinée the next day. We had a lower box, which I thought was very nice of him, and saw Nat Goodwin in Lend Me Five Shillings. I was divided in my admiration between the debonair Dazzle, and Stuart Robson as Bertie in The Henrietta, which we had seen the previous week. Twice I saw him after that, once in Chicago as he came out of the Wellington Hotel, carrying a small Boston terrier under each arm and following the statuesque Maxine Elliott to a waiting cab; again in New York when he played Bottom in Midsummer Night's Dream at the New Amsterdam Theater. He was not there one night on time, and when he arrived he was happy and satisfied with life, but uncertain. He said he had been riding in a cab from one end of the Brooklyn Bridge to the other for hours, trying to make up his mind which way he wanted to go

Mrs. Maurice Barrymore and Her Famous Family

Once inside Mr. Chamberlain's private office, I used to play with a little brass turtle paper weight and regard his amazing nose while he talked with my mother. Once he turned around and spoke to me sharply, asking me if I could sing and dance.

"Not if I can help it," I told him. "I am studying Lady Macbeth."

His nose was famous in those days. When you met anyone on the road who knew Arthur Chamberlain, you asked quite naturally what they thought of his nose, and this was years before Rostand glorified such a nose. I imagine he was somewhat proud of it, it was so distinctive and celebrated. It was not until March that we obtained an engagement with a repertoire company in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. My mother had played a few weeks in The Wages of Sin, with Adele Payn, at the Standard Theater, and during this time my baby brother died. I remember there was a matinée on the afternoon of the day he was buried, and I heard my mother say when she left the house, her face white and drawn with repressed pain, that she would need no make-up that day to play the outcast.

Miss Marie Dressler in The Man in the Moon

I think spring must have been early that year, for when we opened in Eau Claire, in March, the hills looked green. There was a log jam, something I had never seen before, and I found I could walk out on the piled-up logs in the Chippewa River back of the hotel. Hundreds of them, it seemed as if there were, crowding one another like giant jackstraws. We played Monte Cristo here for the first time, and there was no scenery suitable for the prison, so they laid wings out on the stage and painted the back of them for the evening performance, and did the same to a back drop. I know the odor of turpentine is always associated with Edmond's cry of "The world is mine!"

A Whole Year in One Place

WE WERE here for six weeks; then came a year in stock at the Standard Theater in Minneapolis, from the summer of 1888 to 1889. This was the nearest to permanency that I knew, and I enjoyed the entire period we spent there. I did not go to school, as I was playing nearly every week and had private lessons, and dancing and fencing from a fascinating little man named Professor Lester. He had a jet-black curly toupee and would sit crocheting on a lambrequin while he called out to me my changes. I was in doubt about the toupee until one day I arrived early for my lesson and discovered it hanging from a little stand by his dressing table. Then I tried not to let him suspect that I knew his secret, he seemed so gay and confident.

Marie Wellesley was a close friend of my mother's, and they alternated in leads. Theodore Hamilton was leading man, a very dignified old-style actor whom I admired greatly, especially in Richelieu. I played one of the acolytes and helped carry the Cardinal's robes.

Several years afterward Mr. Hamilton played Puddin'-head Wilson with great success all over the country, but I

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THE COUNTRY OF OLD MEN

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

She Whispered, "Think You'll Go Back to the Tropics?" I Said Mechanically, "Never"

XVII

IN THE Park Hotel, where the Lions and Optimists and the Rotary Club held their weekly luncheons, there was talk of city zoning, a belated effort to save the residence districts from the steady infiltration of stores and factories.

Michael Nelson, Milo's richest citizen—Nelson Boilers, you know; maybe you use one in your own factory—said his youngest daughter's house was now practically downtown. He said this to me, I thought, because I was the one who'd sold him the house to give his daughter when she'd been married ten years ago; but from that he passed rapidly on to talk about the tropics.

Why do people always want to tell what they know about a place to a man who has been there? Once in his youth Michael Nelson had visited Mexico, and he wanted to take that memory out and look at it again. Unexpectedly, I was able to embellish it a little.

"Once in Mexico City," he chuckled, "me and a good-for-nothing kid named Billy Ames got tight and cleaned out a café. I don't remember what started it, but it took all the gendarmes from four blocks around to pacify us. That Billy Ames was certainly a scrapper; didn't look it, either—he was a human string bean. He didn't have any money and I didn't have enough to pay both our fines, so we spent two weeks playing cribbage in the lockup. I wonder what ever became of him. He owed me," said Michael Nelson, chuckling, "about four million dollars by the time we got out."

"You'll never get it," I said soberly. "He's starving to death running a sort of a hotel in Salvador."

"Well, wha' d' ye know!" beamed Michael Nelson. "Do you suppose it's the same one?"

"His name's Guillermo—William," I said, "and he's tall and thin, and he's from Mexico. Soldier of fortune, he was; but he's all through now. Crippled."

I told him about old Captain Ames, dragging one leg around this poor *mesón* he calls, pathetically, Gran Hotel Americano; and Michael Nelson, leading citizen of Milo, Indiana, glowed to think he had been drunk once with a real adventurer. Drunk and disorderly—that's romance if it happened far off or long ago.

He insisted on my going in to lunch with the Rotary Club so he could tell it again; and Gus Hardy, listening—the way a man listens when he's waiting to talk himself—remarked how seldom a soldier of fortune seemed to get a fortune out of it.

"Take General Murchison," said Gus, "Buck's partner—he was the great-granddaddy of 'em all. Thirty years he was mixed up in everything that happened. Charmed life, they said he had; but what he had was brains—brains and the nerve to think straight when most men would be just fighting the air. He could figure his way out of any fix—and turn right around and walk into more trouble! Once in Honduras ——"

Two of the men at our table had fought in France. That memory was still terrible to them; they didn't like to talk about it; yet they were the very ones who listened most eagerly to yarns of old Ben Murchison, fighting man. That was romance. Why?

Outside the Park Hotel, the crowding roofs reached away in the summer sunshine; but it was still the rainy season in the forests of Peten. Week after week the rain was falling. Lead-colored, smothering sky, and rain, and vast green life that had no memory of anything. Ben Murchison had been a man. . . .

"And what did he get out of it?" said Gus, concluding. "He ——"

"'He died,'" I said with bitter flippancy, quoting the consul at Puerto Barrios, "'an American citizen in good standing!'"

Gus knew the irony of that; he'd lived in Latin countries and he knew what it got you to be an American citizen. He'd known Ben Murchison, that lonely old warrior, self-exiled yet clinging stoutly to an empty name. But when he tried to explain it they missed the point entirely. They got positively sentimental.

"Patriotism," said Michael Nelson, "is a wonderful thing!"

"'Wonderful,'" I said bleakly, "is just the word."

The smell of hot asphalt came through the open windows. Yonder, far down over the horizon, there was a place where asphalt was not used for streets. It only flowed forever out of the earth, stood in a black lake starred with silver pools, wasted forever down a long mountain side into the sea. Breakers three thousand feet below, dwarfed, silenced in cool majestic distances. The great blue arch of the Pacific, climbing incredibly high; the bulk of mighty hills, changeless and deep and strong—the hills that Don Fernando loved.

"When I was in exile my soul lived here. These are my hills. They give me peace, though. . . ."

The Rotary Club ate sociably, without attention. Had they ever been really hungry, or thirsty past the point of mild discomfort? Or feared, or hated, or spent the last ounce of their courage or their strength on anything?

Look at their faces. Oddly, they seemed all of one type. Fat or thin, old or young, one mark was on them all. Not dullness; not exactly; these were successful men. The keenest of them showed the mark most plainly. Moderation—the keying down of all spiritual force to the general level. No deep calm lines of single purpose, no steady driving set of jaw, no eyes of meditation. Rather a harassed and a scattered look, the mark of a thousand small habitual restraints, the price of living comfortably with neighbors. The petty lines of worry—moderate fear.

What did they care about the feel of earth? They shut it out, fenced themselves in with houses and played safe.

But Don Fernando played safe too. He was afraid to take a chance with the treasure of that asphalt lake. Peaceful it looked, yet it was meshed in the intangible, invisible web of hate and fear, of swirling currents flowing out of events long ago. You couldn't touch it without harming people who deserved no harm.

It was worth millions—billions! It was power, yet Don Fernando was content with peace, the shameful peace his enemies allowed him.

Old Ben Murchison never had played safe. What would he have done if he'd been in my place the night those swirling currents had engulfed me? He would have grinned. He would have seen it—how Don Fernando might have used the thing he feared to beat the men he hated. He would have stood his ground, kept his brain clear from bitterness, and grinned—and won the confidence of those who hated him.

If I'd been man enough to grin, tired as I was ——

"Beginning at the table on our left," said the president of the Rotary Club, rapping for order, "let's have the introduction of guests. Visiting Rotarians please introduce themselves."

Polite applause welcomed the guests. Shouts greeted the visiting Rotarians by their first names, strangers though they were; such is the custom in the civic clubs. You're everybody's friend.

"I have as my guest," said Michael Nelson, "a man who needs no introduction except to you younger fellows. He was a charter member of this club. He left us some years ago for larger fields; for the past five years, except his time in France, he has been engaged in developing a tract of Guatemalan mahogany bigger than Milo County. Before that ——"

Big! That got fresh attention. The mention of Ben Murchison got more—that blithe adventurer, knocking down presidents and making kings; that reckless man who took his chances as they came.

"The general was killed in the revolution that cost them their concession. Howard claims to have missed this particular trouble, but you'll remember he showed up here with his arm in a sling. At an early meeting I hope he will give us some account of the romance of business in the tropics.

"Our old friend, Howard Pressley—Buck Pressley, of Mexico, Guatemala, and Milo, Indiana!"

What could they do but rise to the occasion? "Speech, Buck! Yea, Buck! Speech! Speech!" None of them but Gus Hardy had ever called me Buck. I did not make a speech; I was grateful, but I knew that mild enthusiasm was not for me. It was for the man they thought they saw, who'd gone away soft and fat and come home lean, burned with hot suns, hard-drawn with grim unguessed romantic things—a man who'd had the nerve to take a chance.

Oh, I had taken chances; so had they; but how? Driven by circumstance, always hedging, playing safe as far as I could. Never once stepping out to meet them, going all the way—grinning.

XVIII

THERE are no hills near Milo. The land is gentle, moderately rolling, good for farms. There's nothing rugged or abrupt about it. There's no place where you can see far. A man's not very tall when you come to think of it; he stands on his hind legs to get his eyes up as far as he can, yet a hedge, a cornfield, a slight roll in the ground, can narrow the visible world and shut him in. Then his memory tricks him. He forgets the feel of distances, the greatness of the earth. Remembered places seem to lie just over the horizon.

Maybe that's why we need the hills. Restlessly, tramping around, I felt that need like hunger. There were no hills to climb.

When I was a kid the river seemed a long way out from town. But somebody had moved it. There were no open intervening fields, only poor houses straggling out. Maple Street was paved all the way and a bridge across the river was under construction; you could already walk across if

you didn't interfere with the workmen. Beyond the river the pleasant slopes of Frisbee's farm were grass-grown behind a glistening white signboard:

GROVE HILL
THE ADDITION BEAUTIFUL
LOTS ON EASY TERMS. NO PAYMENTS IN CASE OF SICKNESS
See Henshaw & Bennett, Real Estate

Beautiful they called it—while they prepared to destroy its beauty. Did the projected streets curve up the slopes? They did not. Square with the road they ran, square with the bridge and Maple Street, which ran square across the railroad a mile and a half away. "The railroad"—everybody knows which one you mean. Did drives wind through the woods, sparing fine old trees and leading the eye to visions of spacious, restful homes? They did not. The lots were small, rectangular, using every available inch of ground. That was Dave Henshaw's style. He'd pack the people in. He'd sell the lots—lots of lots—at small prices and on easy terms. He'd have a picnic and an auction with a brass band the day the bridge was opened. And crowded people, tricked by the illusion of an eternal picnic, would buy, build their cheap houses and find themselves packed like sardines in a can.

Eh, well! There was no stir of building yet. The wooded knoll behind Frisbee's abandoned house was quiet, restful with shade and the whisper of old trees. It wasn't high enough to see across the wooded river bottom. There was no sign of Milo but the distant smoke.

One day Dave Henshaw and his partner came with an axman to mark trees for destruction. By way of professional courtesy—we'd been competitors once—they asked my opinion of the proposition. I gave it to them bluntly, and Joe Bennett grinned.

"A millionaire's colony, huh? That would be fine! But millionaires generally want boulevards and sidewalks and gas and sewers and electric lights and ——"

"Generally," I said, "they'll pay for 'em."

"Yes, but somebody else has got to pay for 'em first. Can't assess 'em against the lots; not in this state; it's out of the city limits. You've got to put up cold cash or use your personal credit; the banks won't take a gamble like this and the finance companies will eat you up."

"We had to pay six thousand, cash in advance, for city water," said Dave ruefully. "Only way we could get it. Got to give 'em water."

Oh, they wouldn't promise anything but water! Square men, Henshaw & Bennett; they would be genuinely distressed at the percentage of purchasers who would lose their small equities through discouragement after the band stopped playing.

"We've got nearly sixty thousand tied up here this minute," said Dave. "It would take thirty or forty thousand more for the kind of development you're talking about. We'd have to raise it on our personal credit and wait three or four years to cash in; and then if it didn't go over we'd be sunk."

"Incorporate," I said, "and sell preferred stock. Or get a few good people to pay in advance for the choice of lots and give you the money to work with."

"Who'd take the chance?"

"Plenty of people," I said, "if you showed the courage of your convictions and built here yourselves."

They grinned. They both had houses on Madison Avenue.

"Tell you what," said Joe humorously, "since you're so interested, you put up thirty thousand to work with, and we'll give you a third interest in the development and let you promote it. Huh, Dave?"

"That would be slick," said Dave.

"Fair enough," I said. "Call off that fellow with the ax."

They didn't get it. They thought I was joking. Well, I was; it was worth the money to give those careful men a little jolt. They had the Hoosier conscience about money and they wouldn't have been so abrupt with thirty thousand dollars—not seriously—unless they had a million behind it. So then, of course, they thought I had the million. You could never have made them understand that a man might be careless because he didn't care.

In the excitement of the moment their vision expanded. Likely they woke up that night and wondered how they'd been tricked into a decision without long and prayerful meditation; but it was too late then.

Oh, it was safe enough. Michael Nelson was the first man I tackled with the new plans, and plainly it caught his fancy. His married daughter was dissatisfied with her present residence and he saw what could be done with Grove Hill. His eye lighted especially on the very lots I would have chosen.

"What do you ask for these?"

"If you'll pay cash," I said, "now, so we can have your money for the improvements—fourteen thousand flat."

Michael Nelson frowned

"You've got your nerve!" he said. "That's downtown prices!"

"For people," I laughed, "who are not satisfied downtown! You see what we can give them here, and it takes ——"

He had put on his business face; not the Mike Nelson of the Rotary Club, a genial old fellow who chuckled over the time he'd been locked up for disorderly conduct, but Michael Nelson, who knew what it would be worth to us to have his name to conjure with. I had to jar him loose from that.

"It takes money," I said, "to make a place where your daughter would want to live. But I'll be fair with you. I won't ask you to take a chance I wouldn't take myself. I'll pay fourteen thousand for these lots, and match you, one flop, to see whether you pay double or nothing."

And I took out a half dollar and looked at him and grinned. I give you my word he made a motion toward his pocket; but he checked it.

"Never mind," he sighed—and grinned. "I see now why they call you Buck; but I'm an old man and my heart's weak. Want a check now, or can you wait till I get back to the office?"

After that, somehow, the interest went out of it again. The class of the place was established. I kept on working: a man's got to do something, even if there's nothing especially he wants. But it was only detail, flat and featureless. There was no chance to lose.

Let me get this straight. It wasn't gambling I was after; not exactly, though that was what Milo called it. No, it was something else. I sat in a few times with the poker-playing crowd, and made myself rather unpopular by tilting the bet at every reasonable opportunity. Not bluffing; not exactly; only backing my cards a little more grimly than most of them did. There are always certain players you can beat that way. But it spoiled their customary moderate game. My cousin, George Pressley—Pressley & Fetler, Dry Goods—remonstrated with me.

"Money's gone to your head," he said severely.

George, if he had known it, could have matched my little capital twice over. The difference was in what we wanted to buy. I admit I went about it wrong. I was a fool. I offer no excuse. But I was groping for something it's hard to put a name to.

Restless—call it that. Summer life in Milo, the Milo I'd grown up in, centers about the country club. But west of the railroad there is another Milo. It has clubs too—they call them clubs; you'd never guess it. One of them was operated by a man from Chicago. Woodrow, they call him; maybe that was his name, but he was tall and lean and lantern-jawed. His house looked like any other house in that not very fashionable neighborhood. From the street you saw a badly lighted parlor with a carved center table and a piano, and a plaster angel peering eternally out the window. But there was another lookout that you didn't see. If he was satisfied with what he saw, you were admitted, not to the parlor, but to Woodrow's place of business. You took a drink if you wanted to. You kept your hat on. You gave Woodrow a hundred or five hundred dollars, took what he gave you and sat down and tried to keep it from drifting away across a big green table.

Quiet it looked. Seldom a voice was raised; only sometimes a man cleared his throat, or a smiling face went white, or a hand shook. You couldn't see the intangible currents that tugged at those celluloid chips. You had to read them by the involuntary flicker of an eye, the tone of a voice, the fixity of a grin. You had to keep your eyes open.

The game was not moderate. There was no need to worry about spoiling it for anybody. They were after your

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Far Purple Glimpses of the Sierra Valley; and the Hills—the Hills, the Mighty Surf Roll of a Continent, Immense and Calm, Not Restless Like the Sea

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 3, 1926

More Deportations Needed

THE appeal to the Senate made by citizens of Chicago for assistance in cleaning up their municipality directs attention to the intolerable conditions which may be looked for in any great American city which, through years of indifference, has allowed itself to be overrun by bootleggers, gunmen, drug peddlers and bandits, many of them unnaturalized aliens; others naturalized but still aliens.

Chicago is a city of high traditions, of restless energy and of public spirit almost without parallel. Now that she is thoroughly aroused to the gravity of the problem which confronts the city, her better element will no doubt take the situation in hand with a firm and powerful grip; but one of their most effective opportunities for safeguarding local liberties was long ago allowed to go by default.

What is true of Chicago is true in a greater or less degree of every important center of population in the land. Nine-tenths of their troubles are traceable to a high percentage of morally defective inhabitants, and ultimately in part to our policy of practically unrestricted immigration during the forty years when we permitted Europe to dump the bad as well as the good on American shores.

Two years ago we repudiated our folly and passed the quota law which bears the name of Congressman Johnson. Judged from the American point of view, it is one of the most beneficent pieces of legislation of the first quarter of the new century; but because it has failed to win the approbation of large sections of Southern and Eastern Europe and of many of their nationals who are now legally or illegally congregated in American cities, a determined effort is being made to hamstring it. What is more humiliating and alarming is the fact that these attacks have a fighting chance of success.

During the next few months the Johnson Immigration Act will be the object of a concerted onslaught by legislators who would like to remodel it or scrap it, as the case may be, and the form which some of these bills are taking is winning for them a certain amount of unthinking, sentimental support.

One attempt to modify the existing law is the preposterous Wadsworth-Perlman Bill. This measure, which proposes to admit fathers, mothers, wives and unmarried children of aliens now resident in the United States, without regard to the quota principle, would, according to Secretary Kellogg's estimate, at once make eligible for entry no fewer than five hundred and seventy-seven thousand, four hundred and fifty aliens. The most casual glance at the detailed estimates presented by the Department of State shows that more than four hundred and fifty thousand of the persons who would become admissible under the bill are natives of Southern and Eastern Europe.

If this measure were enacted it would have the effect, in respect of certain countries, of hamstringing the quota principle for decades to come. Possibly this is why such determined efforts are being made to put it over. But the Johnson Act, instead of being modified, ought to be substantially buttressed and every amendment to it should be of a strengthening rather than of a weakening character.

As criminal conditions go from bad to worse in Chicago and other centers of population, as the operations of alien bandits, gunmen and bootleggers become bolder and more insufferable, there is less and less excuse for deferring the adoption of a rigorous and effective system for the registration of aliens, for their certain identification and for their periodical appearance at designated points. There are certainly a million and possibly a million and a half aliens in the country who entered it unlawfully. It is natural that there should be opposition to the introduction of any system which might reveal their illegal status and possibly result in their deportation. This is the reason why they and certain of their native-born champions with permanent vacancies on the top floor front tell us that such methods of control are "un-American."

Unfortunately the apprehensions of our illicit guests have no firm foundations. On February fourth Chairman Johnson, of the House Committee on Immigration, sent out a circular telegram of inquiry regarding deportations to the twenty-nine district directors of the immigration service. Their replies stated the number of alien criminals, subject to deportation, about to be released from penal institutions. The common report was that their funds had run so low that they were at a loss to find eighty-seven dollars a head to ship these aliens out of the country. Very few of them were able to pay any official attention whatever to the thousands of illegal entrants in their districts who were not in confinement. As a result of their representations it is understood that the Appropriations Committee will allow the immigration service one million dollars in excess of the amount allocated to it in the budget. If this is done released alien convicts can be sent overseas instead of being liberated. It may even be possible with an increased appropriation to build up the border patrol from the skeleton force it now is to a personnel of double its present strength. While the needs of this body are under consideration Congress ought to adopt permissive legislation which will allow it to retain for official use motor vehicles captured from smugglers of aliens

Europe's voice is not the only voice to be heard in the land. Old-fashioned Americans still have their say and still are in the majority, but their margin of control is not what it once was. The Europe-first opposition is steadily gaining in strength and influence.

Hauling Out Canadian Wheat

THE transport of Canadian wheat has become a bone of contention among the different parts of the Dominion. For reasons that are not peculiar to Canada, the wheat has been going out by the route that is cheapest. Wheat has a way of flowing by the route of lowest cost. Within recent years some wheat has been passing to export via Vancouver. That was regarded as all wrong by Winnipeg, the lake shippers and the Atlantic ports. But it has continued to go to Europe via the Panama Canal just the same. Of the wheat going east, part of it goes to Europe via Montreal, but a large quantity of it goes out of our North Atlantic ports. Sometimes our wheat goes to Europe via Montreal. Grain dealers and shippers seem to find these circumstances natural and satisfactory, but politicians regard the situation with dismay.

Just now, the maritime provinces are demanding an east-and-west shipping policy for Canada. When the Great Lakes are open the wheat must be routed to Montreal. When the lakes are closed, the wheat must be shipped east by rail and exported out of Halifax and St. John, not via Buffalo to the near Atlantic ports, nor yet via Portland. Mixed into this demand is rivalry between the Grand Trunk and the Intercolonial Railway, both absorbed into the Canadian National. From the west end is the insistence of wheat growers that the National Transcontinental Railway should haul the wheat to the east, because that is what the line was built for—to carry Canadian products to Canadian ports. If the national road cannot make rates as low as the routes through the United States, then Parliament is urged to complete the half-built railroad to Hudson Bay, to terminate at Port Nelson. By some route or other, either via Vancouver, via Halifax and St. John or via Hudson Bay, the wheat is to be got out of the country without going through the United States.

The Halifax Herald has declared that "the east-and-west policy of trade and traffic was laid down as the foundation of the confederation. Adopt the policy of *laissez faire*—sit back and allow things to go without restraint, let or hindrance—and the trade of this continent will flow north and south, just as certainly as water runs downhill." The Canadian National Railway needs traffic and revenue, as every Canadian taxpayer knows. If it cannot make an east-and-west rate for wheat that will procure the traffic, it is probably because the haul is too costly. If the trade of the continent, left to itself, runs north and south, this must have a commercial rather than a geographical explanation. The probable explanation is that wheat shippers, cooperative and independent, wish to get the wheat to Europe at the lowest cost a bushel—not because they wish to give us business in traffic or desire to lower the price to the importing Europeans, but because it is to the interest of wheat growing in the prairie provinces to use the cheapest route for export shipment. Naturally it is an internal problem for Canada to decide between a political and an economic routing for her wheat export. But the cost that is determinative is the price from Winnipeg to the European port, not the price to the Atlantic port.

Confirming Aversion to Mandates

SOME of the opposition to acceptance of mandates by the United States sprang from insular instinct. Some of it sprang from a reading of history, from the fear of misuse of power. The opponents of such mandates will derive satisfaction from the perusal of a book that is now touching the conscience of Europe. This is Kenya, by Dr. Norman Leys.

In this book are described the practices employed to make profitable the European protectorate of an African region. A few hundred Europeans have taken possession of over seven thousand square miles of good land. This is cultivated by something more than fifty thousand African land workers. These workers do not work these lands from choice or for a free wage. They labor under a tax compulsion. A head-and-hut tax is imposed for the express purpose of making them work. An official is quoted to the effect that "We consider that taxation is the only possible method of compelling the native to leave his reserve for the purpose of seeking work."

If the taxes are high, the cost of living raised and wages held down, then the natives must yield the maximum of labor to the Europeans and retain the minimum for themselves.

This is, in effect, political and economic servitude. It is an indirect form of peonage, of slavery. It may be civilizing, but it is imposed by force. Even if unattended by physical cruelty, it is difficult of extenuation, to say nothing of justification.

Holding a mandate means expense. The holding nation naturally tries to get the costs out of the country. Commercial interests try also to get profits out of the country. The objective of the mandate tends to become lost in the ways and means of political and economic government. Designed for enlightenment, the mandate becomes the instrument of oppression.

The Gentle Art of Learning to Swim Without Going Near the Water

By DAVID JAYNE HILL

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

ON THE twenty-seventh of January, 1926, the Senate of the United States, by a more than two-thirds vote, gave its consent, but hardly its advice, to the signing of the Protocol of Signature accepting the jurisdiction of the Permanent Court of International Justice of the League of Nations. This result of an ardent aggressive campaign by the friends of the League, predicted and promised as a political concession to their insistence, has not been acclaimed with the signs of rejoicing that were expected. It is quite apparent that it was nobody's victory, even if it may be regarded as somebody's defeat.

It is still too early to foretell the consequences of signing an agreement that has never been negotiated or of applying the Statute of a Court which has never been discussed. At most, the consent given is conditional, and it remains to be seen how the conditions will be received by the League; for the League is yet to speak, and in any case we shall have to wait and see how the machinery of the Court will operate when this new piece is added to its structure.

Now that the teasing and menacing of the Senate are suspended and the flood of letters and telegrams instructing it in its duty has for the time ceased flowing into the Capitol, there has been repeatedly running through the mind of the present writer the well-known verse:

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

Very much deeper than our surface thinking are some of these subconscious associations of ideas, which through analogy present complex situations in the form of concrete terms.

In this paradox of nonsensical verse we have the picture of a distraught mother, solicitous for the safety of an adventurous daughter, whose welfare she desires to protect, but whose sudden impulse she has not the courage to restrain. She might, if she were more discreet, so direct the child's course as to gratify her wish and at the same time guarantee her safety, by putting her in charge of an expert in the art of swimming; but this would involve some trouble and responsibility. To escape these, the child's wish is nominally gratified by consent, but with limitations which leave her in a state of perplexity and disappointment more discouraging than a blank refusal.

The Senate as an Institution of Government

BY A HAPPY constitutional device a prudent restraint of impulses to embark upon dangerous adventures has been provided in the nation, for the safety of the people, in the form of an advisory agent not dissimilar to that furnished by Nature for the safety of the young through the protective instinct of motherhood.

In the family, even in the subhuman stages of development, restraint is necessary to the safety of immature life. Maternal regard for the well-being of her offspring inclines the mother to protect them from harm. In time the young acquire the habits of self-conservation, and in their turn transmit them to the next generation. This is one of those providential arrangements without which life on this planet would long ago have become extinct.

In like manner, in the organization of the political institutions peculiar to the United States of America, prudence seemed to demand that the sudden and sometimes unreasoning impulses of popular emotion, not infrequently inspired or promoted by private or local interests, should somewhere meet with a restraining influence, which would not rudely and arbitrarily forbid the dangerous experiment, but would gently arrest impetuosity and through deeper reflection and wider experience wisely

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Golfer's Day

THE sun comes up.
Each blade of grass
Nods to the sly winds as they pass
And shakes itself awake and winks
A dewy eye across the links.

And high above, on pulsing wings,
A lark lifts up its voice and sings:

"Oh, bright the sun! Oh, fair the day!
Too-le-ay, too-le-ay!
Play in the green grass while you may,
Wee little lark-lings! Soon this way
Cometh the golfer blithe and gay,
Singing his merrie roundelay,
Toodle-de-oo-loo, too-le-ay!"

A bellowing auto honketh near
And the trembling divots shrink with fear.
Oh, bright the sun! Oh, fair the day!
Forth strides the golfer blithe and gay,
Singing his merrie roundelay:

"This is the day that I'll make you ride,
Little white pill with the wrinkled hide!
Smack in the eye and you'll hop and run—
This is my day for a hole in one!
Too-le-ay, too-le-ay,
Little white pill, ain't we got fun!
Toodle-de-oo-loo, too-le-ay!
Oh, what a day for a hole in one!"

II

Shamed and gloomy, the sun goes down;
Back to his home in the busy town
Goeth the golfer, gray and grim,
Leaving a brassie long and slim
Wrapped and twined in a lover's knot
Round a telephone pole, God wot.

Wrapped and twined in a close embrace;
Oh, the hell in the golfer's face!
Oh, the smoke of the words that roll
Up from the golfer's sinful soul!

And out and out on the far fairway
A scandalized lark sings, "Come away,
Wee little larklings! Dry your tears!
Oh, what speech for your tender ears!
Too-le-ay, too-le-ay!
For his eye was bum and his hands were hams
And he shot as though he were digging clams,
And the turf is torn from his awkward lams
And the air is thick with the golfer's damns.
Too-le-ay, too-le-ay,
Wee little larklings, come away!
Toodle-de-oo-loo, too-le-ay!
This is the end of a golfer's day!"

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

"Children, are Those Eggs Hard-Boiled? If Not, Don't Roll Them!"

Staging the Stage Strike

SHORTLY after the formation of the Playwrights' Union, the Actors' Union sent its walking delegate, Mr. Armytage Fellowes, to the executive committee of the new organization. Mr. Fellowes cast down his ultimatum on the desk of the committee, folded his arms, and exhaling with a snorting noise, walked heavily upstage, RUE.

The ultimatum read as follows:

1. Each new play shall have a cast of at least thirty speaking parts and one mob scene.

2. Owing to overcrowding in the Actors' Home, each play shall include parts for two old men and two old women.

3. Each play shall be so constructed that all leading artists may play at least 50 per cent of their parts sitting down.

4. Each play shall include at least one stage meal, which shall consist of practical food. Artists shall be permitted, but not obliged, to finish offstage what they have begun onstage.

5. Artists shall not be obliged to drink stage champagne.

The executive committee, after a brief consultation, informed Mr. Fellowes that it could not accept his union's proposals. Mr. Fellowes advanced to the center of the room. His face distorted to a sneer, he hissed, "So, gentlemen, so! You defy us! Ere another twelvemonth be past you shall come cringing to our feet, craving mercy! And we shall see, my proud playwrights, we shall see! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" With a diabolical laugh he made his exit LCE, slamming the door.

The Playwrights' Union was boycotted; it soon found it impossible to secure union actors for its forthcoming productions. The authors were obliged to adapt their works to the limited group at their disposal.

Owing to the difficulty of securing characters of the proper racial cast, Abie's Irish Rose was rechristened Olaf's Chinese Litchi Nut.

As the South Sea Islanders struck in a body, the locale of Rain was transferred to Florida and the play renamed Golden Sunshine.

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1894 THE BASHFUL SUITOR [Josef Israels 1926

TOMATO SOUP!

with all the rich juices and luscious tomato "meat" strained to a smooth puree!

Ripened completely red—through and through! Sweetened by the sun right on the vines until they have the richest and most delicious flavor! Studied and nursed and cultivated on our own great farms until the finest tomatoes in the world have been developed for making tomato soup!

And there are fifty thousand acres of these super-tomatoes grown each season, under normal crop conditions, for making Campbell's Tomato Soup!

Such amazing popularity as has never before been won by any soup! Such universal demand from the Atlantic to the Pacific that it is the only food product which can be bought in every food store in the United States, and in almost every seaport in the world.

Ease! Convenience! Enjoyment! Health!

12 cents a can

Tomato Sauce!

Housewives use Campbell's Tomato Soup for a great variety of their dishes to give extra zest and flavor. Try it as a sauce for meats, fish, sausage and salads and for added tastiness in spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables. Delicious mixed with roast beef gravy. Of course, it makes the most tempting Cream of Tomato Soup!

THE FIFTH ESTATE

THIRTY YEARS OF GOLF

By Jerome D. Travers and James R. Crowell

THE urge felt by Alexander, who sought new worlds to conquer, has filtered down through the centuries to find an important groove in the universe of sports. Among other things, it is the conspicuous motif in the changing currents of ocean travel which now bring a band of pilgrims from the other side in quest of honors on American soil and again send our own athletes to foreign lands on similar errands.

The roar of battle has long since been hushed in other fields, the implements of strife laid aside, but the friendly warfare of sports is perennial. It grows each year. A quarter of a century ago it was an event when athletes made the long sea voyage in either direction for the sole purpose of pitting their prowess against the competitive skill of other countries. Such visits were confined almost entirely to professionals, whose lure was gold rather than glory. Incentive was lacking for the amateur. His imagination traversed the various steps of possible achievement up to the point of attaining the highest honors his own land had to offer—and stopped dead short. Conquest abroad was beyond his vision. If he thought of it at all, the notion was quickly dismissed as a fantasy. There were too many obstacles. Time and expense were the chief of these.

Golf at Poland Springs, Maine

Seeking Foreign Laurels

INTERNATIONAL sport on the scale we now see it is distinctly a creation of the times. It has come about through the influence I mentioned at the outset—the desire to conquer new worlds. The desire usually reaches out beyond the individual himself and is national in scope. The interest of nations in the fortunes of their athletes afield is as profound as it is natural. Lenglen is a symbol of France; Hilton, Vardon, Taylor and Braid, of England; Nurmi, of Finland; Alonzo, of Spain; and Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Glenna Collett and Helen Wills, of America. The glamour surrounding the international horse races in the past few years has been based not so much on a widespread interest in the turf as the fact that Zev, Ladkin, Sarazen and Wise Counsellor have stood as representatives of this country, and Papyrus and Epinard, respectively, of England and France. The masses have only a faint knowledge of polo, yet all England and America pay rapt attention when the rival teams meet.

I believe it is inevitable in golf or tennis, the major amateur sports, that one of the first impulses of the player who has won a national championship in either should be the urge to take a fling at the cherished laurels of the Old World. It is when he has scaled this summit, or perhaps just failed to reach it, that the golfer begins to hear the siren voice of Old World links whispering to him across the Atlantic. A siren voice, indeed. Its chant is the cobwebby song of the past—a soft melody that purrs from the mellowed ground which the heroes of his realm have glorified. It beckons him, lures him, grips him. Before his vision stalk the wraiths of genesis, the hoary warriors of a day long since gone; and they, too, like the era that saw them, gone, asleep in the very terrain now vibrating with a myriad eddies of life which became immortal at the flourish of their magic wands.

On the Rangeley Lakes Course, Maine

Adventure

I SPEAK of this ambition as the desire to conquer new worlds. In its application to Americans it would be better to refer to it as the ambition to conquer the Old World, for it is after all not born of the egoistic thought he has emerged triumphant from the gamut of strife his own country has to offer and that he is therefore prepared to make his sally adorned in the gaudy accouterments of a conquering hero. No, it is not this; nor is it even the belief that victory awaits him on foreign soil. Victory is merely a phase of amateur sport and not its lifeblood. The golfer, victorious at home, is lured to other battlegrounds through the spirit of adventure, the mystery of exploration and the enchantment of competition on unfamiliar territory. It is these things I have in mind when I speak of his wish to conquer new worlds

On my second visit to England, Fred Herreshoff accompanied me. It was the season after I had won my fourth Amateur Championship. My trip four years previous to this had been so barren of accomplishment that I had in the meantime reasoned that it was perhaps due to insufficient practice on British courses, combined with the effect of the change of climate. I made up my mind that on this occasion there would be no such handicaps, so Fred and I arrived in England two months before the date set for play to start. The championship that year was held on the Sandwich links, a severe test of golf for that period, but no more difficult than many of the courses which have since been constructed on this side of the water.

Herreshoff and I approached the day of the tournament in a perfect state of mental poise. We had made many rounds of the Sandwich course to familiarize ourselves with its eccentricities; if the climate had any deleterious effect upon us, we failed to notice it in the slightest. Our stay in England had been a prolonged

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S W I F T

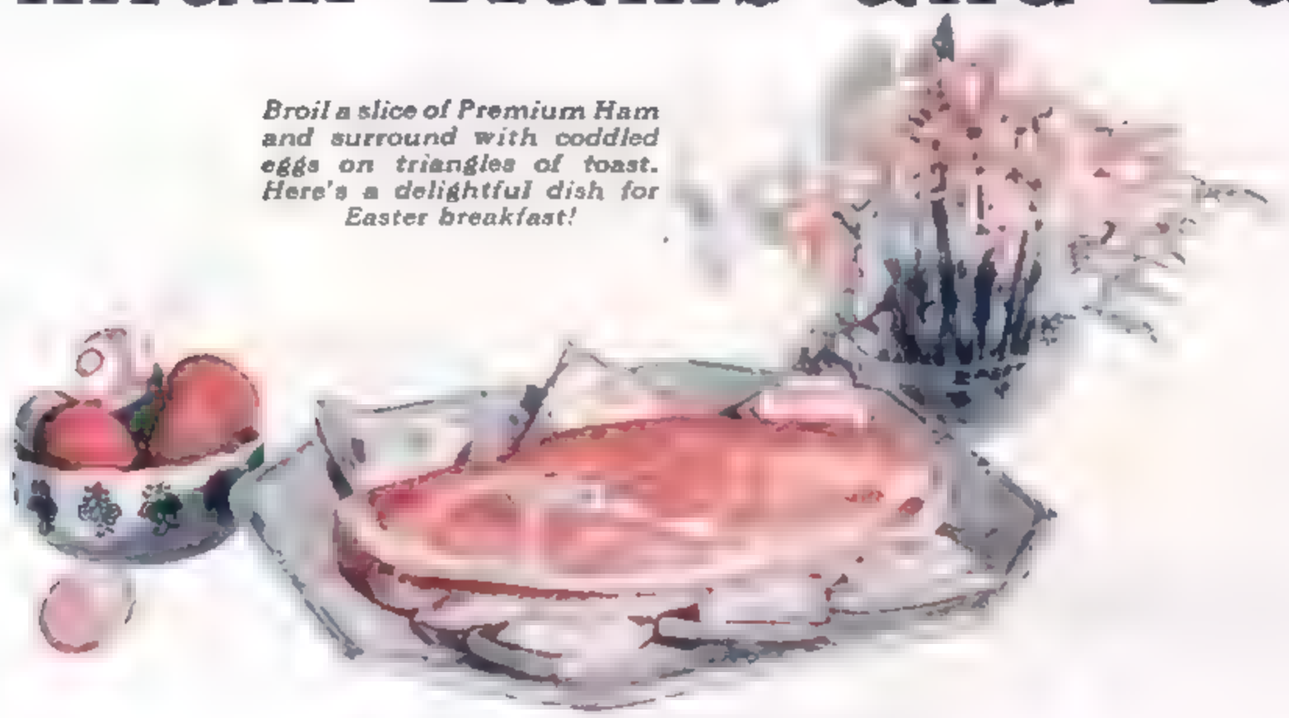
Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Throughout the country, window displays like this will bring Easter Greetings from America's retail merchants and from us. And through this window display you can readily identify dealers who have Premium Ham on hand

EASTER Greetings to the many thousands who will feast at breakfast on Premium Ham! What extra enjoyment its rich, delicate flavor, its juicy tenderness brings to the traditional Easter dish! A reminder of its special goodness at this season is being given to all America not only through the magazines but also through the windows of retail dealers. We offer, too, a suggestion for a particularly pleasing combination: a generous slice of Premium Ham, broiled to a turn and garlanded with coddled eggs, as described below.

Swift & Company

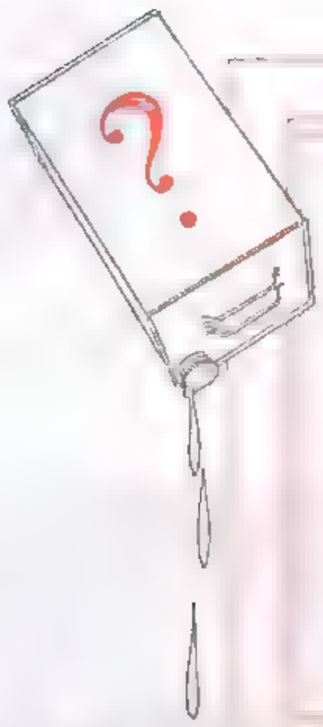
Premium Hams and Bacon



Broil a slice of Premium Ham and surround with coddled eggs on triangles of toast. Here's a delightful dish for Easter breakfast!

Ford carbon arithmetic

Why three drops of cheap oil cost more than two drops of Mobiloil "E"



YOU pay for every drop of oil you use in your Ford. So don't let *price per quart* misguide you in your hunt for economy.

Ford owners who use Mobiloil "E" repeatedly report two things. "I use less oil than ever before." "I have less carbon than ever before."

These two things are related. The less oil you use, the less can get into the combustion chambers to burn and leave carbon. Low Mobiloil consumption means little carbon. And Mobiloil "E" is of such character that its carbon is a light dry soot. Most of it is expelled through the exhaust just as you might blow talcum through a glass tube.

Consider what this means:

Power on the Hills

You notice this new freedom from carbon particularly on the hills. You can drive with the spark further advanced. You go up easier. You go up more quietly. You go up on less gasoline.

Cleaner Spark Plugs

You have cleaner spark plugs. The spark comes free and hot. Full power is secured from the fuel. So you get along faster. You buy new plugs less often. You save on gasoline consumption.

Free Valve Action

And Mobiloil "E" through lessened carbon helps free valve action. The valves don't pit so readily. They seat better and need regrinding only at rare intervals. They won't get sticky.

Meets every Ford need

The many other lubricating requirements of your Ford are met with equal efficiency by Mobiloil "E." Ideal for Ford transmission—clutch—piston and cylinder design—bearing design—feed system.

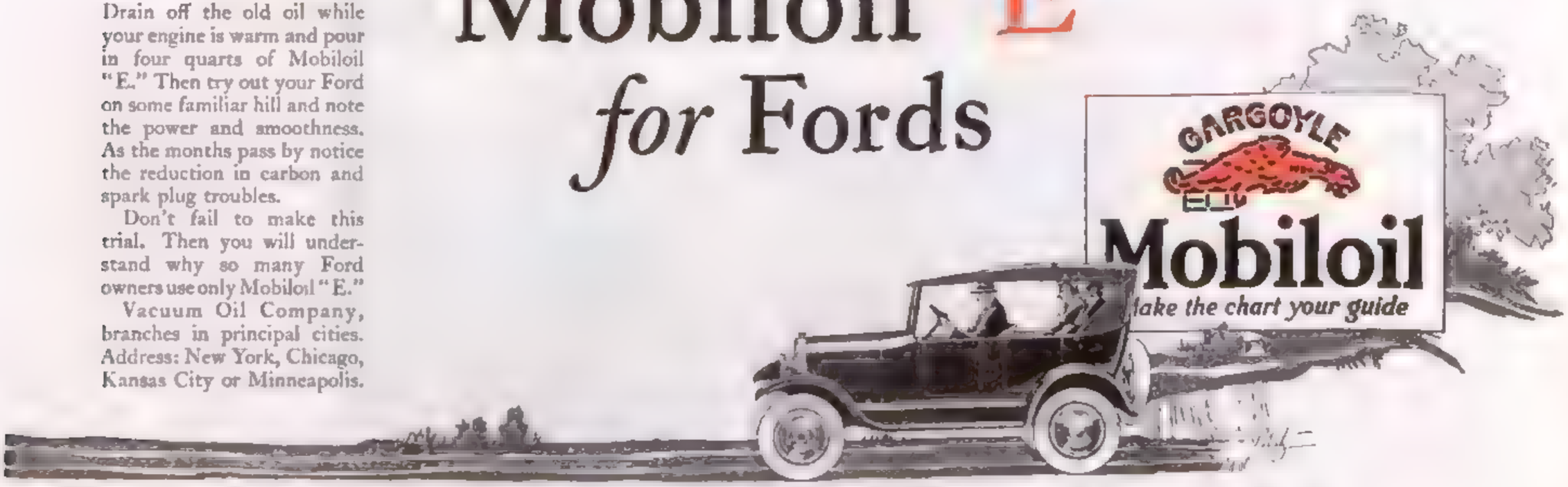
Four quarts prove it—

Drain off the old oil while your engine is warm and pour in four quarts of Mobiloil "E." Then try out your Ford on some familiar hill and note the power and smoothness. As the months pass by notice the reduction in carbon and spark plug troubles.

Don't fail to make this trial. Then you will understand why so many Ford owners use only Mobiloil "E."

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, Kansas City or Minneapolis.

Mobiloil "E" *for* Fords



VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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round of golf, first one course and then another, to give us the benefit of practice and to put us on a parity in this respect with the sturdy field of rivals we were about to encounter. Our English hosts had been the essence of cordiality and graciousness. Invitations had poured in upon us to make ourselves at home and to play the various courses as it suited our convenience, and special matches had been arranged with some of the noted English players that we might round out our preparations with stiff competition to bring us to a razor edge of training.

The night before the championship was to start Fred and I sat down after dinner for one of those little pretournament chats which we used to have so often in those days. In the light of the weird things which were to happen immediately afterward, the trend of that conversation has always remained deeply engraved in my mind.

"Do you know something, Jerry?" queried Fred; and when I assured him I at least didn't know the something he had in mind, he continued: "Do you know, I'm almost beginning to think that it's better for a fellow to be among strangers when he's training for a big golf championship, and to play over strange courses. I was never in finer shape in my life on the eve of an important tournament How about you?"

"Same thing; never felt better."

"Thought so. Say, boy, we've been clicking off some mighty good scores recently, know that? If we can keep it up for the next few days, there's no reason I can see why this British Championship shouldn't take an ocean trip—and that's not boasting, either."

I sensed the motive of good old Fred.

He was always anxious to see me brimming with confidence whenever I played for a championship, and this was his naïve way of doing his part to instill the winning spirit in his friend. It was a charming exhibition of unselfishness. Most of us at this stage of the game would have been thinking about strengthening our own courage for the ordeal of the morrow.

Winter Books

"I GET you, Fred; get you exactly," I said, with one eye half closed in an affectation of owlish wisdom. "Thanks for the compliment; but I hope you didn't make any bets on it."

"Bets on it? Bets on what?"

"That I'm going to win the British Championship—you know darn well what I'm talking about."

"No, I didn't make any bets on anything. But that doesn't mean I wouldn't be willing to. Say, Jerry, hop to it; this is the chance of a lifetime."

The thought that Fred had been speculating on the chances of America to carry away the chief golf prize of Great Britain came to me in consequence of the incessant talk of betting odds one hears in England in connection with sports that are all but devoid of the gambling element in this country. It is not the golfers themselves who think about the relative chances of players in terms of money, but the sporting side of the British public. Thousands of persons, attracted by the liberal odds quoted against the chances of any single aspirant, like to accentuate their interest in the championships by having wagers down on their favorites, even if the sum is only a few shillings.

In recent years it has become a common practice to arrange winter books on the British Open Championship, containing quotations on virtually every golfer eligible to compete, amateur and professional alike, and even the Americans who are likely to enter the field. For the benefit of those who do not know what a winter book is, let me say that it is a schedule of odds based on the prospect of the entire number of listed candidates actually participating in the tournament, and that the quotations are far more generous than they could possibly be when the personnel of the field has finally been determined, which is not until the hour play starts. The play-or-pay clause is a contingent feature of these odds. This means that, in consideration of the liberal prices offered, you lose your money if the player upon whom you have wagered fails to enter. These conditions are identical with those regulating our own winter books on the Kentucky Derby.

The strange experience I was to have in connection with this event began its manifestations soon after my admonition to Fred that he should not risk any money on my chances. I retired to my room early, anxious to get a good sound sleep in anticipation of the nervous and physical tax impending. As I tumbled into bed I made the mental observation that no matter what was to be the outcome of this second attempt to win the British title, I could never offer lack of condition as an excuse for failure. Although neither Fred nor I had been derelict to the social side of our visit among such hospitable people, we had managed always to obtain sufficient rest and had not become wearied. My nerves were functioning perfectly.

Now I want to say here that the equipment for concentration in a golfer seeking championship honors is incomplete unless he has developed the ability to keep his mind free from worry on the eve of title competition. Having made that discovery years before, I had long since included it in the curriculum of my training and had been so intent upon its mastery that on the occasion of which I speak I was entirely undisturbed in this direction. Whenever I did think of what the result of this trip was to be, and it was quite natural that the subject frequently came to mind, my ruminations were of a distinctly impersonal nature. To myself, I was merely one of a large field of contestants, with a prospect of winning which could be fairly well ascertained by the application of mathematics. These figures, plus my own common sense, told me it was distinctly an outside chance. I was calmly and coldly aware of this fact.

Fifteen minutes after the lights had been switched off in my room, I became vaguely aware that something had suddenly gone amiss with the usual routine. I was wide awake, my mind more active than it had been two hours earlier in the evening. Why had I failed to drop off quickly into a sound and refreshing slumber, as I had always done previously the night before a championship? Was the mechanism of nerve control which I believed so carefully organized about to collapse at this vital moment? The shock produced by that thought jolted me to an upright position in bed. Good heavens, I must crush any such notion at all hazards! To think about such a collapse was the one sure way to produce it!

This was a new experience to me. I must think calmly about the surest and quickest method to beat it. Let me see now, what was the best plan? Oh, yes. I'd think about the way I'd whipped my mind into line so often on the putting green. There was that time I'd sunk a long putt at a critical moment in a match against Chick Evans. That was a rare piece of concentration, if I did admit it myself.

From Crest to Slump in One Day

IF I COULD sink a few like that tomorrow —— Confound tomorrow! What made me think of tomorrow, anyway? This was no time for me to be bothering about tomorrow; I ought to be asleep at this moment. Well, I'm going to sleep, and right this moment too. I've never had any trouble going to sleep before when I wanted to; I've never even had to practice concentration when I wanted to go to sleep. But this is a slightly different case. A little concentration and the next thing I know it will be daylight.

But the next thing I knew wasn't daylight. It was rather the fact that I was never more thoroughly awake in my life. The chimes of a near-by clock, tolling midnight, conveyed the distressing information that I had been tossing around in bed for nearly two hours. Through that long, harrowing night, as I sat in a chair near an open window, puffing incessantly at cigarettes, or lay upon the bed fuming at the perversity of fortune which had ordained that I was to suffer this unexpected attack of nerves, with the long-waited day almost at hand, I heard the chimes strike each hour At daybreak I dressed and sought relief in the freshness of the early morning air, sweeping in from the Channel, and in the peace and quiet of the quaint countryside spreading out from the sandy shore line. It was a vain search.

For the first time in my experience as a golfer I was completely and hopelessly a victim of my own nerves.

Gallery Following a Travers Match

In the opening round of the championship that day I played even worse than you may have surmised from the facts I have already set down. My card for the round of eighteen holes showed 90 strokes, exactly sixteen more than I had required to cover the course just twenty-four hours previous to this. Overnight, I had slumped from the crest of my form to the depths of it, for I cannot recall ever having taken so many strokes as this in a championship match at that period of my competitive career.

And it was the irony of fate that this atrocious exhibition had to come at a time when the breaks of the opening match would have been all in my favor if the collapse had been just a trifle less far-reaching. My opponent, Charles A. Palmer, of Handsworth, Birmingham, the Irish Open Champion of the year previous, was similarly off his game and returned an 88 for the round. It was an inglorious exit from the tournament to be eliminated by a player who had barely broken 90. I regretted the incident more from the standpoint of its reflection on the standard of American golf than from that of my own defeat. I did not relish

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PEOPLE AGAINST CONE

Cone's Face Went a Sickly White; His Eyes Were Like Black Holes; His Hand Shot Across the Table and Closed on the Dagger

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

ON MAY 22, 1909, Asa Clark Cone was walking on Surf Avenue in Coney Island, Kings County and City of New York. It was between half-past seven and half-past eight in the morning of that day; the hour is important, but has been matter of dispute, and cannot be stated here with precision. It was certainly very early in the Coney Island morning, an hour that found the great majority of Coney Islanders wrapped in slumber and that compared with the three A.M. of communities that lived and worked by daylight.

Asa Clark Cone was undergoing disillusionment. He had heard of Coney Island, of its vast crowds, its infernal blare, its dizzying speed; and Coney Island wasn't making good. It was a dead sort of place, really, when one had got over one's first astonishment at the gigantic and flaming banners and the heathenish architecture.

"It's like everythin' else," he murmured. "Yuh hear wonders, and when yuh get around to see for yuhse'f, it don't amount to nothin'. Well, I'm right glad I seen it, anyway."

He had backed against a shuttered stand to stare Coney Island in the face while he delivered this judgment; now he drew a harmonica from a trousers pocket of his new and ill-fitting suit, and went to playing it before the empty band stands and silent merry-go-rounds and still Ferris wheels and scenic railways of New York's overadvertised resort. The tinny strains of The Arkansas Traveler floated out over Surf Avenue. His spirits rose as he played, and he ended the tune by cutting a step and driving his heel against the wooden shutter behind him. "Doggone!" he cried, and slapped his hands.

He favored next with Turkey in the Straw, and that went very well, and was found worthy of a leap into the air and a double kick against the shutter. He rested a minute, thought over his extensive repertory, and dashed into his third number; but that one was interrupted.

A window in the shutter behind him flew up, and a dark-faced man in pink pajamas thrust out his curly black head.

"'Ey!" bawled the man in pajamas. "Ain't you finish' yet? Go by the lamp-post!"

Down went the window. Asa Clark Cone was mortified and thrust the harmonica deep into his pocket and walked away. After an involuntary flash of resentment, he did not blame the curly-haired man, who had told him no lies about Coney Island; in any event, he had not come to Coney Island to play the harmonica on Surf Avenue.

He walked with a long and lifting stride that had never been acquired on city pavements. His tanned face, smooth and rounded, spoke of wind and sunshine, and his brown eyes were not narrowed by habitual scrutiny as are the eyes of most city dwellers. He was tall and slender, with big hands; on this pleasant May morning, he was twenty-four years of age. He was that strange thing—strange within the corporate limits of New York—an American unskilled laborer. The first American Cone—Scotch-Irish born—had homesteaded in West Virginia in 1704, and no generation of the family since had been freed from daily work for daily bread. It has been said that aliens settled in any land tend, increasingly with each generation, to reproduce the native type; one wishing to substantiate such an anthropological whimsey could have seen in this dark-eyed and black-haired youth walking on Surf Avenue more than a suggestion of the shiftless, childish, excitant-craving American aborigine.

He stopped before a fantastic structure that looked, in its environment, remarkably like a ship, and that must have looked, if set upon the sea, remarkably like a house; this probably amphibious creation was sided with shingles but had a convincing bowsprit; from its portholes protruded the grim muzzles of painted lengths of clay water pipe.

Cone had a good look at it, and it looked extraordinarily like a ship to him, he having never seen one.

He halted a passer-by, saying, "Pardon me, brother, but is that yonder the Pirate Ship?"

"Read, can't you?" said the native, pointing to the huge lettering on the structure's side.

"It's wrote so big," said Cone, "I ain't had practice in reading so big. Look again, brother, and see if it says about Henry Clark. Maybe you know Henry Clark. Well, naturally, you'd call him Hen; you acquainted around here, brother? I aim to be a cousin of Hen's, sort of a cousin, him being a Clark and me being a Cone. I ain't seen Hen since I was a little boy, but I'd know him for a Clark in time to throw up the gun, night or day. Blood's thicker'n water, as the fellow says. You see something wrote there about Hen Clark? You look up that way, and I'll look down this way. Here I go."

This attempt to make of reading the sign a sporting event did not capture the fancy of the native. With that sophistication which keeps so many New Yorkers from learning much, he leered at the boy and swaggered away.

The Pirate Ship was set back about twenty feet from the sidewalk and was apparently to be boarded only by a flight of steps; the sidewalk end of the steps was barred to the public at this early hour by a picket gate. Cone was in the act of scaling the gate to reach the companionway, when a short dark man with a bristly mustache appeared from behind the ticket office beside the gate. He was flashily dressed from his beaming yellow shoes to the green-red-and-yellow band on his Panama hat, but he was not parading his charms this morning. A man's opinion of himself is ordinarily displayed in his dress, but this gentleman, who made the lilies of the field look nothing but funereal, was yet circumspect and modest. His hat was pulled low on his forehead, and he peeped around the corner of the ticket booth before venturing into the highway. Cone caught a glimpse of close-set black eyes and beaked nose, and knew the furtive gentleman for a Clark and a kinsman.

"Ho, you, Hen!" shouted Cone, swooping down on him

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"Lay off me," snarled the short man, struggling in Cone's embrace.

Cone got possession of his hands and hauled him out onto the sidewalk and did an eccentric dance in his joy.

"I knowed you straight off, Hen. Know you anywheres. Yes, sir. Know me, don't you? I'm little Asy Cone from back home in Rocky Run. Glad to see me, hey, Hen? You bet you."

"Don't know you," snarled the short man. "Never seen you in my life. Never was in West Virginia. You got me wrong. Lay off me—hear me?"

And then his tone changed suddenly, and he said, still urgent but now with a note of pleading, "Shut up that yapping. Come in." He drew Cone after him, past the booth and down to a door that was roofed over by iron waves. They entered the Pirate Ship.

He led Cone through murky darkness to a flight of steps on which lay a dim radiance. They climbed these steps to a small room equipped with a roll-top desk, a rusty typewriter and stand, a wooden filing cabinet and four straight-backed wooden chairs. A splash of color draped over the low sill of an open window quickly defined itself to Cone, coming purblind into the light, as the rear view of a man clad in yellow bloomers and sashed in red, and now leaning from the window. The view from this window was limited in front by a wall of painted canvas twelve feet away; above was a parallelogram of barren blue sky, and below was a corresponding surface of naked blue water, but the man at the window was so intent on this view and so lost to the world that he exclaimed "Uh-h!" with a sobbing intake of air when Henry Clark tapped his spine. He was a jumpy pirate; he struck his head against the window.

"You got a suit like that, Hen?" asked Cone, surveying the whole pirate with sober respect. "Don't he look scary! Them whiskers, brother—are they yourn or are they sewed on that suit?"

"Friend of mine from back home," said Hen Clark, answering the mute question in the pirate's eyes. "Grabbed hold of me right outside. Say, is today the thirteenth?"

"Look at them toenail cutters," said Cone, sincerely admiring; and he put out his hand toward one of the daggers thrust through the pirate's sash.

"Let's have a drink," said the pirate hoarsely, pulling away.

"We need it," agreed Clark. He produced a bottle of whisky, and the three men pledged one another in brimming glasses.

"What I come to see you about ——" began Cone.

"I don't care what you come to see me about," interrupted Clark. "You're here, and that's plenty."

"It's right good of you to say that, Hen. I'll have another little drink on it, if you don't care."

"Not a darn," grumbled Hen.

"Prime," sighed Cone, after his second glass. "But it ain't corn liquor, Hen. No, sir, it ain't corn liquor. I been up this way for nigh on two months, and ain't touched a drop of good corn liquor. Nothing but Bourbon, and it don't take hold and run a man like good old corn liquor. I just about made up my mind to go on back to Rocky Run."

"What did you ever leave it for?" said Clark, sitting with his head in his hands.

"Fooling around. Me and another fellow was cutting up and joking and I shot him a little. Was all in fun, Hen. He got shooting at me and I got shooting at him, and then he gets sore when I plugged him. Man, what I say is a fellow got no right to joke around when he can't take a joke. He was a Cammel, and when he drug himself back to Rabbit Mountain, them Cammels had me skipping lead. Bide Cammel wasn't hurted bad; not more'n branded. We wasn't serious nohow; just shooting to watch the other fellow jump. Wasn't no reason for leaving like you had, Hen, when you hid for old man Shannesy and filled him with ammunition."

"You're a liar!" snapped Clark.

"I sure am, and always was, and you know it, Hen," said Cone, looking steadily at his acquaintance from Rocky Run. "I aim to be the gol-darnest liar between here and Rocky Run, and you ain't no more'n right to tell me when I can't mind my own darned business. Well, Hen, here it is—you got your life insured, ain't you?"

"Who told you that?"

"Man, everybody in Rocky Run knows that. For thirty thousand dollars, and I ain't lying. Your ma was so proud of you being worth thirty thousand dollars she couldn't rest."

"I told her to keep her head shut," said Clark to the pirate. "I had to let her know, her being the beneficiary after you, Ed."

"Told you not to, didn't I?" said the pirate disgustedly. "Well, I guess it don't make no difference."

"Here's one difference," said Clark, nodding at Cone.

"What I wanted to ask you, Hen," said Cone, "is what all a man got to do to get his life insured. I sure do need to get my life insured, if I go back to Rocky Run. Hen, can I get my life insured for a hundred and sixty dollars?"

"Ain't he wonderful?" said Clark. "He wants to get his life insured so the Cammels can't shoot him."

"You got the hundred and sixty bucks with you?" asked the pirate.

"I reckon," said Cone with pride. "Here 'tis, in the belt. But that ain't telling me, Hen; what all is a man got to do to be insured that people won't kill him?"

"He got to fill out a paper telling all about him and his folks," explained Clark grudgingly. "How old he is, and his father and mother and what took them—brothers and sisters too. Then the doctor looks at him, and certifies he's a good bet for the company's money."

"And won't he ask them Cammels down yonder to fill out papers too, Hen? If he don't have to barter with them Cammels before certifying that I ain't going to die of lead poisoning, he's smart, and I'm not lying. Did you fill out them papers yourself, Hen, or did you get somebody to do it for you?"

This query was badly received.

"Nobody fills out my papers for me!" snarled Clark. "What do you mean by that crack?"

"Because somebody'll have to fill mine out, Hen," said Cone, puzzled by his kinsman's emotion. "Ain't nothing to be ashamed of, that a man can't read or write."

"None meant, none taken," said Clark, forcing a smile. "But I got to dress for work. Wait up, Asy."

He left the room, calling the pirate with a covert flirt of the head. Cone consoled himself for their absence by taking four tots of whisky. When they returned, Clark was also clad in a suit of piratical cut, with a red-and-yellow bandanna bound about his head, and was wearing a dagger in a green sash. His false mustache, imposed on his own commonplace one, hung down to his collarbone.

The original pirate was now introduced as "my partner, Ed Torrey."

"Let's have a snifter," said Torrey politely. He threw a pair of dice onto the typewriter stand.

"Right back at you," said Cone, throwing the cubes.

"A quarter says you can't make it," said Torrey, looking at Cone's throw, and lifting the machine to the floor.

"No sporting blood there, Ed," snickered Clark.

"Reckon I can shed it with you, Hen Clark," said Cone.

"Let's see the color of it," accepted Clark, drawing a chair to the little table. The dagger in his sash irked him when he sat down; he drew it forth and placed it on the table. It was a sinister-looking toy; it was over a foot long, about half of its length being in the haft; the blade was broad and heavy and seemed to have been varnished over a black oxidation.

They threw the dice for a half hour. Luck ran steadily against Cone and he lapsed into sullen silence; his sampling of a second bottle of whisky did not raise his spirits. He sat with pouting lips and half-shut eyes, scowling at the refractory dice. His money belt was soon needed, and the one hundred and sixty dollars which were to insure him against the vengeance of the Cammels appeared on the table, a few dollars at a time. And yet his money losses and his mounting intoxication were minor factors in whipping up the murderous rage that came eventually to possess him; the remarks of Henry Clark were the major and efficient cause.

Clark was winning, and his observations wore a gloss of good humor, but they were extremely personal; they had to do with Cone's dress, his speech, his financial resources, his courage; they went back to Rocky Run, directing themselves to Cone's forbears, family and scale of living. They were coarse wit, and such as have been preserved to us are not worth repeating. Clark's apparent object was to make Cone reckless in risking his money; it is to be supposed that if he had been quite sober he would have been more careful. Cone's rejoinders were reduced at last to "I'll get your money"; he staked his self-control on that, and he lost and lost. Torrey took no part in the badgering of the boy.

"If he said that to me," he grumbled to Cone, "I'd cut his heart out." And his meaning glance flicked the dagger.

"Ah, give the kid a chance, can't you, Harry?" he said. "How about a round of stud? Here's your chance to come back, son."

They played stud poker, but fortune still frowned on the hill man. The round that precipitated the explosion was dealt by Torrey and found Cone's capital reduced to forty-five dollars.

The first card dealt to each player was faced down on the table and was examined by him guardedly; the four other cards in each hand were to be faced up for common inspection. When three cards had been dealt to each player, Torrey dropped out, leaving the pot to Cone and Clark. At this stage, Cone's face cards were an ace of clubs and a four; he had another four faced down—in the hole—so that he opposed a pair of fours to Clark's manifested strength of two sevens

"Let's make this one worth while," said Clark, considering the relative strengths of the two remaining hands. "Ten dollars to draw the next card, Rocky. Not raising it, eh? No, and you wouldn't raise it if you had the pot insured."

"I'll get your money," mumbled Cone.

Clark received a six on the next round, and Cone a nine, so the apparent standing of the hands was unaltered.

"It'll only cost you five this time," said Clark. "Cheap prices for cheap customers."

Torrey paused in the act of dealing the final card.

"Open that window wider, Harry," he said. "You're spoiling the air with all that cold stuff you're blowing out of your head."

Clark rose to comply, turning his back on the table. A pack of cards with like backs to those in play lay at Torrey's elbow; he snatched a card from this idle deck, and tendered it mutely to Cone, with a sneer for the unwatchful Clark. The card he was offering was the ace of diamonds; Cone took it, placed it face down in his hand, and threw to Torrey the four that he had had in the hole. He had now a pair of aces against the sevens shown by Clark. The practical certainty that his hand was the stronger was balm to his tortured sensibilities; at that moment he forgave Clark everything; when Clark returned to the table Cone smiled at him with fatuous amiability.

"I'm seeing the five, Hen, and I'm raising you the whole stack," said Cone, throwing the balance of his money into the pot.

"Must have had a shot in the arm," grumbled Clark.

"All set?" called Torrey. "Then here's the story!" He threw down before Cone another four; to Clark he dealt the ace of hearts.

"Aces up!" crowed Cone, turning over his stolen ace.

"Aces and sevens here, Rocky Run," said Clark, turning over the ace of diamonds that was properly in play, and sweeping in the pot.

Cone's mouth gaped. He had lost everything. And he had lost it through his attempt to cheat; if he hadn't taken that ace in place of his four, he'd have had three fours and the winning hand. He had lost everything, even honor. He had bent over to look incredulously at the card turned over to Clark, and now his gaze climbed slowly to Clark's face.

"Hello," said Clark, reaching out and striking the ace of diamonds that the boy had turned over. "Where did that come from? Tried to rob me, did you, you blasted hill billy?" His open hand swung against Cone's cheek, a stinging blow.

Cone's face went a sickly white; his eyes were like black holes; his hand shot across the table and closed on the dagger, and he flew headlong at Clark.

"Help! Murder!" bawled Torrey, leaping up.

He ran to the struggling men and laid hold of Cone, seeking to drag him back; he was too late to stop the stroke of the knife. Cone whipped in the blow with such unleashed fury that the guard itself, following the darting blade, brought up against Clark's ribs.

"Help!" screamed Torrey. "He's killing him!" He hurled his weight onto Cone's arm, bending it and wresting the dagger from the convulsive grasp of the hand. Cone fought him to reach Clark again; the boy was in such a paroxysm of rage that he would have struck again and again. The madness passed from his senses as abruptly as it had come; he staggered back from Torrey, slumped into a chair and looked with straining eyes at Clark.

Clark had fallen across the window sill and lay with head and shoulders in the outer air; he twisted, lost his balance, and fell through the window, disappearing from view.

"What's coming off here?" cried the ticket seller of the Pirate Ship; he had just arrived for work, and had been drawn by the trampling and the shouting.

"He knifed Clark. He fell out the window. Watch him, Pete, till I see after Harry," panted Torrey, running down the stairs.

When he returned, a policeman was in the room beside Cone, and a group of sensation seekers surrounded the two. "He's sunk in the water," said Torrey. "Here's the knife he done it with, officer—gave me a peach of a slash when I was taking it off him"— holding up his gashed hand for public admiration.

"I done for him," mumbled Cone. "And I don't care."

II

"ABOUT this Cone case," said Counselor Ambrose Hinkle—the famous New York criminal lawyer who was familiarly known as Little Amby—"did you see the district attorney over in Brooklyn?"

"I saw him," said his managing-clerk Cohen, lifting the lid of the onyx box on his master's desk and helping himself to a cigarette.

"Well, what does he want? Will he stand for second-degree manslaughter?"

Cohen lay back in an overstuffed armchair and drew smoke leisurely into his lungs; he had the puffy and pasty face commonly associated with excessive cigarette using. His face did him an injustice, if cigarette smoking is more reprehensible than other ways of using the weed; Cohen smoked cigarettes only as stop-gaps, preferring his master's fine Havana cigars, and having in his jowl during all waking hours a cud of fine-cut of his own buying.

He breathed the smoke toward the gilded ceiling, "Nope."

"First degree?"

"Nope. He'll take second-degree murder."

"That's no bargain," said Little Amby disgustedly. "Why, that's just what it was! It was murder in the second degree." (Continued on Page 46)

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(Continued from Page 44)

"My very words to him," said Cohen. "I said to him, 'Look here, Mike, what this boy did was murder in the second degree, being that he killed Clark in the heat of sudden passion. Give us a chance to show something, will you? How long are we going to stay in business if we're going to ask our clients to take pleas for just what they did? So if you want to mark this case off your calendar, make me a fair offer.' And there was nothing doing."

"Then we'll try the case," said Little Amby discontentedly. "It's a shame to take up the time of the office with a fellow like Cone; he hasn't got anything, has he?"

"The only asset I know he has is a chew of tobacco I gave him last week," said Cohen. "Let's take the plea of murder in the second."

"I won't do it. I won't see an injustice done a client of this office. We'll have to figure some way to get into the money; there's money in every case if you can find it. Go over to Raymond Street Jail and see the boy this afternoon, and verify the information on this paper."

"What is it?" yawned Cohen, sitting up.

"It's a copy of the statement that Clark made in getting that policy of life insurance. It's a copy of the application."

"What's the idea?"

"Torrey. Torrey is the only witness, and his testimony can spring Cone or send him to the electric chair. We've got to go to work on Torrey. If we can get between Torrey and that thirty thousand dollars' insurance we can do business with him. Cone said he knew Clark, didn't he? Knew all about him. See if everything Clark said on that paper was so. If we can find even a little mistake we'll go after Torrey and tell him it's a material misrepresentation that would void the policy if the insurance company is tipped off. That'll worry him."

"The insurance goes to Torrey, does it?"

"He's named as first beneficiary. Torrey and Clark each took out a policy for thirty thousand dollars in the other's favor. It's a natural thing for partners to do when their personal service is valuable. They were partners in business down on Coney Island."

"Say, boss, it's too bad that Cone didn't keep his head shut as to who struck the blow. With nobody but those two in the room, and Torrey having a thirty-thousand-dollar interest in knocking Clark off—wow!"

"That cock won't fight now," said Little Amby practically. "At the same time I've a sneaking notion that Torrey egged young Cone on; it stands to reason he would. Think that one over when you're preparing Cone's testimony."

"You won't put him on the stand, will you?"

"We might. There are other things about Torrey too. When the coroner got there he found that somebody had picked the body clean; Clark's pockets were inside out, and he didn't have the price of yesterday's newspaper on him. Now, we know that Clark closed his account with the Coney Island bank the day before and had four hundred dollars cash money. Torrey got that, as sure as we have Tuesday. He's a good collector, Torrey is. He sent off his proofs within the hour, and had the company's doctors right down to identify the body before Clark had stopped shedding water. I had a talk with the company's solicitor yesterday."

"They can't beat the claim on some trifle in the application. Darrah against South Eastern Life & Casualty ——"

"Tell your law to the judge. Anyway, it's only a question of worrying Torrey, and any stick will do to shake at him. But we might find something, and then we could edge in on a nice piece of insurance litigation while friend Cone is starting his twenty years to life. Take the statement over to Raymond Street, and go over it with a fine comb. If you get anything we'll decide how to use it. Send in that movie queen that was grabbed for bringing in hop."

When Cohen had gone the adroit little shyster rose from behind his huge mahogany desk and crossed the Oriental carpet to the window overlooking Center Street and the Tombs. Standing so, with dapper little legs apart and small hands clasped behind his back, he was not an impressive figure. He might have been a high-class barber or an opulent Italian fruit seller, a race follower or a rising pawnbroker; his black hair was sleeked with pomade, he had a Latin-like fondness for perfume, his accurately fitting suit was a length in the lead of fashion, and he wore four rings set with large diamonds—a popinjay, a sport, a consequential nobody. That he was such was the first impression of the beautiful and hard-finished young lady who entered now; her story is not germane to this narrative, but we may as well have a word or two of it:

"I come in, and there's this little squirt gaping out the window, and me waiting outside for hours, and I says, 'Look here, Hinkle, I think it's a piece of impertinence to keep me waiting outside for hours, and who do you ——' Well, my dear, I felt like he hit me with a club. He turns like a snake and says, 'Sit down, madam.' And down I went. I seen the wickedest eyes, black and shivery. Oh, I think he's a dream, the little monster."

Little Amby spent the evening of that day on Coney Island, catching the six o'clock boat from Pier No. 1 at Battery Place. This was an excursion steamer, an old side-wheeler, and was crowded on all three decks, but Little Amby was tenement born and bred and was insensitive to crowding. He lay back in a deck chair and listened with enjoyment to a current plagiarism of Mendelssohn's Spring Song, rendered on a harp and two violins for nickels dropped in a hat; he had a huge income at this time, and could have afforded to fee the Metropolitan Opera Company to give him a tune. He had a twilight dip in the ocean, ate an excellent shore dinner at the since-departed Ravenhall's, lit a perfecto and strolled out into Surf Avenue.

Night was come, and New York was amusing itself frantically, paying to be made to shriek and gasp, gulping alcohol standing up to get drunk in a hurry, whirling in the latest dance until perspiration ran down its back, eating red-hot, drinking ice-cold, trying to forget the store and factory whence it had come and whither it must return. It paid to be deafened, blinded, gorged, hurled about.

To Little Amby's surprise, the Pirate Ship was doing no unusual volume of business.

"The police," explained Torrey when Little Amby had sought him out and opened a conversation with him. "I had a big sign made, telling all about the murder and raising prices to a quarter, and they wouldn't let me put it up. There's always somebody crabbing a good thing."

"I'm Cone's lawyer," said Little Amby.

"Come inside," said Torrey, after a fruitless stare. They entered the office.

Torrey dabbed at his face, with care for his grease-paint complexion and his false whiskers.

"Being a pirate was a hot job," he said, "if they had to wear all these clothes. And there's nothing in it, not more than day's wages. I had a deal on to swap it for Noah's Ark, over on the Bowery, but he wants cash for his animals."

"Didn't you get the insurance yet?"

"They're holding it up."

"They're looking for an out," said Little Amby, his eyes intent on the array of weapons in Torrey's belt. "If they can find a loophole to beat the policy they won't pay you at all. I ran across something today that would tickle them silly, and that's why I thought I would come down and talk to you."

"Yeah?"—distrustfully.

"They don't know, for instance," said Little Amby, drawing forth the paper he had given to Cohen, "that Clark lammed out of West Virginia one jump ahead of the sheriff. Clark didn't tell them, and there oughtn't to be any reason for anybody else to. He didn't put it down in this statement that he made out in the company's office. But who cares about that now except the insurance company? Clark's dead, and that's all you care about, isn't it?"

"Well, there ought to be justice."

"Try and get it. Now, look here, Torrey. Clark was a no-good guy, and he only got what he was asking for. Cone doesn't want to make any trouble for you. Cone is a regular fellow, and believes in live and let live. Besides, it's not only what Clark left out of this paper but what he put in. Do you know what Clark's father's name was? You don't, but Cone does. The name was Logan Clark; then why is it down here as John Clark? If the insurance company ever tumbles to that—good night thirty thousand dollars!"

"Clark certainly knew what his father's name was."

"Then why is it down here wrong?" retorted Little Amby. He leaned forward, holding the other's gaze.

"Torrey, how would you like to take a trip to South America over the winter?"

"What would I want to go to South America for? I'm all right here."

"Havana, if you prefer. Just for the trip."

"Nothing doing. Where's the expenses coming from?"

"Your expenses are going to be paid by the state of New York if you hang around here, take my word for it. You'll spend the winter in the House of Detention as a material witness, and Havana has that barracks beaten forty ways."

"They can't throw me in there."

"You'll be surprised at what they can do if they are tipped that you're going to skip."

"Who'll tip them?"

"There's no telling."

"Listen to me. I don't scare a cent's worth. You can't do me nothing."

"Why should we try? We're willing to play ball with you."

"I don't leave New York for nobody, not until I collect that insurance," said Torrey positively.

"We want to see you get it. We'd boost it along if we could trust you. You look like a gentleman, Torrey, and what we want to know is this: Supposing we help you to collect your insurance, and that we pay all your expenses on your travels, will you slip out of the country quietly until the trial is over? I'll get a fellow to rent this concession from you at a price that will show you both a dollar. Now, is that talking like a gentleman?"

"I might," said Torrey.

"That's all I want to know. Your word's good enough for me. But here's something that occurs to me, and it will show you if you're dealing with regular people who have influence: I'll get the insurance people to go down to the dock and pay you the money when you're going on the boat."

"Suits me. So long as nobody knows I'm going. You got to keep that quiet."

"Of course. That's the very idea. Now comes the question of how we're going to keep you out of the district attorney's hotel until I can get the insurance people lined up. You come in to the

(Continued on Page 48)

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(Continued from Page 46)

office on Center Street tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock, and I'll have a fellow there to take over this concession for a couple of months until we can look around. It'll have to be at a figure, and if you want to know something, there was a fellow down here all last Saturday and Sunday holding a clock on your gate. After we've settled that, I want you to jump a train for Philly. I'll give you an address in Race Street. It's not a swell neighborhood; in fact, it's among the Chinese, but if you ever got a better chow or flop in your life, come back and hear me apologize. I want you to be my guest there until I arrange for your trip."

"I'll come down to your office anyway," said Torrey. "Only I want you to understand, if I do anything like this it's because I want to be a regular fellow. That's all."

"Don't I know it?" said Little Amby, clapping him commendingly on the back. "That goes double."

III

IN THE morning of November 16, 1909, the tramp freighter Edward T. Brandon lay beside a pier between Coenties Slip and Gouverneur Lane on the East River. The ship was sailing for Buenos Aires within the hour; the last items of its cargo were being slung aboard.

Among others on the pier to see the ship pull out was a tall and bulky gentleman in a yellowish Newmarket overcoat and a furry blue-fedora hat. The short collar of the overcoat was turned up, and the gentleman's massive chin was buried in it; the blue hat was pulled low over his eyes so that little of the gentleman's countenance could be seen beyond a suggestively flattened nose that was now reddened by the keen air from the river. The glance of the gentleman's shadowed eyes was peculiarly bleak and suspectful, and those who encountered it gave a guilty start and searched their consciences; they knew that they were under the surveillance of a crime hunter. This man of mystery prowled about, staring fixedly at this man and at that, and many people were nervous.

A rhythmic thumping came from the other side of the pier; he stalked thither, folded his arms across his broad chest, and frowned down on a thirty-foot motorboat and on a roughly dressed fellow who was doing a breakdown in the cockpit behind the closed cabin. Two other men, in sweaters and caps, stood in the cockpit and clapped their hands in time. While the gentleman in the Newmarket watched this trio of merrymakers, the threatening gloom lifted from what was visible of his face, and, when the dancer stopped, the observer on the pier above shouted down heartily, "At-a-boy!"

The three men in the cockpit glanced up at him, looked at one another, and disregarded him.

"Here's one for you," said one of the erstwhile handclappers; and he leaped into the center of the open space and footed it vigorously.

"Look out below!" called the man above, preparing to jump.

Little Amby, walking on the pier some minutes later in the company of a gray-haired man in civilian clothing, looked over the side and saw Tug Gaffney, the burly doorkeeper of the little house in Center Street, welting the deck merrily under the admiring regard of the three boatmen. Tug felt the malevolent gaze of his master, glanced up, desisted abruptly, picked up the discarded Newmarket coat and Vienna hat, and climbed to the pier.

"Showing the boys something," he muttered, abashed.

"Who are they?" snapped Little Amby.

"Friends of mine, boss," said Tug. "Don't you worry about them; they're right guys, what I mean."

Little Amby turned from him with a shrug and spoke to the gray-haired man beside him.

"You have the pier covered, have you? We don't know how this thing may break, and we don't want to be surprised."

"We're ready."

"Have you anybody on the ship?"

"Two good men. They're right at Torrey's elbow. Anybody that speaks to him is booked to answer questions."

"I hope they have their eyes open, because here comes Torrey now," said Little Amby as a closed taxicab rolled in from the street. He snapped his fingers nervously. "Come with me, Tug!"

He pressed close to his bodyguard as he and Tug Gaffney crossed to the halted cab. Through the cab window, Torrey's pale-blue eyes were observing them. Torrey opened the door now, thrust out a long leg, but stopped in the act of alighting.

"Is the money here?" he demanded.

"The representative of the insurance company is on the boat waiting for you. Go up and get your money."

"Nothing doing," said Torrey. "I want the dough paid over down here. Where would I be if the boat started? In Buenos Aires."

"Nonsense. Don't you see the policeman standing there at the foot of the gangplank? Go on up."

"There wasn't—there wasn't nobody inquiring after me, was there?" asked Torrey, getting down slowly. Cohen followed him out of the cab.

"Nobody knows you're going," said Little Amby. "Go ahead; I'm coming with you; I have a roll to give you for expense money, and I want to introduce you to the man with the dough bag."

Torrey passed the policeman and started up the gangway. He stopped in the middle, scrutinized the faces above him, and turned about.

"Who's up there?" he asked, whisperingly. "Are you dead sure nobody has been around looking for me?"

"I tell you ——" began Little Amby. He did not finish the sentence. He uttered a choked exclamation, bent over and bolted down the gangplank. Torrey's mouth had opened in a soundless cry and his eyes expressed amazement; his knees bent, gave way, and he fell face downward on the roped walk. The sharp-edged explosion of a rifle resounded under the lofty roof of the pier.

"Got him!" gasped Little Amby, stumbling in his flight against Tug Gaffney. "Watch out, Tug!"

"It was over there," said Tug, pointing.

The purring of a many-cylindered motor had been audible for some seconds before the shot was fired. Now the boat on which Tug had done his dancing was seen clear of the pier and driving out onto the sunned waters of the river. The shot had been fired from that boat; Tug had turned in time to see the rifle's muzzle withdrawn into the cabin.

"He's cooked," felicitated Little Amby. "There's a police boat under the pier! Hurry up, till we see the pinch. Here they are. Jump down and give me a hand."

"Keep off," ordered the steersman of the launch that was emerging from beneath the pier.

"Close your mouth or I'll jump down your throat," said Tug, throwing himself from the dock. "Quick, boss. There you are, and just made the boat."

The officer in charge of the little vessel grumbled menacingly, but had no time to return his uninvited passengers to the dock.

"Open her up, Fred!" he called into the cabin. "They got a real boat under them out there."

The fleeing boat had the advantage of a hundred-yard start, but that was not decisive in the long run to the Brooklyn shore. Little Amby studied the gap between the boats, and it seemed to him that it was increasing. A short and bearded man appeared in the apparently receding cockpit.

"There he is!" cried Little Amby. "And he's getting away!"

"Not on your life, mister," said the officer. "I know that boat. It's the Doll of Bayonne, and it's a fast piece of wood, but I've chased it before, and I know what it can do. It belongs to a bunch of river thieves on the Jersey side. We'll walk right up to it in no time now —— Look out—down low!"

Little Amby needed no second exhortation; he had seen the rifle in the bearded man's hands, and he had already seen a sample of the man's marksmanship. He hugged the deck planks and waited fearfully for the sound of the shot; but he heard only the drumming of the engine and the swishing of the water.

"And they know it!" cried the officer above him. "They're quitting. Run her alongside, Frank, and we'll board her."

The exhaust of the Doll had ceased to belch smoke; the engine of the little vessel had been stopped. A struggle was in progress in the cockpit; the three dancing men had laid hold of the fellow with the rifle. The fight was short and sharp; the three were sitting in a row on the bearded man when the boats collided. Three of the harbor police jumped to the rolling Doll.

"We didn't know he was going to knock anyone off, chief," protested one of the Doll's crew in virtuous accents. "He said he wanted a boat to give a pal a send-off down the bay. And afterwards he throwa the gun down on us, and what could we do?"

"Shut up," said the officer, leaping down into their midst as they rose to protest. "We'll take care of him and you too. You know perfectly well that this man is Henry Clark and is wanted for that Coney Island murder last May. Yes, and he's got another one to answer for now, him and you too. Put the nippers on him."

"We have a law in this state forbidding people to carry dangerous weapons," said Little Amby, walking with Asa Clark Cone in the Pennsylvania station. "You don't suppose the Coney Island police let that fellow swell around with real knives stuck in his belt, do you?"

"It sure looked real to me, suh," said Cone, "and I'd ought to know a knife. Had a drink or two in me, certainly."

"Eight or ten," amended Little Amby. "In fact, you were pie-eyed. Those were stage knives. They were only made of wood anyhow, and when you leaned on the blade it ran up into the handle."

"But, pardon me, suh; I seen this knife with my own eyes, and all bloody. This fellow Torrey brung it in and showed it around."

"And he showed you his hand, too, that he had just cut to get some blood for the knife. The knife he showed you was real enough, and, it may be, the knife that killed the man who was found in the water."

"But, suh, how come eve'ybody took that dead man for Clark? Even the insurance company doctor, suh, went there and examined him and knowed him for Clark. Excuse me, suh, and I know all this was told me before, but I ain't just got the rights of it. I'm sort of mixed."

"Listen, son," said Little Amby patiently. "Clark got some fellow to impersonate him before the medical examiner of the insurance company, some man who looked a lot like him. Maybe Clark wanted the insurance and had some disease that he couldn't get by with; it's hard to believe that he intended from the first to murder that man. But he did murder him in the end, killed him, anyway, knifed him there in the Pirate Ship. Torrey was in on it. They put one of Clark's costumes on the body and tumbled it into the ditch. Clark had drawn out his bank account the day before, so they pulled the pockets inside out to make it look as though Clark had been robbed. It was safe enough; Clark used to work in a make-up and very few people had had a good look at him, and there was the insurance company's identification. The ticket seller identified the body, too, but he was a new man and went largely by a signet ring on the finger. Well, they knifed this fellow, for one reason or other, and Clark was sliding out to go under cover while Torrey collected the insurance—and then you walked in."

"Indeed I did, suh. Right in."

"And crabbed their act. You knew Clark. There was a murder charge hanging over them as soon as you laid eyes on him. They had to get rid of you—say, you're lucky to be alive. So they got you drunk and fighting mad, and put a wooden stick in your hand, and you did the rest. Torrey ran downstairs to help Clark out of the water. You'd better learn to control your temper, son."

"I reckon," said Cone earnestly. "I was all right while I was setting, but once I jumped up I couldn't stop, nohow. And who was this po' fellow they done for?"

"Nobody seems to know. The district attorney is investigating missing persons. Whoever he was, he would naturally have kept under cover, since he was party to a fraud. Maybe he went around to Clark's place to make a touch, and started a fight. You gave us the first tip when you told my man that Clark's father's name was Logan Clark. A man doesn't forget his father's name, but it was in the application as John Clark. Was Clark the man who told the insurance agent that his father's name was John? That gave me a hint that Clark had worked an impersonation here; the application was made out in the insurance agent's office, and the impersonator gave the wrong answer when asked for his father's name. Clark probably never saw the application. The hint fitted in with a dozen other suggestions, explaining them. Why had Clark drawn out his money? Why had the corpse the appearance of being robbed? Was it chance that Torrey had cut his hand, or had he done it on purpose to prove that the knife was real?"

"It was sure lucky for me that Clark came down to the boat."

"Not much luck about that. Our man at the Pirate Ship told all inquirers that Torrey had sold the place and collected the insurance and was skipping out for South America. Name of boat on request! Clark wanted to see Torrey very badly, and he couldn't see him except there on the pier. Once Torrey saw a chance to get off with the whole insurance money, he had no more use for Clark. Clark figured there was no use arguing, and went there with a gun. Well, my boy, we could talk about this case all night, but there's your train. Be good."

"Well, suh, I'm most obliged to you," said Cone, pumping the lawyer's skinny arm. "I want you should come to see me down in Rocky Run. Man, I'll get up a possum hunt for you; and a fifteen-pound possum, fattened a month by the kitchen door, parboiled and roasted, is a morsel. I got eight hound dogs, and we'll get us two long axes, and we'll go chop down Mister Possum. Man, will you come?"

"Thanks," said Little Amby, "but fighting wild animals with an ax is not my lay. It's good of you to offer me the business, though."

"How about a fox hunt, suh? You wouldn't have to walk, neither. Ride like quality! You can ride on my mule, and I'll hold your leg and run! Man, fox hunting is sport for kings, and I'm not lying. You set them hounds to running Mister Fox along them ridges, and you setting under a tree with a jug of corn juice and a cold snack, listening to the music, and you won't want for nothing. Or is partridge your game, suh? Man ——"

"All aboard!"

"Coming, big boy," cried Asa Clark Cone, shaking the dust of New York from his feet and starting on a run toward the back hills.

"Your radio is always top notch. What do you do to keep it so full of pep?"

KEEPING your "B" batteries full of pep, without frequent renewals, is simply a matter of using the right size Evereadys for your particular set with a "C" battery*.

The rule which determines the right size "B" batteries to use is so simple no one can make a mistake, and once learned it definitely settles the question of "B" battery service and economy.

On 1 to 3 tubes—Use Eveready No. 772.

On 4 or more tubes—Use the Heavy Duty "B" Batteries, either No. 770, or the even longer-lived Eveready Layer-Bilt No. 486.

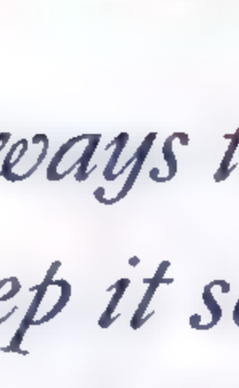
On all but single tube sets—Use a "C" battery.

When following these rules, the No. 772, on 1 to 3 tube sets, will last for a year or more; and the Heavy Duties on sets of 4 or more tubes, for eight months or longer.

These life figures are based on the established fact that the average year-round use of a set is two hours a day.

A pair of Eveready No. 772's for a five-tube set instead of two Eveready No. 770's or two Eveready Layerbilts No. 486—looks at first glance like an economy because of the lower first cost. But in a few months the 772's will be exhausted and have to be replaced. After the same length of time the Eveready No. 770's or the Eveready Layerbilts No. 486 will still be good for many more months of service.

We have prepared for your individual use a new booklet, "Choosing and Using the Right Radio Batteries," which we will be glad to send you upon request. This booklet also tells about the proper battery equipment for use with the new power tubes.



LEFT—No 486 for 4, 5 or more tubes, $5.50.

RIGHT—Eveready Dry Cell Radio "A" Battery, 1½ volts.

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WJAR—*Providence*	WCAE—*Pittsburgh*	WOC—*Davenport*
WTIC—*Boston*	WSAI—*Cincinnati*	WCCO—*Minneapolis, St. Paul*
WTAG—*Worcester*	WEAR—*Cleveland*	
WFI—*Philadelphia*	WWJ—*Detroit*	KSD—*St. Louis*

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*NOTE—In addition to the increased life which an Eveready "C" Battery gives to your "B" batteries, it will add a quality of reception unobtainable without it.

Valspar— *always wins!*

Baby Bootlegger won the coveted Gold Cup for the second time at Manhasset Bay last August. Built by Henry B Nevins, Inc., she's Valsparred, *of course!*

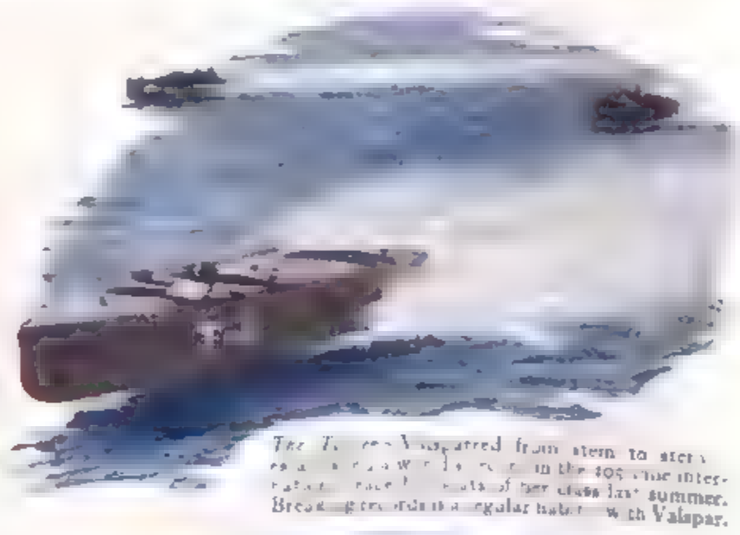
EACH year when the boating season draws to an end, and yachts and speedboats either are housed for the winter or are sailing in Southern waters, the list of the year's champions gives impressive tribute to Valspar's supreme quality and lasting beauty. For almost without exception, they all are *Valsparred!*

And this is not a matter of chance. For Valspar has earned its commanding position among yachtsmen by sheer merit, by always giving that unequalled service and satisfaction which has made it famous the world over.

Valspar is the Varnish that won't turn white. Sold first as a marine Varnish, its absolute waterproofness and amazing durability soon led people to use it for countless other purposes as well—on floors, walls, furniture, woodwork, automobiles. Today, in addition to being the pre-eminent marine Varnish, Valspar is the leading *household* varnish.

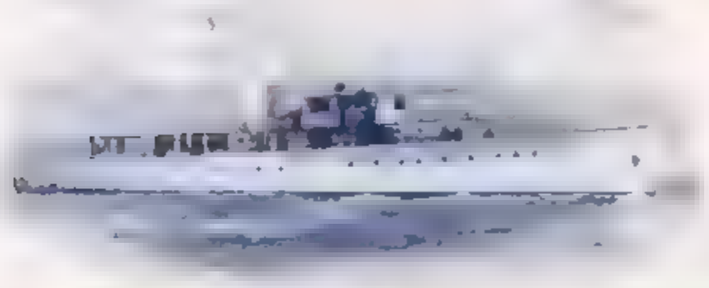
Valspar went with MacMillan to the Arctic on this Loening Amphibian plane last summer. Neither frigid waters, blazing sun nor engine vibration can injure Valspar!

Even if the *Lassi* hadn't won the International Six-Meter races held last summer on Long Island Sound, Valspar would have come in first—for every one of the eight entries in these events, both American and Scandinavian alike, was Valsparred



The *Tuscora* was Valsparred from stem to stern [illegible] in the 40-foot inter-[illegible] race [illegible] of her class last summer. Breaking records is a regular habit with Valspar.

Gar Wood's crack speed boat beat the 20th Century Limited, from Albany to New York. All of Mr. Wood's boats are Valsparred



Yachts of quality, large and small, are Valsparred. Carl Fisher's new Diesel Yacht, *Shadow K*, is no exception to the rule.

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NIHILISM OF OLD AND NOW

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

WE HAVE seen our able types of American womanhood do great work through the country's history as pioneer wives, mothers and teachers, as civilizers and distributors of culture. As their comrade and coworker they have been helping men to build a nation and have shown courage, energy and understanding in the process. Now, endowed with the rights of citizenship, they not only must divide responsibility but they may also count on a full share in the prizes with which business, political or educational circles reward successful laborers.

In contrast to the finer women there is another kind of female citizen dabbling in rulership, attempting to play a rôle in various groups. These women generally cause trouble, sometimes working their way among us with destructive intentions, though more often they are merely helpless, emotional and ignorant, with a visionary idealism which makes them easy prey to propagandists and always victims to a new idea. They become soft putty in the adroit hands of baneful adventurers of either sex. Their money, their moral prestige or their social power is drawn on at once, to aid an effort which has the appearance of desirability.

These women are really worth a little study. To me they seem intensely tragic, and also very interesting; especially so since I come to them fresh from twenty years of life in Europe. Remembered types of womanhood I knew across the seas stand in the shadows at my elbow to suggest comparisons; and I catch myself listening again to echoes of the talk I used to hear in Russia—talk about Bolshevism or nihilism, of the strange kinks in minds run wild, when deliberate vice or merely false idealism led certain people there to wrongs beyond their calculation. Some satanic hand perhaps held a burning searchlight in the faces of such victims, and made them believe it was the sun at which they gazed. Or maybe the tempter's voice whispered that they were eagles born to dominate a nation.

Of old in Russia's nihilism there were two good traits, however: First, the perpetrator of a crime generally showed courage, by giving his life in the fulfillment of so-called necessary programs. He faced judgment and punishment whenever he was caught. In all cases I can recall of assassination by nihilists, the assassin was blown up by his own bomb, or—though capital punishment did not then exist—the Imperial Government was not overlenient in meting out exile and hard labor in the prisons where terrorist activities were corrected under the Czars. Second, the Russian nihilists were nationalists, and were usually patriotic by both birth and race. They were animated by a desire to reform their government. Often they voluntarily sacrificed comfort, fortune and independence for an ideal, living long years in exile colonies where they were watched, suspected and defenseless. They loved Russia in their own peculiar way, and they gave all they had to the cause they served, reaping no benefits, and asking nothing of fate.

An Old-Time Nihilist in the Making

OF COURSE there can be no doubt to a sane mind that the nihilists took a wrong road to gain their end, that they were firebrands and dangerous, and that they committed hideous crimes upon occasion. To the Western mind they seemed to be degenerates. At least, they were unbalanced and they never achieved the success they craved, since destruction, not construction, followed in their wake, throughout the years. For instance, they killed the most democratic emperor Russia ever had. Alexander II had already given emancipation, thirty per cent of the arable land and very real protection, to the serfs. He was on the eve of signing a constitution when he was murdered. His son and successor, Alexander III, was just the opposite, lived as a patriarchal autocrat for years, was much loved and carefully obeyed, and died a natural death after a prosperous reign. The Grand Duke Serge, when governor-general of Moscow, was murdered, only to be followed by a successor of supreme severity and of tremendous power, Admiral Dubassoff, who pacified the city in a few weeks. Sipiaguine, Minister of the Interior, was bombed, and was followed by von Plehve. The latter, also assassinated in the same way, was rapidly replaced, each of these ministers being increasingly reactionary. Witte and Stolypin, who were probably the most liberal premiers Russia had had, suffered from numerous attacks of murderous intent, whereas the more reactionary of the bureaucrats were those the nihilists let live in comfort; yet the nihilists claimed to fight all autocratic rule. Their methods made it difficult to guess what they would try for at any given time. They worked through a vast underground organization. Its victims were numerous, its dangers great, its mentality altogether overstrained and tawdry.

The members of the nihilist group were largely recruited from two sections of the Russian people—those who were *déclassés* having fallen from among the intellectuals; and those who were *déclassés* having climbed from among the lower strata of the peasant or the workman caste. Always they appeared to be men and women starved or overstrained by circumstances, and fired by cure-all doctrines, offered with Slav eloquence to such as suffered or imagined that they did.

For example, some child of well-to-do parents, traversing that period of impatient idealism which is a natural state of youth, chanced to be disappointed or disillusioned. Redress was perhaps impossible. Most young people everywhere pass through such phases and swing back to normal happiness, or at least to contentment, because further events bring with them compensation for their troubles. Maybe a sense of duty to others is awakened, or ambition, love of work, and wholesome thought come to the rescue. Balance in the good and evil of the world is reëstablished. In special circumstances, however, the home circle may be unsympathetic, or the world prove hard enough to hurt still further a youngster's bruised susceptibilities. Things can go then from bad to worse; the whole universe seems to be wrongly organized. The Russian's temperament, with its *brio*, variability, capacity for suffering and introspection, with the mysticism and inertia so characteristic of Slav peoples, could be warped into an attitude of martyrdom. Burning with the energy of desire to right all wrongs at once, what could have been more natural than a decision to join with others equally abused and equally inspired—the nihilists? Difficulties attract, and to be pursued made nihilism seem only the more appealing.

No Welcome for Prodigal Intellectuals

SO THE young intellectual of Russia, whose home was dull, its activities consisting only of the dismal struggle to win a bare livelihood, lacking the recognition he felt to be his due, was carried away by his misplaced enthusiasm in olden days and made nihilism into a religion. He rushed off to the dark corners of Swiss towns, where plotting and poverty soon brought him to low levels, and where the organization laid its hands firmly upon him. He became its slave, as return was practically impossible. Thus the nihilist sank out of sight and hearing, and became a stranger to his home and earlier friends.

There were nihilists recruited through quite different causes who became *déclassés* upward. Peasants who made money and who wanted to give their sons an education had no choice save that between ultra-primitive government schools and the exceedingly high-grade courses of the universities. Sometimes a child was given a preparatory course by the village priest, or he went to the *gymnase* in the larger towns. He plunged there into an agitated life, and as a rule found it difficult to understand its ethics. His elders could not prepare him for all this. They were helpless to guide their offspring, for though often they were rich, rarely did a peasant's knowledge of the world go further than his village and its primitive patriarchal life. He knew the sky, the fields, the hazards of a harvest, the secrets of our forests and our streams, the beauty of the village church, the single art of music, the legends of his fathers mixed with all the poetry of the nature around him. He knew the village fairs and the rough gayety that vodka created in his heart, but his son, the boy who left the midst of such archaic society, was dazed and charmed by the complex circles which he entered at his university.

Sometimes sheer genius pushed the lad rapidly ahead, and he rose to the heights of a great career in his chosen line. Chancellor Michael Spéransky was one such boy, and since his day, through Russia's history, many a peasant's name has been written in letters of gold upon the annals of government, business, the professions and the arts. But for each one who made good there were a lot of boys, no doubt, who tried for honors and were disappointed. Sometimes they achieved safe harbors and were content with moderate success. Sometimes they went to the wall completely; but often, I fancy, they must have tried returning to their old frames, drawn possibly by homesickness or by a worthy desire to repay the homefolks by bringing newly acquired wealth of knowledge to benefit the other villagers.

And there they failed. The family and the village probably did not want their help, had no desire to change their simple ways, felt no realization of any intellectual needs. So the volunteer to improve them was sent about his business, called pretentious, invited to return whence he came, since the village manner of living was no longer good enough for him who had once been a peasant. Distressed and puzzled, finding he belonged neither in the old home nor in the city, where at best he had made only passing acquaintances, such a youngster found himself at a crossroads, depressed and worried, very much alone and still quite inexperienced. Occasionally he had character enough to plod ahead and he by chance picked out a favorable direction; but often his way led him to join a group of discontented or dissipated comrades. The world went wrong then in a short time, and with the wish for retaliation or the desire for forgetfulness he swelled the ranks of nihilism.

Yet neither the intellectuals nor the peasants had been bad in intentions as they were in results. Youth, false values, ignorance, lack of character, and the propagandist made them what they grew to be whether they were men or women. In fact, the very word "nihilism" primarily means, I find by a dictionary, the "denial of all real existence, of all knowledge of existences or real things." Originally it was the name of a religious and social, not of a political movement in Russia, opposing the then customary forms of matrimony, parental authority and the tyranny of traditions. Later it became a more or less organized secret effort on the part of malcontents to overthrow the established order, religious, social and political. Originating about 1840, through the late fifties and early sixties this theory took more definite form, among students especially. About 1870 the propaganda spread to workman and peasant, and soon these mixed groups split into several parties; some advocating democratization by tranquil, orderly methods; others wishing to demoralize the government's strength by terrorism. Turgenieff in a conversation among his characters in Fathers and Sons defines the nihilist as a man who recognizes and respects nothing, who bows to no authority and accepts no principles. The above I draw from admitted authorities.

Of course, Russia's intelligentzia and her peasant class also supplied many men whose genius was nationally and internationally recognized and whose efforts were crowned with great success. There were also those among this group who in the humdrum satisfactions of hard work managed in one or another branch of art or in some one of the professions to make a mere livelihood and were content with that. They reared large cheerful families in very simple style and became the average bourgeois. There were enough individuals discontented, however, to supply a large proportion of the recruits who filled the ranks of the Nihilist Party.

The Better Half Seeking to be Best

OFTEN as I look at American audiences these memories recur. Our youth is very vivid and impressionable; our women have so recently acquired their powers and they are so anxious to mend the world, to do better than the men have, that they listen with dangerous enthusiasm to the seductive programs all sorts of faddists, or even worse, are proposing to cure world troubles which are ages old and not easily corrected in a day. Wings are quickly sprouted. We feel impatient with our heavy feet, which have plodded along the same roads for centuries past. Are there nihilists among us then? Get-on-quick groups forget that even real birds of the air have feet to stand upon; and that a nation, to be strong, must build solid foundations before any glittering pinnacles can be raised.

But there is new work to be done by women in their rôle of citizens. I heard a strong and noble woman say some time ago that when she saw one of her sisters in a disordered room begin instinctively to gather up the things scattered about, she thought she saw the birth of organization; that when such a sister fed her husband well she was conserving and protecting national labor, health and strength; while as she gave her children to the world and trained them she was doing a large share toward making the future bright for an ever-growing larger circle, and thus make her people grow powerful and prosperous. Those are first principles and instinctive actions; and in all of them woman is a great constructive force. As time and evolution widened her horizon she has so far managed to keep her fundamental qualities. Yet she has grown to new and broader forms, taking pleasure in the tasks and privileges which came her way, till lately one hears her praises always sung. She has a legitimate and conceded right to point with pride to her accomplishments, both in their total value and in detail.

Here and there success has turned her head. In individual cases now she wants to press the pace of progress to the danger point, to enter the lists as rival to the men, instead of showing a spirit of coöperation. It is an old-fashioned idea, perhaps, that men and women were created as complements to one another, but infallibly when tried

John Bagley searched for *Aroma*

JOHN BAGLEY was a master Virginia tobacco blender in a pipe-smoking age. But he secretly treasured one ambition . . . to perfect the most fragrant tobacco in the world! With an aroma sweet as a June breath from sunny Dixie! One that would win the approval of the ladies of the household as well as the applause of the master. And in a sun-cured Virginia tobacco leaf he found this irresistible aroma.

Buckingham he called it, Sir . . . and Buckingham it is that your dealer now offers you today. Sun-cured, blended and aged in John Bagley's inimitable way. The most fragrant pipe smoke in the world.

Light a pipeful today . . . you won't be disappointed

If you are unable to obtain Buckingham from your tobacco dealer, just send us his name and 15c—back will come a full-size package.

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Buckingham
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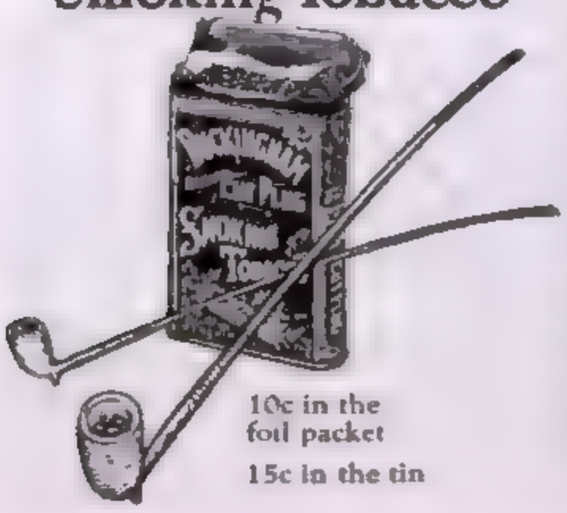


10c in the foil packet
15c in the tin

it has worked out well. Why not continue on the line indicated? The most successful and the wisest are still governed by it when we turn to work outside our homes today. Women find much that they can do in club, in community, in state and in the nation—but if they aim for lasting results they must go slowly and make certain of not having to retrace their way. For this, not only idealism and enthusiasm are needed, but we must have good judgment and considerable strength, all of which depend partly on education and partly on the solid common sense which our pioneer mothers showed. They talked little of their rights, but they could make homes and protect them on occasion. They prayed and dreamed, labored and conquered at their men's sides, and the latter and their sons have given the women pioneers credit for their indomitable spirit.

One likes to believe it is this heritage still stirring in their daughters of today which gave our generation strength to bid its men fight for right and honor, which enabled some of us to carry on a husband's job in his absence, and which taught us the worth of Hooverizing, to help feed other continents.

After the victory and just as the world was settling down to peace, Bolshevism came to do us harm. Whether because its evil forces fear America's strength and resource, or whether the Bolshevists long to possess the riches of this land, they proposed to use us for their pleasure. Their agents came in numbers, and began to whisper in our ears. At first in much diluted form their theories were preached; they tried it on our tired soldiers, on disgruntled workmen, on discouraged farmers, on depressed business men, on idealists among the women.

Attacks have been most ably conducted all along the line, though made less obvious than when revolt was preached to uneducated Russia through the years of war. Here much greater care was necessary and was taken. Shaved and washed, wearing the manners of society on occasion, Bolshevists claimed at first that a task well done lay behind them. They recommended here disarmament and peace enforced, freedom to love and live as one might like. They preached a universal brotherhood, and, incidentally, in terms more or less mild, the Government of the United States has been attacked.

Speech That is Too Free

Women, as the more impressionable sex, are being tempted to act or to call for action on these lines. The attempt is being made in some instances to persuade the feminine voter to throw her power against the natural current of events, to reverse and oppose all the traditions of American history. Under cover of representing some cause with an especial appeal for women much harm is being done. Though there is resistance to these groups, they are not stopped and are still trying to infect our women and our youth with poison which will obscure their morals and break their health.

It has been my fate to encounter several mild representatives of the Bolshevist theories. They are "outlawing war"! Asking for "freedom for youth"! Knowing their defects, or strongly suspecting their ambitions, sometimes some woman in an audience puts a question, and a weak spot in their arguments develops. The propagandists squirm and contradict themselves. They are wary and suspicious as a rule, however, and cover their tracks most carefully. Hypocrisy and untruth are among the arms they use.

Recently I had a curious experience of the methods of one such group. I sent a caller to the society's headquarters, where she was received with marked suspicion at first and was closely questioned before even the literature she was requesting could be obtained. Then they tried to convert my little representative, who enjoyed the performance very much. This happened at the offices of an organization which is supposed to preach only idealism. Another woman afterward told me she had the same experience and that her secretary had suffered long cross-examination when sent to get reports and leaflets.

Free speech is permitted here, but it is a question whether in a government of, for and by the people, our women and children must not be protected from contamination of their minds just as protection from contagion of the body is required. My hope is that with the responsibility of suffrage our best female citizens, who are well organized, will learn to handle this matter. It will not be the first time that the tiger spirit for defense has been aroused, and because of the careful disguising of these attacks at all possible points this war of propaganda calls, I believe, for an ever-increasing vigilance.

It lies in our province as wives and mothers to do our share in defense, our share for patriotic honor.

The Miseries of Many Wars

If our aim is peace let us remember that contented neighbors have lived just beyond our borders through all our nation's history. That can't be said of Soviet Russia for the past seven years. If we refuse to be ruled by a bloc of men, whether farmers, industrialists, miners, bankers or others, why should we applaud the idea of being ruled by a group of excited woman amateurs? If we want reforms there is a constitutional power to make them, in the hands of every man and every woman. Each and severally we are at liberty to cast votes in favor of the ideals and the men we stand for. We can force congressmen to make what laws we wish; we can elect a President and change him if he does not suit popular taste after fair trial; we can have representatives pass laws even over the veto of our momentary executive. This great power can be wielded in one's precinct, almost at one's doorstep. Voting proves the individual woman cares how she is to be governed. Shouting, ranting, propaganda are but signs of weakness.

Recently I heard a brilliant female exponent of an extreme policy make a speech. During an hour she told her large audience their duty to the world: she cried that they must abolish war. Her voice rose in her excitement, as she called the curse of future generations on her country if her personal plan was not at once and completely brought about. Disarmament and international brotherhood were what she craved. "I want the very word of pacifist, which has been discredited, now reëstablished among the noblest in our vocabulary; and if that is Bolshevism, then I'm a Bolshevist."

It is difficult in cold blood to discover logic in her argument; and several present, I found, felt strongly that a word like "pacifist," with the black eye it had acquired in wartime, could not regain respectability in the public mind. I expressed this sentiment a few days later, and a woman who advocates peace at any price turned on me. "You would feel that way," she said, "with your education and environment."

There was no venom in her voice in the first place, so I answered simply enough, that of all the women listening to the speech in question probably I most hated war, and that this sentiment grew with me from actual acquaintance with the misery war brought about. I had been educated on tales told by my grandmother, of her dreadful anxieties during the Civil War, when with her husband fighting for the Northern side and her two brothers on the Confederates', she had wept for four long years over real or possible disasters. In my childhood my father had taken part in the Indian fights, with Sheridan and Custer; later on he was in the Spanish War and then in the Philippines, where during the very week of my wedding festivities he was the commander of American troops in four different battles; and we knew the savage warfare meant ambuscades and poisoned weapons. His occasional telegrams saying he was safe were the things his family lived for through those days. After my marriage came the Russo-Japanese War and the first Russian revolution. They were bad enough, but in 1914 I had seen my husband go with the first of the imperial troops into East Prussia; and he was brought home with what was for a long time feared to be a mortal wound. Then after months of hospital and a weary convalescence, he had returned for two more years to the frightful firing line. During the revolution of 1917 we had been in the midst of chaos and I had seen the wild orgy of Bolshevist terror, and even after we escaped from that my young son, just turned eighteen, had volunteered with the American Army. So I claimed to know most of the hideous variations of war, in their worse forms. I'm far from preaching either war or militarism, but I would not see peace without honor and security for our people. Neither protection of one's home nor protection of one's chosen institutions can be lacking if a nation looks for happiness; and those who tell us otherwise are lying.

Fashionable propagandists, as an early step to peace, attack our defense act and would abolish the United States National Guard. Would they, I wonder, abolish burglary in their own cities by the simple process of leaving their own front doors wide open and strewing their valuables about? This confidence in the unknown passer-by in the street would be in keeping with the confidence the internationalist expresses toward all foreign peoples. The idea might be tried out on themselves in the more individual form as a first step to general credence of their doctrines. They are trying to entrap us with Utopian schemes—and knowing their morals I seem to feel them laughing in their sleeves as they harangue a crowd or preach their peculiar idealism to our women.

The Strength of the Weaker Hand

But we needs must be less gullible, must keep our heads and merit the vote we've won. We must swing our powers into lines of effective helpfulness and march with our men in patriotism, add to their practical idealism and to the sum total of our common national consciousness. That is real citizenship, I think—not to allow ourselves to be persuaded to undermine what was built up by the pain and work of ancestors who did great things for us.

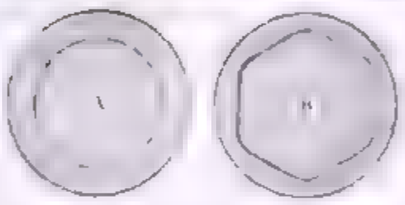
Those who give us different counsel are of two kinds—either knaves or fools. They like to think they can lead great masses into the din and disorder of conflicts here, which mean destruction to fair institutions. They expect to fish in any troubled waters they can stir.

Let us avoid these pitfalls and remember that the world can be influenced but slowly, and not remade by every sudden scheme. Ranting does no good in any case; and the sovereign remedy for evils lies in local good citizenship which drifts out from the home unit to the poll. There every woman holds the helm of national affairs with men, but because of her past and because of her nature hers is still the weaker hand. She must give herself a time of education in her new rôle before she can fully claim to use her rights to the best purpose. The record which women have made through the centuries gives one a right to feel confidence for their future. Never have need and desire for improvement been so great as now; and never have the enemies of good been half so active among us as they are today. Let us beware of the nihilists or Bolshevists who, under other names, are standing in our midst. Humanity is always weak at some unexpected point, and that is what these enemies are banking on, to prevent our being effective. Let us think well, look well, make sure of the facts, and build up

(Continued on Page 54)

Oakland Sedan $1195

Body by Fisher with V. V. one-piece windshield, automatic windshield cleaner, rear view mirror, dome light, window lifts and door locks, new accessible door controls, roller shades, extra quality cloth upholstery, robe rail and foot rest, transmission lock, four-wheel brakes, balloon tires, air cleaner, oil filter, full pressure oiling and the Harmonic Balancer



A. New Oakland Six engine with Harmonic Balancer—performs smoothly at all speeds.

B. Six-cylinder engine without Harmonic Balancer—noticeably rough—basic vibration period.

Readings taken with the crank half indicator, a device for measuring torsional vibration

True value never fails of recognition, and with Oakland the reward has been quick and generous ⁂ ⁂ It has come in a country-wide outpouring of good will, establishing the Oakland Six as the preferred car of the year.

Roadster $975, Touring $1025; Coach $1095; Landau Coupe $1125; Sport Roadster $1175; Sedan $1195; Landau Sedan $1295. Pontiac Six, companion to the Oakland Six, $825 Coupe or Coach. All prices at factory. ⁂ General Motors Time Payment Rates, heretofore the lowest, have been made still lower.

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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SCENE FROM
"THE FLAMING FRONTIER"

Some of the Sioux Indians were eager to eat Gen. George Custer's heart, thinking that it would make them as fearless a warrior as he was, but so great was the respect in which he was held by the Sioux Chiefs that they would not permit his body to be touched.

In Universal's fine historical drama, ***"The Flaming Frontier,"*** Custer's great courage at the battle of the Little Big Horn in Montana is wonderfully well shown and the historical incident is reproduced as close to fact as eyewitnesses related it.

While this great picture abounds in thrills, is full of wild riding, almost unbelievable deeds, a beautiful romance runs through it in which HOOT GIBSON and ANNE CORNWALL are the lovers. DUSTIN FARNUM, whose name and fame are known everywhere, plays the part of Gen. Custer, and that popular old screen hero, GEORGE FAWCETT, is U. S. Senator Stanwood. The direction is by Edward Sedgwick, whose Western pictures have been among the delights of the movies.

REGINALD DENNY has certainly succeeded admirably with ***"What Happened to Jones"*** and I am positive he will register a similar triumph with ***"Skinner's Dress Suit,"*** two of the cleanest and most hilarious comedies the screen has ever produced. I am anxious for your opinion of REGINALD DENNY. Please write me a letter and tell me what you think of him.

Be on the lookout for Universal's latest pictures. There are many gems, such as ***"The Cohens and Kellys"*** with GEORGE SIDNEY, CHARLIE MURRAY and VERA GORDON; ***"His People," "The Still Alarm"*** and ***"Chip of the Flying U"*** with HOOT GIBSON. And don't forget ***"The Phantom of the Opera"*** with LON CHANEY, MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

You can have autographed photograph of Hoot Gibson and Reginald Denny for 10 cents in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 52)

patriotism before we march out on this road of citizenship, where every woman, like every man, must preserve the nation's virtue.

There is a phrase in the will of George Washington the equal, for sound and generous wisdom, of all the lectures and all the noisy talk of modern ranters who would outlaw war: "To each of my nephews, William Augustine Washington, George Lewis, George Steptoe Washington, Bushrod Washington and Samuel Washington, I give one of the swords or cutteaux of which I die possessed and they are to chuse in the order they are named." These swords are accompanied with an injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood except it be for self-defense or in defense of their country and its rights, and in the latter case to keep them unsheathed and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.

Such principles as our first President expressed should lead to greater self-respect and more tranquillity throughout the world than can the calls for peace and unrestrained freedom, or than outlawing war by proclamation, no matter how loudly this is done. The Dawes Plan, the World Court, some of the activities of the League of Nations, the Locarno Treaty and a variety of other pacts, together with arrangements reached by financiers—like the Austrian loan with its conditions for reconstruction—are all steps toward peace. In all such progress men may well take pride.

In the give and take of the business world, in the exchanging of students and professors between our universities and Europe's, in the many fine international charities, in the good behavior of the traveling public, even by the shoppers whom we send abroad, we are represented in foreign eyes.

There is great danger to the honest inexperienced woman in her voting power, if she is influenced by those who preach that the course of the world must be turned by her, since all that men did of old was wrong. Less in home than in foreign issues does this danger lie. She has watched her own surroundings develop and she knows them generally, whereas facts beyond her horizon are much less distinguishable in proper proportions. Realizing this, the evil influences press her to use her power—especially in international questions, of course—for their own ends. Woman must learn to think straight on all these matters before she begins to act or she will lose her prestige. Having done well through the ages at home in community life, we shall no doubt be able by degrees to take in a larger field. If prepared by careful study woman's opinion has its value in every matter pertaining to her nation's life. Patriotism, security and self-respect should not interfere with justice, generous understanding and a kindly helpfulness leading toward world peace provided the desire is mutual among the nations concerned. Hysterical efforts for sudden reforms, instigated by chaotic forces, are necessarily destructive in the long run and to be avoided at all costs. We women therefore, each in our personal capacity, can greatly aid our government and its agents abroad, by establishing good feeling, winning esteem, creating serenity of atmosphere and making friends. We can do the same at home. From house to house in our communities, from town to town and state to state, we can both keep our self-respect and maintain good feeling. Living thus, we shall soon rise far above the propagandist's doctrines and shall have qualified as citizens worthy of the power vested in our votes. Women must be clear-headed as well as noble-hearted if they mean seriously to win political prestige.

THE ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

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admonished often and sternly to beware of libel. If there was doubt about a statement, tone it down or strike it out; better kill the story altogether than get into a libel suit.

Very likely people who read newspapers nowadays and note the extraordinary freedom with which they handle names and private affairs will accuse me of exaggerating that. It is true that my paper might print very strong and injurious statements in a cause that was judged important enough to justify the risk, but that was a matter for consultation with the proprietor. For ordinary run-of-mill news the unforgivable sin was letting the paper in for a libel suit. That had been duly drilled into me, and in editing copy at the city desk I was always on guard against statements that might open the door to damages. Then the city editor was away on a vacation, the managing editor fell ill and for nearly a week I was in charge.

A Lucky Break

Naturally, I felt the responsibility and was glad when Saturday afternoon came around, for the city editor would be back Monday even if the managing editor had not recovered. It struck me that the piece of copy under my hand ought to be verified before it was printed. I didn't forget that it ought to be verified, but went on, all the same, preparing it for the printers, then wrote the head and sent it into the composing room. In the composing room, making up the paper, I put it on the front page. When I read it in cold type an hour later I again suffered that painful sinking away to far depths. It was a lot worse, in cold type, than it had looked in copy, and I fell to wondering what other paper I would best apply to for a job. Printing that unverified story was a gross and palpable fault.

As it happened, nothing came of it. The person whom the copy was about was in so much deeper trouble that he had no time to bother with a trifling affliction like our statement. The managing editor was too miserable with his fever more than to glance at headlines. Nothing whatever happened outwardly, but I had a good deal to think about.

I knew I shouldn't print that story—as well as Jim knew he shouldn't take a drink. All the same, I had gone ahead and printed it. No doubt I had been under a considerable strain, for it was the first time I had borne such a responsibility. There were many things to think about and to keep watch of. Finally something in my brain said, "All this effort and tension is very tiresome; let's go to sleep," and at exactly the wrong moment. Practically it was muffing the fly over again. No doubt the gallery with the goddess had keyed me up. When it came to the additional strain of catching the fly, some faculty balked—lay down on the job.

That newspaper incident happened a long while ago, and I might now declare it was the last time I ever did a fool thing when I knew well enough it was a fool thing and I oughtn't to do it. But the declaration would not be true—not true by a great majority. I have been doing fool things, that I knew well enough to be fool things, periodically ever since. And so, dear reader, have you, unless you are one of those exceptional persons who stay on the job all the while.

Poor judgment is quite another matter. A man may ponder a situation with the best faculties he has and come to a conclusion about it that turns out to be wrong. But at least he didn't let it go by default; he was steering the best he knew. What I am talking about is the man who says to himself "That sign ahead reads, 'Bad curve; slow down.' Probably it means there's a sharp turn in the road that I can't take at this rate of speed"; and a minute later finds himself in the ditch with a wrecked car and a broken arm, wondering why in the world he didn't slow down as the sign told him to.

Nobody could have known anything with greater certainty than Jim knew that any alcoholic drink was rank poison to him. He had tried it numberless times, always with the same result. After the first drink nothing but a strait-jacket could hold him back. He knew the frightful punishment that awaited him—even physical punishment, for he sometimes wound up in a hospital. But that was the least part of it: heartbroken wife, disadvantaged children, imperiled home, degradation—he knew all that by heart. Resisting temptation was, of course, a strain. At length he just gave up; at a crucial moment the warder in his brain turned its back on the job.

Evening on the Nova Scotia Coast

Stories with Happy Endings

In this country especially there has been a voluminous and deservedly popular literature dealing with alcoholic temptations. But some of it is open to the objection that it speaks of the lapse through which men yield to that temptation as though it were essentially different from the lapse through which they yield to fifty other temptations. In fact, they are all of one piece. The drunkard is a more tragic figure than the man who loses situations through laziness and carelessness; but they are both using the same recipe. When it comes to a pinch they both lie down on the job.

Coming into newspaper work just after what its survivors fondly pictured as the diluvian period, I have known a good many men who drank decidedly more than was good for them, and at least two who gave Satan heavy odds by taking up with drugs. The very prevalent lack of money was a safeguard against addiction to gambling, and in comparatively early life I knew only one man who could not be trusted with five dollars to buy medicine for his sick child if there was a poker room within reach—although later on I became acquainted with some who had very little more sense than that in respect of the wheat pit and stock ticker. Yet most of these men finally reformed.

Candid physicians admit privately that what saves their profession is the patients' powerful tendency to get well anyhow. They got well under witch doctors and astrologers and a Pacific Ocean full of

(Continued on Page 56)

The Packard Six five-passenger Sedan is illustrated. Its cost is $2585 at Detroit, tax added

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The average Packard owner drives his car nearly three times as far as the owner of the car most often traded in for a Packard Six.

The depreciation cost per mile is actually more on such cars than on the Packard Six and operating and maintenance charges are never any less.

If it costs less to own a Packard by the mile and no more to run it, why should any one be without its beauty, its comfort and its distinction?

The Packard mile does cost less and does give more than any other mile.

Why be without it when the Packard Six may be bought for a thousand dollars less than most men think and on a budget plan that seldom calls for monthly payments in excess of $150?

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The delicious flavor of full chocolate that you can taste in every bite—that is Peter's, the famous milk chocolate blend.

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Today—for your convenience—this luscious blend is yours in tempting milk chocolate wafers—Peter's Croquettes. Separately wrapped in silvery foil, they retain every bit of that full chocolate taste.

You can also buy Peter's in delicious plain bars or crisp, toasted almond bars, 5c and 10c sizes. Don't be satisfied with ordinary milk chocolate—try Peter's today—the full chocolate flavor will delight you. Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., 131 Hudson Street, New York.

Over fifty years ago in Vevey, Switzerland, Daniel Peter invented milk chocolate. Today his famous blend is still a secret. Only in Peter's can you get that full chocolate flavor.

PETER'S
MILK CHOCOLATE
High as the Alps in Quality

(Continued from Page 54

therapeutically worthless patent medicines. But in speaking for publication, the physician will generally consider it his duty to emphasize the dangers that beset man's physical well-being and his great liability to diseases. Much more the moralist will feel bound to stress the great number and dire character of the perils which beset man in that field. But anybody who has lived long enough to hope that he is approaching years of discretion, and has paid any attention to the subject of man and temptation, must be struck by the patients' powerful tendency to survive. Considering all the hazards to which it is liable, the human being is a wonderfully tough thing, with surprising powers of endurance and survival.

Seventeenth and eighteenth century England must have been pretty thoroughly steeped in alcohol from the cradle to the grave. From casual remarks in letters and diaries we learn that frail children were copiously doped with port wine, which is no tipple for amateurs even when full grown. All the northern races should logically have extinguished themselves by universal heavy drinking. Only an astonishing inherent toughness could have brought them through. That power of survival must be kept in mind. There is no sense in throwing up the sponge. Hardly any case is really hopeless.

In my personal tab, most of the men who once seemed headed for disaster finally came out of bondage. Probably some came out with a shot through the hull—a constitutional impairment that shortened their lives. Jim died earlier than he should; but for years he was strictly sober and fairly successful. The surviving majority did at length grapple with temptation and throw it for keeps. They demonstrated that it could be done even after the enemy had seemed in undisputed possession.

Making Temptation Afraid of You

Some of them got help from outside. At one time the Press Club could muster much more than a corporal's guard of graduates of a patented drink cure. As it happens, all those that I knew about were sooner or later in great need of a postgraduate course, but probably that was not true of all the graduates.

Others did it strictly on their own, and stayed put. The simple fact is that a man can always do it himself if he wants to right down to his toes. The power to do it is not lacking; the machinery is there. But a man can't do much by only half trying. That is the whole trouble. In those newspaper days, swearing off was a popular pastime. Men whom everyone knew to be drinking more than was good for them were always making resolutions of abstinence which nobody—including themselves—took seriously. They hadn't got around to the quitting point yet; so the good resolutions would not stand the strain of temptation very long. When the pinch came they lay down. Temptation is a constant pull in the mind. The longer it sticks around unconquered, the harder it pulls. To resist it requires increasing effort. One gets tired of the effort and gives up.

Everyone who has broken himself of a bad habit knows how it works, especially if he has tried before and failed. Men who have tried both say that excessive use of tobacco is quite as insidious as excessive use of alcohol, or even more insidious, for men are always smoking and they are not always drinking. The doctor shakes his head over your heart. You resolve to quit smoking. All your nerves go on a strike and begin to yell for tobacco. They refuse to do anything except yell for tobacco. You can't properly think of anything else. The pull in your brain between temptation and resistance becomes terrific—intolerable. You sneak down cellar and light a cigarette. Next day you are smoking as much as ever. It was a wrestling match and you lost.

Of a sudden you turn dizzy and sick at the stomach. It is an excessively disagreeable sensation, as though an impudent genie had seized you, whirled you round, turned you upside down and whisked himself away, leaving you pop-eyed, breathless, cold. It throws the for-keeps scare into you. You believed what the doctor said about your heart—in a way. But the penalties he threatened were remote. Here is penalty sitting right in your lap. This time you're scared enough to try for all you are worth. Your silly nerves go back to the old racket of yelling for tobacco. There is the same harrowing pull of temptation in your mind. But this time you have been frightened into sticking by your guns. Two days, three days, four days, and the tension begins very sensibly to lessen. You can, so to speak, hold the line with one hand. After a bit you perceive with astonishment that it is as easy as falling off a log, or even easier. You can refuse a cigar or a cocktail with no more effort than would be involved in refusing a piece of the grapevine you used to smoke when you ran barefoot or in declining a drink of castor oil.

Easy as rolling off a log after you have put forth all your determination and given the enemy one thorough licking. Anybody not impaired by actual disease can always do it. The human being is not only a surprisingly tough, enduring animal, but, as William James pointed out, he is equipped with reservoirs of reserve force that he can tap at will—if he wills it hard enough. You tramp until you are quite tired out, can't go any farther; but if a forest fire suddenly springs up behind you, you find that you can go a whole lot farther and faster. James' essay gives various examples of reserve force. The power is never lacking, but only the complete will to use it. When the finish comes anybody can tap a new reservoir of resisting power.

People ruin themselves with alcohol, nicotine, gambling, through a mental lapse—giving up in the pinch; but the same lapse is always hanging around the corner ready to let us in for muffing the ball. Sloth, shirking, lying, cowardice, envy, gluttony and other vices that I don't happen to think of at the moment are in the same category with booze fighting, and curable in the same way.

I have in mind particularly two men of unusual ability and energy who are lashed to the mast by a well-deserved reputation for general crookedness. One of the men I have known for years. He has had good ideas and worked at them industriously, and with courage up to a certain point. In most undertakings, however, there comes a tight place. When this poor devil gets into a tight place he seems as unable to resist the temptation to lie and cheat as a dipsomaniac is to resist a drink. Both men must know better. It is impossible to believe that their intelligence and experience are not equal to warning them that they are sure to be found out. Certainly they are warned, but they don't pay attention. They won't make the persistent effort.

New Ways Not to Pay Old Debts

In the first newspaper year it was not a subsequent headliner that some of us picked as the shining intellectual light of our group. Our nominee, I still think, could say as many things worth listening to in the course of half an hour as anyone I have ever known. He had read more than most of us; knew more not only of literature but of the plastic arts and music. Scraps of unfinished poetry showed ability in that line. In the first half of the first year, at least, I thought he would go far—which he did, but in the wrong direction.

Presently I found that he had a sort of genius for getting into debt. Being in debt was by no means a novel condition; but with this young man, paying for anything was the rare exception; having it charged and neglecting to meet the bill was the standing rule. Then I found that he never by any chance kept an appointment; he was either half an hour late or didn't come at all. There were, in time, other indications that he was letting himself into a settled habit of giving up without a struggle. To pay a debt when there are so many pleasanter means of disbursing the money, or to arrive at a given spot at a given time when there are plenty of distractions along the way, requires some effort. My friend H—— was getting his mental machinery perfectly adjusted to not making the effort.

Failing to pay debts and keep appointments, or keeping too many appointments with a bartender, was fatuously supposed to be a sign of artistic capability. If my memory serves, we praised So-and-So and So-and-So for being drunk, lazy and irresponsible far oftener than we praised them for the sober and laborious feats that had brought them public recognition. We may not have read or appreciated their books, but we vastly appreciated their falling downstairs. Unfortunately they were aware of it, which probably didn't help them any.

There may be mute inglorious Miltons, but it was not chill penury and hard fare that put the silencer on them. It was lazy self-indulgence. A middle-aged blind man, in straitened circumstances, in poor health and in a quarrelsome household, with a prospect of imprisonment for his political opinions hanging over his head, would hardly have produced Paradise Lost if he had been too fat-willed to refuse a drink. There are other Miltons, not really mute and inglorious, but half clogged with inertia.

Memorizing What You Want To

H—— was his own spoiled child, without discipline. He never took himself by the scruff of the neck and gave himself a kick. When temptations more deadly than not paying a debt, not keeping an appointment, not getting the job done on time, came along, he went down like a tenpin before the big ball. Twenty years later, when it was very literally a case of life or death with him, for he had been too close to the brink to admit of any reasonable doubt, and he was in need of a few dollars, he made the most tragic effort that I have ever seen in a close-up—but it failed.

Certainly there was no lack of mental capability. I still remember the good conversation and have a scrap or two of good verse somewhere. It was persistent fooling with his will, letting himself drift, until he muffed the ball nine times out of ten as a matter of course. Most of us do it more or less. Napoleon complained that he had never in his life been able to memorize a line of poetry. Coming from a man who for years carried in his head every detail of an enormous military establishment, often down to the names of petty officers, as well as an astonishing load of other stuff, that was, of course, an absurd statement. A phenomenal memory was one of the unmistakable things about him.

What he meant was that he never cared enough about poetry to make the effort to memorize it.

I have never known anyone who did not complain of his memory. A thousand and one things that we would afterward like to recall slip through it like water through a sieve. But Napoleon, in those matters where he really cared to exercise the faculty, is only one out of a great many illustrations that memory is an almost unlimited storehouse. Probably nobody ever forgot anything that his attention was completely focused upon at the time. Things in childhood and youth that completely absorbed you at the time are still quite fresh in your mind. You hit them at the time with all you had. Passages in Shakspere and Milton that I memorized forty-five years ago, but have made no effort to fix in mind since, I can still repeat with tolerable accuracy. Poetry that I read last year and thought I tried to memorize is already a mere formless fog. Memory has not decayed, for I still remember the old things. The punch has grown flabby from laziness. I no longer sink the die in.

Probably everyone meets young men and women who are dissatisfied with their jobs. Always I have been meeting such young persons. Sometimes I think they are quite

(Continued on Page 58)

The car illustrated is the De Luxe Coach, priced $1040 at Lansing.

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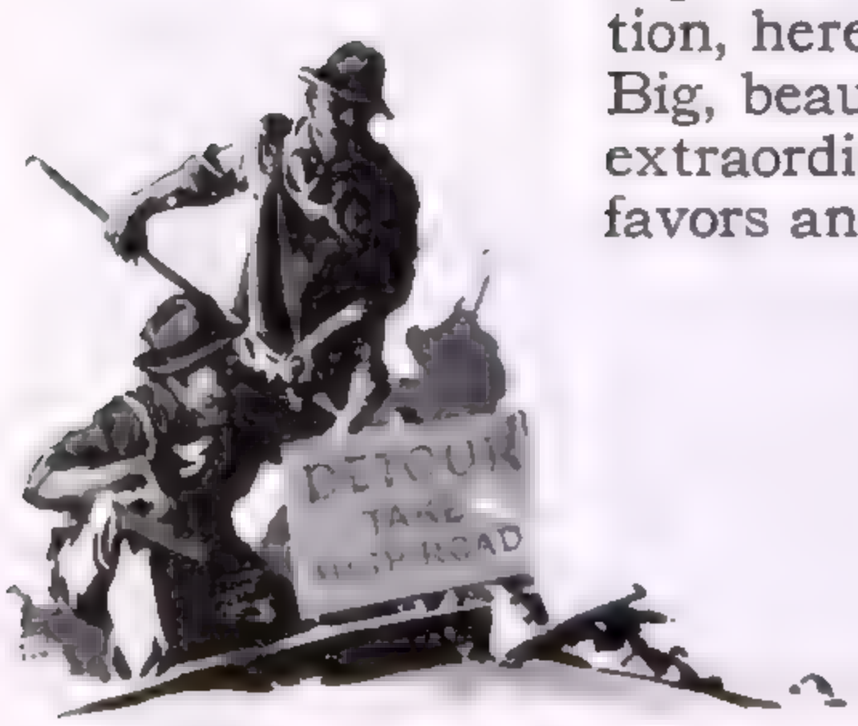

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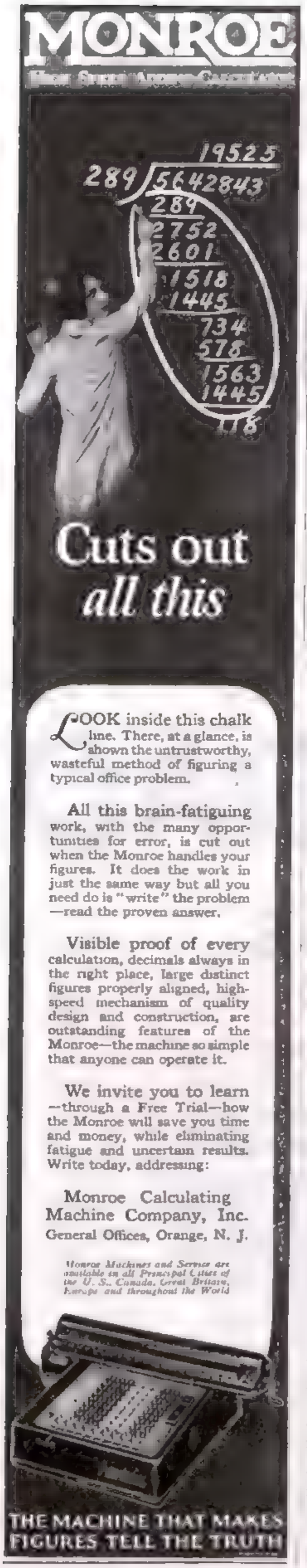
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THE MACHINE THAT MAKES FIGURES TELL THE TRUTH

(Continued from Page 56)

right in being dissatisfied, for routine occupations that require one only to do the same thing in the same way week after week naturally carry very limited opportunities. Naturally, also, most young men and some young women think they could sprint if they had a chance. When they think so, I advise them to try it. But if one has run the elevator or manipulated the adding machine for only a year, one knows exactly how to do that. It does not require exertion, but only endurance. It is easy, safe, fat. Striking out in a new field requires effort and risk.

I have in mind just now two young people, one male and the other female; both youngsters of promise, I should say; certainly not lazy by any ordinary standards. Both, however, are subject to that very common affliction of youth—a clamorous self-consciousness. Sometimes this takes the obnoxious form of conceit; but usually in youth, as in the cases I have in mind, it takes the form of shyness. The idea of walking in on a stranger to ask something of him appalls these young people. They are unable to take it impersonally, as a part of the maze of barter by which the whole world lives. Acute self-consciousness is a weakness. Quailing at a risk is a weakness. Both present the same opportunity of yielding to temptation, or of overcoming it, that a boozing habit or a gambling habit presents. Timid youth is always aware of its weakness.

Can't-Help-Themselves School

People know that they ought to do a great deal better than they pretend to. Conceit appears to be the one ineradicable vice, because its victim cannot see it himself. Apparently your conceited ass will make an insufferable exhibition of himself all the evening and go away convinced that he has charmed everybody. All other vices, I think, are equipped with automatic alarms, as loud as the cheap clock. The drunkard, the gambler, the shirk, the coward, the liar, know perfectly well that they are indulging unprofitable habits. Their alarm clocks go off as advertised.

Of course, we may hastily muffle the unpleasant sound and then elaborately lie to ourselves—pretend it was a false alarm and there are valid reasons for continuing to booze, shirk, flinch, lie, or what not. But we don't actually believe the lies. We really know better. Why was the clock equipped with an alarm except to wake the man up? If he had been incapable of waking up, there would have been no sense in putting an alarm on the clock. Always he is capable of waking up. The power to overcome the fault is always there if he really wants, right down to his toes, to apply it.

Nowadays there is a flourishing Can't-Help-Themselves School. You hear it at every murder trial.

"Having planned the act for six weeks," says counsel for the defense, "this poor young man, who never did an honest day's work in his life, murdered a bank messenger and a policeman. But he couldn't help it. There were heredity and environment and temptation. He never had the advantage of a college education. Reading how many automobiles the Vanderbilt family has, drove him crazy. Punish the poor boy? Never! Give him a bouquet, rather."

It is a grave fact, attested by our yellow newspaper files, that we do give them ten bouquets to one pair of handcuffs. But the Can't-Help-Themselves School flourishes everywhere. Everybody always can help himself if he wants to.

If you will look around your own town you will probably find that it is the busiest men who have the most time. It is the bank president, the editor of the daily newspaper and the leading hardware merchant who have time to serve on the park board, the library board and the hospital building committee. Smith, retired from business and vegetating on the golf links, has no time for any such things. It is the very busy man who keeps his appointments to the minute, answers letters promptly and clears his desk daily. Having time to do things doesn't depend on the clock. It depends on whether one's mind is keyed up or running slack. A famous and very active eighteenth-century Englishman, receiving the congratulations of his friends on having lived seventy years, said, "But I have lived a hundred and forty years—two days in every one." There are oceans of time in a human life. Oceans of opportunity, too, particularly for Americans.

One's imagination can get little nourishment out of reading, in a government book, that in 1900 the inhabitants of the United States owned wealth worth eighty-eight billion dollars and in 1922 they owned wealth worth three hundred and twenty billions. That is too much like reading about astronomical distances. To read that in 1900 an automobile manufacturer was worth maybe three hundred dollars and in 1922 maybe three hundred million dollars brings it somewhat closer to ordinary human apprehension.

The Habit of Hitting Hard

But to get it in intimate human terms you have only to look around your own vicinity and among your own acquaintances. If your vicinity embraces a live city, the lot on Main Street is probably worth double or quadruple what it was in 1900. Everyone knows a good many men who have grown well-to-do or rich since 1900. Looking back over the quarter century, everyone now sees plainly that there was an ocean of opportunity—not for a privileged few but for everybody who kept awake. Surely in the next twenty-five years there will be a bigger ocean of opportunity for those who keep awake.

It is the moments when one gives up and lies down on the job that make the failures. Without doubt there is a great deal of habit in it—a habit of giving up or a habit of resisting. No one can live out a normal life without coming to moments that are very important, moments when it is going to make a lot of difference whether one hits it with all he has or lets it slide. In a critical moment you are to decide whether to get drunk, whether to push for a better job, whether to tell a hard truth or an easy lie. The details may vary endlessly; but it is the same punch that takes you through. Having the habit of it will make it come easier.

THE ROOKIE

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closely and catalogue his every action and his style and gesture and flourish and little peculiarities of walking, running, stooping over, throwing and various attitudes while passive as well as in action. There is $10,000, $20,000 or it may be $30,000 tied up in this rookie, and there is more than this. There may lie in his throwing arm or his batting eye the difference between a first and second division team, the difference between a pennant and third place; yes, and the difference for that manager himself of just another season or a grand and successful campaign.

A rookie has strange and startling experiences in camp, and he is lifted and lowered and torn by many emotions. I shall always remember the first time Jess Petty, the Indianapolis rookie, and Wilbert Robinson, his new chief, set eyes on each other. It was down at the camp of the Brooklyns in Clearwater in the spring of 1925, and Petty, who had been purchased only a few days before for a mere $25,000, came across the greensward in the glory of a perfect March morning of semitropic vintage. He came with a jaunty step and there was pride in his bearing, and you could hardly blame him for that. Had he not been a star pitcher in the American Association, and was he not now a full-fledged Robin of this famous brood?

Uncle Robbie had drawn a chair up near the coaching line and he sat there watching his new pitcher approach.

"That fellow is as fat as I am," muttered Robbie.

Now to me this seemed rank injustice, for Petty looked trim and fine as he swaggered along, while Robbie's belt had oft been likened unto a surcingle.

The unknown rookie came to a halt before the famous master of baseball men.

"Hello," said Robbie with affected gruffness. "You are Petty, I take it. How do you come to report so fat? You better run around the park six or seven times every day until you get down to weight. What have you been doing the past two weeks in the Indianapolis camp?"

Petty's proud bearing fell from him like a blanket. Abashed, he murmured something about being nearly down to weight. Then he hastened away. I watched him leave the squad practicing in the infield and make his way to the little running track just inside the park fence. There he started in a canter on his long, long trail.

After a while I saw Petty pitching to a veteran catcher and I heard his manager mutter about his side-arm delivery being bad.

That night around the hotel Petty sat apart from the others, looking thoughtful. His high bearing of the morning had drooped to an attitude that was at least pensive. The next day after practice I had a long visit with the $25,000 rookie from the Middle West. He was a burly, high-class looking fellow, well into his late twenties, and he had a strong, expressive face. He had served overseas with the United States forces and many strange and strong experiences had already been crowded into his young life. But there he was on the steepest, stoniest path of all.

"I saw action in the World War in France," he said, "and I worked quite a while in the American Association. I thought I had been through the mill. But I'll swear I am more nervous over this deal than I had ever thought to be again."

Here was a cool and competent veteran of many campaigns of peace and war, just a rookie, seeking to make good on the hardest assignment of all. A week later I saw Petty under fire in a game against the Yankees The man of the Argonne was nervous under this artillery blast and yielded many runs. But Robbie kept him on the firing line and he steadied down and held the foe pretty well in the later innings. Petty was sick a good deal during the pennant campaign. This burly fellow, hardened by war, succumbed to the strain and heat and travel of the season's grind. But late in the season I saw him take the acid test against the Giants. He pitched and won a hard-fought game, 3-2, that day. Not until then did he show his manager any real promise of any return on a $25,000 investment.

The case of Petty is not an extreme. Neither is it an average case. Once in a while a rookie with fiery ambition or nerves of iron comes to camp and makes good from the first week. McGraw felt sure of Kent Greenfield, his sensational pitcher of last season, from the start. And yet Greenfield had never been fifty miles from home until he went to play in the Virginia League two seasons before.

McGraw plucked Greenfield from Class B, farmed him out a year in the Eastern League for seasoning and then called him to the Giants' camp in the spring of '24, announcing with the first flight of the rookies

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PRICE

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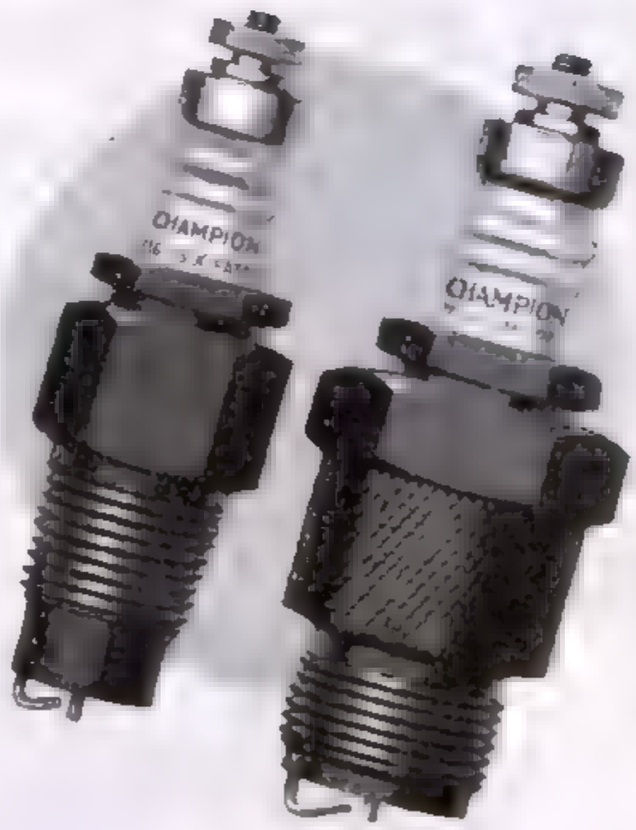

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A new set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles will restore power, speed and acceleration and actually save their cost many times over in less oil and gas used.

After 33 years of use he got a new jaw "just for looks"

Thirty-odd years of hard work had bent his STILLSON'S jaw a little (an engineer wrote us). The wrench still had the same old bite and the same trouble-killing power to make a pipe behave, but the appearance "annoyed" him. So we sent him a new jaw, "just for looks."

Every STILLSON we make is drop-forged out of the same fine steel, machined with the same hair-line accuracy, and heat-toughened to stand up under strains which would break many a wrench in two.

The handiest all-round wrench to use at home is the 10-inch STILLSON. Other sizes range from 6 to 48 inches.

STILLSON*, like Walworth, is a trade-mark and registered by its owner—the Walworth Company—in the U. S. Patent Office, in the several states, and in foreign countries.

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STILLSON*

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southward that this boy would be a great player.

Why? I doubt if McGraw himself knows. Certainly Greenfield does not know. When I asked him about it, he said, "I had to get the breaks even to get a chance to pitch a big-league game."

How can you tell about a rookie? They all stand out there in the sunlight, eager, clear-eyed, clean-limbed young men, keen, fast, competent and strong. Not Solomon himself or any one of the forty prophets from the school at Ramah could tell which ones were to be great and which ones were to drift back to the bush whence they came.

McGraw prophesied greatness for Greenfield before the training season came to an end, and the tall, quiet, backward rookie from a country town came through in the test of the pennant drive. Why? Because he was at his best in a pinch. His greatest major-league assets were invisible. His heart and his nerve won the guerdon. Raised in the hills of the Kentucky feud country, he had been taught to say little and do much. He had been schooled to coolness, gameness and resourcefulness. It was not good form where he came from to get excited in time of any stress or storm. Kentucky boys of class in the blue-grass hills carried a rifle when they were sixteen and faced death with a smile on their lips and a light in their eyes. So it was that Greenfield pitched his greatest ball against the league-leading Pittsburgh Pirates his first big-league year.

Ten rookie pitchers were in the camp that year who were huskier than Greenfield, had more speed and curves, appeared to be just as competent and cool and game. They pitched just as impressively in the practice games, but when pennant issues hung in the balance they could not control their nerves or concentrate their strength and skill enough to pitch up to their average form.

Yes, McGraw called the turn on Greenfield. But he let Eddie Rommel, the rookie, go one springtime some five or six years back and kept several rookie pitchers of that vintage, not one of whom ever was worth his transportation North as a big-league winner, while Rommel, picked up the next year by Connie Mack, is one of the most valuable players in the game today.

Out of the Mouths of Babes

Rommel, by the way, was a wonderful rookie. I watched him all through his first training season with the Athletics. Veteran baseball writers to this day remember and speak of this boy as he was in his rookie days. He loved baseball with all his heart and soul. He was insatiate in his desire for work. After pitching until his catchers made him stop, he would go to the infield and handle batted balls until the last coach, weary and worn, refused to hit another ball to him and turned and left the field; and even then I have seen Rommel inveigle another player or some small boy to throw balls to him on the short bounce. The result was he got into better condition than any man in camp. He became one of the best fielding pitchers in the game, and he acquired skill and steadiness and stamina to a marked degree. No one could ever have kept Rommel from becoming a great player.

And Rommel, the rookie, reminds me of the first critics that pronounced him great. There were a dozen promising rookies with Connie that spring, and I was anxious to send word back North as to who would make the big-league grade. One evening while having my shoes shined in front of the colored barber shop in the negro section, I bethought me that there was always a score or more of these colored boys who were deeply interested spectators at every practice game. So I asked the boy below me with the brush who was the best of the young players on the squad.

"Eddie Rommel," he answered quickly and with a finality of accent that closed all debate and caused all doubt to vanish away. Two or three other colored boys added their "Yes, indeed" to the declaration.

At the Detroit camp in Augusta, Georgia, the next year, Ty Cobb came to me just before a practice game and said to me in all seriousness: "I wish you would go over there and sit in that bleacher with all those colored boys and listen to them a while. I want to find out who is the best rookie in my squad."

Remembering the Rommel selection, I went without comment.

Driving away from the park that evening Cobb asked me, "Well, who is my best boy?"

"Lew Blue," I answered, without hesitation and with all the confidence in the world.

"Those colored boys are uncanny in their judgment on a young player," declared Cobb. "If I had their gift I could win the pennant every year."

The Good and Rough Old Days

Yes, the rookie looks mighty fine out there in the practice game, envied and admired by forty town boys who come to look on and by 4,000,000 boys who read about him in the papers day by day. And he is himself thrilled at times by the action of the game and chilled at times by the action of the famous but slipping veteran whose place he must usurp or go back to the bush. But at night around the hotel the rookie often sags down. The velvet blackness of those semitropic nights is not more somber than the thoughts that possess his soul.

Homesick boys are alike the world over, though one may tread the glory paths of big-league baseball and the other may just do his commonplace work as an office clerk or shop apprentice, but the effect is the same. Nothing much matters except home!

They do not haze rookies now as they used to in the old days. In fact, it is remarkable how kind and helpful the veterans are to the boys who are after their jobs. There was a time when a rookie had to fight or be run out of camp. There was a time when it was thought among the players, and even the fans, that a professional ball player had to swear and drink and be a rough, loud, swaggering guy to be a good player. But that day has passed forever. Scores and scores of quiet, soft-spoken, unassuming, courteous, clean-living young men have come into the game and proved under every test of battle and playing skill that they were the equal of the best the game ever knew. And they have proved more than this—they have proved that this type of player lasts longer in the big-league land.

One of Connie Mack's star rookies of a few years ago refused to go North until he had gone back home first to see his father and mother. He is a great player today. There was a rookie on the St. Louis Cards who shed tears before the gang when he heard that his sister was sick at home.

The rookies are clannish. They herd together around the camp, and yet they are close-mouthed among themselves. It is all but impossible to get them really to tell what they think and how they feel about their work or their fellows. Most ball players learn early the need of careful and brief speech in an atmosphere of strain, rivalry, jealousy and gossip.

I have visited with many a gorgeous and glittering rookie in camp who was pathetic in his loneliness and full of forebodings and untalked talk.

Only once did I ever hear a rookie express his real sentiments out loud before the players and correspondents. He was a six-foot-seven Alabaman, a left-hand pitcher with burning speed, sharp curves and wildness that could never be brought within the inexorable big-league law. He was a card, shrewd and possessed of a sense of humor. He knew right well and expressed what it was all about when he spoke thus:

"We are here today and gone tomorrow. What's the use in my kidding myself?

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Many more miles than is commonly practical.

Getting Around a Law

THERE is a law that limits the quality of tires,—even tires made by a conscientious manufacturer who tries to give the greatest possible value,—that is, tries to give the lowest cost per mile of tire service.

Economists call this, "The Law of Diminishing Returns",—here's the simple explanation of it.

The tire that costs the least *per wheel* commonly costs the most *per mile* of service delivered.

To bring down the cost per *mile* which is the real cost of tires, you have to put more cost into making the tire, and increase the cost per *wheel*.

Up to a certain point, every dollar added to cost per wheel decreases the cost per *mile*.

But each dollar added to cost per *wheel* reduces cost per mile a little less than the previous dollar—the return diminishes—gets less and less.

Finally, it begins to go the other way—more dollars of cost per *wheel*, yield still more miles, but not practical miles, because they begin to cost more than the previous miles.

The reason that Mansfield can go on putting more miles into tires than is commonly practical is simple.

The great Hardware Wholesalers distribute Mansfields at record low cost.

That gives us extra dollars with which to build in those thousands of extra miles of trouble-free service that Mansfields so regularly deliver *at no extra cost to you*.

That is how Mansfield gets around the law that commonly limits tire quality.

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Women need not stay in—prisoners of bad weather. WEED Chains permit them to drive safely under all conditions. And the man whose car is safeguarded with WEED Chains is saved hours of worry when members of his family take the car out.

Motorists wisely rely on WEEDS because WEEDS have given satisfaction in the gruelling test of actual service since 1903. The world's largest cab companies equip with WEEDS for the same sound reasons—at "the first drop of rain."

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WEED CHAINS

Overcome skidding, nerve-strain, and muddy roads

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I gave about twelve bases on balls in that game today and within a few days the manager is going to give me transportation back to old Alabam'. And it's all right. I'm glad I came, and I'll be glad to go. Only thing I wish is that I had learned more about all those cities I've played in instead of just sitting and gazing around the hotel lobbies and looking at the pine boards they make their ball parks out of."

A big-league manager pays but little attention to his rookies around the hotel lobby, but he worries a lot over them when they prance across the practice field before him on light, gay feet, their bodies supple and tireless, arms like a coiled spring, skilled hands and the love of the game running riot through the invincible youth of them. How is he to tell about some of these recruits? How is he to know who can fool big-league batters and who can hit big-league pitchers? These are two essentials that are beyond any manager's coaching and are hidden from any manager's gaze. Only the acid test of the pennant race can decide whether the rookie has them or has them not.

The Heart of a Rookie

I thought of these things down in the camp of the St. Louis club one day while watching a big rookie pitcher out there on the hill. He had been a failure for two or three seasons and had only just found himself at the close of the pennant race the previous fall. I had been interested in him ever since he came to the team, a big, awkward, shambling, shuffling Missouri farmer boy. I come from Missouri myself. He had enough bulk and power to throw a projectile from a nine-inch gun and wreck another Verdun, and so he was overplayed and overestimated at first. When he failed to show against the cunning batsmen of his league his first few times out, he was promptly underestimated, as is the way of human nature.

"How did you folks find out about this boy?" I asked the manager of the team.

He gave me his serious attention at once. "It is a great story," he said, "and also a simple one. The trouble was, he looked too impressive. Too much was expected of him. He had blinding speed and amazing curves. Everybody got impatient with him because he did not deliver right off the reel. It seemed as though he was hooted and snubbed and sat upon by almost everybody in Eastern Missouri. He pitched a little and showed still less. He was a kind of a white elephant being carried around with the team.

"I do not know why he was kept on the pay roll and under contract. Just good luck and the friendliness of fate, I guess. Makes me tremble now to think how near he came to being cast adrift. But somehow we hung on to this big fellow, hoping every spring he would come through, and getting sore on him every summer. And then one day someone had a great inspiration. 'Why not try to work on his state of mind?' argued this analyst. He had been trained and tutored and cussed and fed and snubbed for three years in vain. This was the last chance.

"Say, did you ever see a guy light a fire in a big furnace under a bigger boiler? Ever see him light the oiled splinters and craftily stoke the coal? Ever hear that boiler begin to vibrate and spit white steam and devastating force through its safety valve? That was the effect kind treatment, friendliness and confidence had on this young ball player.

The big fellow warmed up under words of praise like a stove. The warmth in his heart flowed out through his cold arm. A flame passed into all the vast recesses of him and he began to pour rifle shots into the big mitt.

"You know the rest. Along about September the boy began to win ball games with regularity for our team. We look to him this year as one of our best bets to win the flag. He always had everything a great pitcher needed except confidence, and when everybody on the team from the manager down turned in and began to pour confidence into his cup it soon ran over, and now it floats our ship on a pennant tide."

That boy! All he did was pitch a shutout game against Chicago his first time out that year. The big farmer boy came quickly into his own when his manager and his mates came up close to him and clasped his hand and thawed his frozen, lonely coils and spoke warm words that started the spark in that great bulk to glowing.

How many rookies like him come up every year and go back to the bush? I wonder!

How many great pitchers and batsmen in the raw never reach the finished-product stage?

The first week in camp is the hardest. A curt word or two from the club secretary when the rookie is assigned his room at the hotel along with another dazed rookie. Then he is shown his locker in the clubhouse and given a uniform by the coach. Of course he gets a thrill the first time he puts on that uniform. But the brevity and apparent indifference of the manager daunt him and he is a bit confused by the crowd of strange rookies on the practice field, some of them trying for the same place on the team he is after. The *élan* of the veterans, their confidence, their care-free manner, humble him. During that first week of practice he must summon all his grit and courage to help him put a little confidence and dash into his play. And until he has found himself and begun to show something of his actual ability on the field, and won some recognition and made some friends, the rookie is a forlorn figure at times as he wanders about the training-camp town outside of practice hours.

The most baffling of all rookies is the one with the minor-league complex. That is to say, the boy who is a star in the minors but who either cannot hit major-league pitchers or who cannot fool major-league batters. Boys like this come up with price tags on them as high as $50,000 and they are not worth a picayune in major competition.

They have the natural ability, the experience and apparently everything to make their way in the majors except state of mind. The big time flusters them and flutters them, and they can never get over it. Back to the minors they go, and there they compile batting and pitching records better than those of other recruits from their league who come up after them and make good.

The Show-Off in Baseball

And there are reasons other than state of mind why fine minor-league players fail to make good in fast company. Not so long ago one of the big teams had a most promising young left-hand pitcher. He could put stuff on the ball to make his manager marvel. He had plenty of confidence too. In fact, he had too much. He spent so much time with the girls and so much thought on his clothes that he made but little progress. In fact, this truly great young player took his baseball so lightly that he finally was sent back to the minors. He has learned his lesson, they say, and is coming back, a chastened young man, and a most promising player.

Another thing that sends many a sterling rookie back to the bush is his lack of judgment in taking care of himself. He eats too much or he overexerts himself or he warms up or cools off too quickly. And then there are wonderful prospects who fail for what reason no man knoweth. I remember a boy Mack had a few years ago. He was an underhand pitcher, coached by none other than the late Eddie Plank. This boy pitched impressively in the practice games. He let the slugging St. Louis Cardinals down with one hit in five innings one day.

A great boy. He had the curves and he had the control, and he had good sense and courage too. I know, for I roomed with him on one trip. I would have wagered my

(Continued on Page 64)

They're Safer in a Marmon

Traffic dangers have so multiplied that every prudent motorist is now forced to accept the safety of his family as a personal responsibility. He gives greater consideration than ever before to the safety factors of the car he buys.

This rightful value placed on safety is partly responsible for Marmon's great increase in ownership. Marmon now reaps the reward of years of safety development.

Marmon's unsurpassed balance is due primarily to the design of its low-hung chassis. Few cars even approach Marmon in this safety fundamental.

Rugged strength is another vital essential. Marmon's deep frame is buttressed like a bridge. Wide, steel running boards are integral parts of this robust unit. These "side-bumpers" create a life-saving safety zone for Marmon passengers, fending off the side-swipes and collisions of traffic.

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Beyond these fundamentals many New Marmon features produce an entirely new type of super-power flow, always ready to whisk the car out of danger's way. No wonder that prudent motorists, determined to secure maximum safety for their families, serenely select the New Marmon in ever-increasing numbers.

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Let us send you a full 10-day tube. Note how teeth lighten and gums become firm when those dingy film coats go.

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HERE is a way to whiten cloudy teeth that leading dentists of the world approve. It marks a new era in tooth and gum care. It is changing the tooth cleaning habits of the world.

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Teeth disfigured by film. The health of gums imperiled

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

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That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy

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Continued from Page 62

typewriter he would make a star. But he failed and Mack had to let him go in midseason. I asked Connie what the trouble was with this boy

"I don't know," replied the veteran leader frankly. "He ought to be a great pitcher, but he's not. That's all there is to it."

And then there was a left-hander who had the sharpest curves I ever saw, and he had control, too, and nerves of iron. But he would not try. He lacked the flaming spark to make that long, steep big-league grade. However, it took one manager two years and another smart manager a year to find this out. And this same pitcher is coming back this year for another trial. They look so big and strong and impressive out there in the box at times that they dazzle the keenest eye and fool the smartest brains in baseball. You cannot see inside that bulky form.

The rookie runs a risk. Many a promising lad has suffered a broken bone or sprained ankle or torn tendon just as he was making good. One of the most sensational infielders the Giants ever had was struck on the head by a pitched ball his third week in camp and his baseball career ruined by the blow.

One of the bravest rookies of them all was George Kelly, first baseman for the Giants. He was so tall, he was awkward at his position. But that was not the worst. He could not hit! Imagine a first baseman who batted only .158 his first season! Of course he was a utility man. He raised that average to .188 his second year. He dropped to .067 his third year. They do say he went for thirty games and did not make a hit. And still McGraw clung to him and still Kelly kept trying, and the rookie who never lost heart finally found his batting eye. He is one of the deadliest hitters in the game today and McGraw would not take $100,000 for him. The heart of a rookie is his most valuable asset.

The Kitty Who Came Back

Sometimes the rookie thinks he has not a friend in camp. But he always has one—the scout who discovered him. The big-league scout sticks to his rookie closer than a brother, and even after his boy has gone back to the bush, the scout has many alibis for his failure to make good.

An idea of how deceptive a raw rookie can be may be given in the case of Heinie Groh, the great third baseman. Groh was a rookie in McGraw's camp years ago and he was so awkward in fielding a fly ball that it actually struck him on the head. That settled him with McGraw. He was let out, and then there came a time when McGraw bought his erstwhile rookie back from Cincinnati for $75,000.

There was a most interesting rookie in Robbie's Brooklyn camp last year in the person of Rube Erhardt, the pitcher. This boy had been up and down the minor-league ladder and buffeted by baseball fortune until finally he was thrown out of the Kitty Three-Eye League. I say thrown out, he was simply released. But that was surely the last straw.

Erhardt drifted South and started all over again as a semipro. He became so good that Robbie called him up and suddenly threw him into the breach of the pennant fight in the waning days of the 1924 season. This cast-off won six games in seven starts, and his timely aid brought Brooklyn within an eyelash of the pennant.

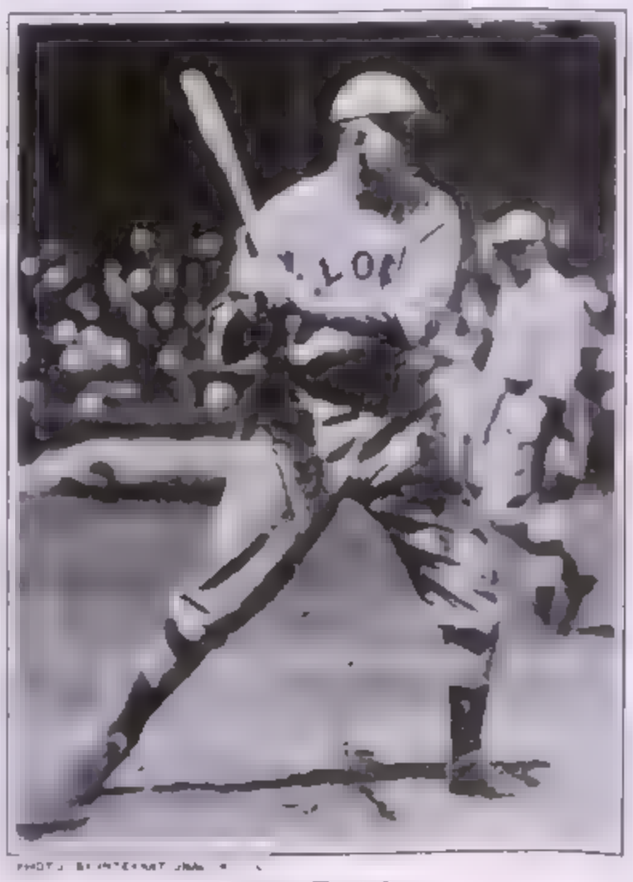
Funny thing about Erhardt. A manly fellow, earnest, serious, sensible, with flashes of pitching greatness. He was eager and confident in the training camp in the spring of 1925. He felt that he had won his big-league spurs at last. But he was a disappointment last year. And yet Robbie still counts on him to come through

There was a Giant rookie who pitched in an exhibition game against the champion Washington Senators during the last training season, and he set them down one-two-three the first two innings.

"He seems to be quite a pitcher," I remarked to McGraw.

"Yes," replied the Giant manager, "he's all right as long as there's no one on base."

That was his weakness. In the next inning a Senator got on first base and the rookie began to worry. He worried himself into a hole and he was batted for three runs in that frame.



Rogers Hornsby

A Big-League Polonius

One of the most interesting attachments of the training camp that ever came under my observation was that between Rogers Hornsby, champion batsman of the St. Louis Cardinals, and Joe Dugan, the brilliant and temperamental third baseman, now with the New York Yankees. Hornsby was already a star when Dugan was in his rookie days with the Philadelphia Athletics; and, as their teams trained within a few miles of each other in the Southland, and played many interleague exhibition games together, these two, by some chance, became close friends.

One could not conceive of two more contrasting personalities than these two young men. Hornsby is serene, steady, indomitable. Dugan is high-strung, sensitive and prone to alternating moods of brooding and exhilaration. And it happened that these two took me within the circle of their intimacy and we used often to walk together at night down the deserted streets of that Southern town or sit by the lake and listen to the mockingbird try in vain to imitate the notes of the owl.

Hornsby was a father and a mother to Dugan in those days. The calm, steadfast, sensible batting champ gave much sound advice and helpful counsel to the unctuous and fretful young infielder.

"Nobody will ever know how much help Hornsby has been to me," Dugan confided to me one day. "I get sore and discouraged over it all and am tempted so often to do something foolish. You'd think that fellow Hornsby was my father, the way he talks to me and the way I take it, and here he is only three or four years older than I am."

Hornsby's strong and sincere spirit kept the temperamental Joe at his post more than once when he was tempted to jump the camp and the team. Their friendship is strong still and is of the sort that will endure

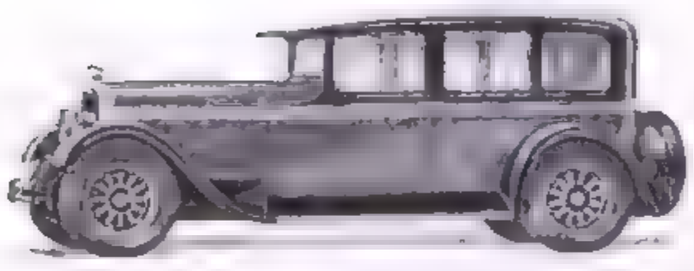
(Continued on Page 66)

Body engineering has advanced!

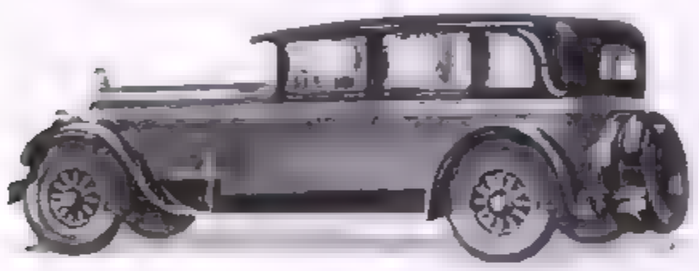
Six Smart Models

All bodies especially designed under the supervision of

Brewster
of New York



The NEW STUTZ 5-passenger SEDAN



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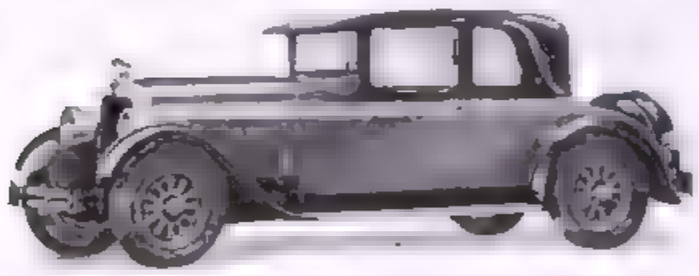

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STUTZ
SAFETY 8 CHASSIS

The NEW STUTZ

NOT only is there new safety, new comfort, new roadability and new performance in this more-than-modern automobile; there is also new beauty, new smartness of line, new gracefulness.

The new and different engineering of the chassis, accomplishing a greatly lowered center of gravity, makes practicable a low-hung body dropped closer to the ground than ever was possible with chasses of recent conventional design.

And all this while providing full road clearance and more than ample headroom; without lessening the space between floor and roof; without resorting to any subterfuge to gain low appearance at the expense of convenience and comfort.

Body five inches nearer the ground
—yet providing full road clearance and headroom

Radically lowered center of gravity
—giving greater safety, comfort and roadability

Quiet, long-lived, worm-drive rear axle
—permitting lowered body; it improves with use

90 H.P. motor; with overhead camshaft
—novel design; smooth, flexible, vibrationless

New, non-leaking hydrostatic brakes
—inherently equalized; quick-acting and positive

Master body-builders have long awaited the day when a chassis should so be engineered that the body of the car could be designed on ideal lines—when the last trace of horse-drawn vehicle traditions could be discarded—when an automobile could be modelled on a pure automobile form, appropriate to the automobile's service and scope, reflecting the automobile's power and speed, bespeaking the automobile's dignity and importance.

So, in The NEW STUTZ is presented a motor car as advanced in appearance as it is in mechanical performance; an automobile of hithertofore unknown symmetry; of distinctive and distinguished elegance and luxury; of a new type that compares with past hybrid design as a thoroughbred animal compares in conformation with one of mixed ancestry.

The NEW STUTZ closed models provide the utmost in safety, comfort, convenience, and beauty of appointments.

Narrow front-corner pillars allow full vision; windshields are of safety-glass; seat springs are of full depth, and very luxurious; the upholstery is of the finest, rich and distinctive; there are comfortable arm-rests and lolling-straps; vanity-cases and other voguish fittings add smartness and convenience; all door-handles and other interior metal parts are of exclusive design. Ventilators on all closed-body doors give air circulation at all times.

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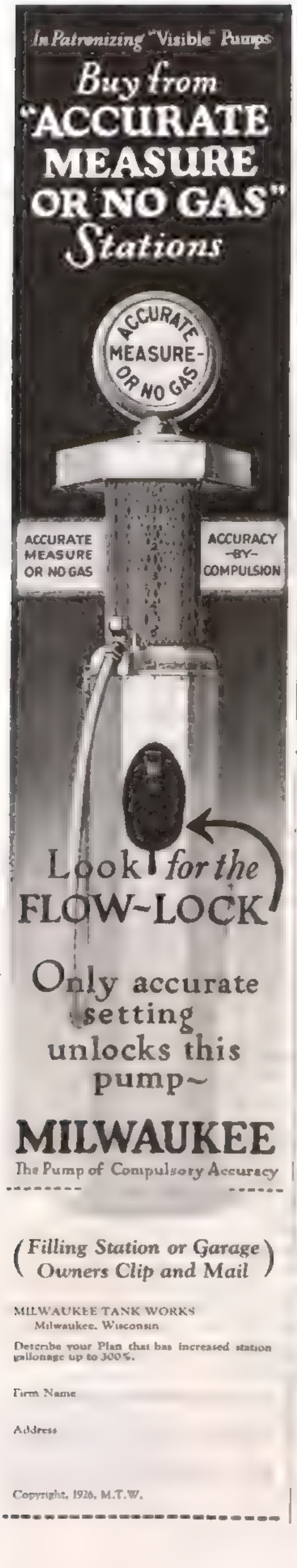
In Patronizing "Visible" Pumps

Buy from "ACCURATE MEASURE OR NO GAS" Stations



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Only accurate setting unlocks this pump~

MILWAUKEE

The Pump of Compulsory Accuracy

(Filling Station or Garage Owners Clip and Mail)

MILWAUKEE TANK WORKS
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Describe your Plan that has increased station gallonage up to 300%.

Firm Name

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(Continued from Page 64)

Dugan, the rookie, was troubled or thrilled about something or other every day. Hornsby, the rookie, was never troubled or thrilled much about anything. Two types as far apart as the poles, and yet they became close friends and both battled their way to stardom. Dugan, by the way, speaking once of his early trials, uttered these sage and sound words for all young players:

"I broke into the big league when I was only eighteen, and that was a big mistake. A boy is too young at that age to stand the strain of competition and endeavor he finds there. Honestly, if I had it all to do over again, I would never undertake it, even if I knew in advance that I was sure to win my way and become a star. No boy ought to tackle the big-league grade until he is twenty-one."

Let the Buyer Beware!

No rookie that ever lived had a harder time than Dazzy Vance, the strike-out king of today. Vance was first signed by the New York Yankees. And about the first time he cut loose on a big-league pitching hill a pain shot through the elbow of his pitching arm, and then for four years he was shunted all along the ellipse of the minor-league posts and pillars of Toledo, Memphis, New Orleans, Sacramento and Rochester, taking the gaff that a pitcher with a lame arm and a game heart must and can take from adverse fortune. Then back he came a second time as a rookie, this time to the camp of the Brooklyns at Jacksonville, Florida, and there I sat often with him at night in the hotel lobby and heard all about his hopes and fears.

No soldier of fortune can tell a braver or more interesting story than Dazzy Vance can tell.

There is no gamble in all the world of business and of play like the gamble of the big-league magnate with the rookie. No merchandise since the Phœnician traders carried dyestuffs and diamonds in frail ships across uncharted seas has had such uncertain values in destined markets as has the rookie who is transported in his raw state from the Southern camps to the markets of the big-league ball parks.

Consider this amazing gamble: Mathewson, Lajoie, Wagner, Alexander, Cobb, Eddie Collins, Hornsby and Frisch—not one of these baseball immortals cost their owners more than $1000. And yet Sam Breadon, owner of the St. Louis team, refused $250,000 for Hornsby, and not one of the others but what would have brought that sum in their prime at the prevailing prices of players today.

And on the other hand, I call to mind the authentic cases of eight rookies purchased within the past three years by major-league club owners at an average price of $50,000, not one of whom even made good, to say nothing of becoming a star.

Barney Dreyfuss, owner of the Pittsburgh Pirate champions, who recently brought four rookie stars into the league in one season, paid $100,000 for three minor-league pitchers one springtime some three years ago and not one of these boys ever won a game for him in the pennant race.

There is one more phase: The rookie is bought and sold, you know, just as slaves were before the Civil War. Toward the close of the training season there come to the training camps the minor-league magnates, seeking to buy those boys who are not yet ready for the big-league market. Here is tragedy coming to throw its shadow across the sunlit fields of play.

Picture a scene on a hotel veranda in a training camp down in Louisiana a few years ago. Four magnates sit there in the morning light, talking earnestly. Three of them own minor-league clubs and they have come to buy. The fourth is the owner of the major-league club training in that town, and he has slaves to sell. After a while I left them and went into the dining room for lunch. Three rookies sat with me at the table. From time to time they looked fearfully out of the window at the magnates four upon the porch.

"I hope —— does not get me," said one. "I'll quit baseball before I play for him."

In the lobby of the hotel after lunch I found a dozen rookies sitting round about, but there was no light laughter in the room; no horseplay and kidding. The cigar girl sat dejected and forsaken behind her case.

I rubbed my eyes and looked out upon the glory of a summer midday of the Southland.

Was this before or after the Civil War, this day so fine?

Bargaining With the Minors

Four slave dealers sitting on a Louisiana hotel porch in the splendor of the noonday. Three had come to buy slaves from the fourth. Crouched in the shadows of the room within, these slaves sat back on their haunches and muttered at their impending doom. Did they hear already the flick of the lash? Those white cotton rows they soon might have to hoe, were they then so dark?

The tall, thin man out there on the porch looked a lot like Simon Legree, but in reality he was the kindest and fairest and finest of the four. Beware of that fat man, slaves, the one with the broad, bluff, good-humored-appearing face. When he smiles he bites, and when he bites his venomed tooth will rankle to the death.

Bah, let us wake up! These are only four baseball magnates, come to ol' Louisian' sixty years after the last musket shot of the Civil War had made all slaves free men. They are not seeking slaves. They desire to purchase pampered baseball artists whom they will transport in Pullmans from one gilded hotel to another. They will pay these young men at least $500 a month for five hours of play a day.

Forget it, fellows; and besides, I will tell you a secret: Your owner is going to carry every one of you back up to the Northland with him. And that fat man with the cruel smile will not get a single one of you to pick his cotton from the boll under the urge of his lash.

The New York Giants at Their Camp at Sarasota, Florida, Warming Up for the Coming Season

For those rosy cheeks —try hot breakfasts

Quick Quaker—*luscious and strength building —cooks in 3 to 5 minutes*

FOR sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks—"hot oats and milk," say authorities on child feeding.

Because of limited cooking time, many mothers were serving less nourishing breakfasts, so Quaker Oats experts perfected Quick Quaker.

Savory, flavory and delicious, it's cooked and ready in 3 to 5 minutes. That's quicker than toast, quicker than coffee! Why not have richer, more nourishing breakfasts then? Ask your grocer for Quick Quaker. You will be delighted with it.

All that rich Quaker flavor; all its smooth deliciousness, are retained. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference.

Your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and Quick Quaker.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Standard full size and weight packages —

Medium: 1 and ¼ pounds
Large: 3 pounds, 7 oz.

TROUBLE IN THE DUST

(Continued from Page 13)

"—— try bulldoggin' again tomorrow. I wish you wouldn't."

"I've got to, Gracie."

"All right for you," she said, turning back toward the lamplit kitchen.

He reflected it wasn't fair to use Ripper's ranch as a hospital—not habitually. He wanted to do what Gracie asked, but couldn't budge the thing that had been growing in him for three years.

"I got to do it tomorrow," he thought.

Next afternoon career lured him on a step. He dropped his steer eighty feet past the chalk line and from the back of the stodgy palomino. Not only that, Slim Hasson rocked up to him and the words sank in:

"Neat, kid. You'd have got him ten feet sooner from my little red hoss, Strick. Watch me!"

On foot, Slim reeled; but a few minutes later, after sprawling to the saddle, drink seemed to die out of him; only daring remained. A steer was loosed and Slim dropped him a second or two short of Mull's time. A bit of swagger in the big fellow's laugh as he called, "Why, I could down a ton of bull today!"

"He ought to try the Weaver," Ripper muttered, not forgetting the steer Slim had pegged the year before.

Dogface Burns, standing by, relayed Ripper's words to the crowd. Presently Slim caught the drift. The smoldering flames in his brain were fanned high with the big idea. Twenty minutes later the signal was called for open gate.

A Hereford steer doesn't run straight, but his course is a bee-line compared to a longhorn. The Weaver trotted out, no emasculated gregarian, but an utter brute in one piece that struck the crowd to silence. He stood several seconds, blowing himself white hot and taking in the blur of human faces, then started cross country as if to find his kingdom. Slim's pony took after on the left. The Weaver picked up full speed in thirty feet, but pounced into a left oblique as Slim's hand stretched out.

"He'd have got me and Jerry right there," said Mull, in a rapture of absorption.

The red horse Strick was lovely to watch. Slim was leaning over again when the Weaver darted to the right at a stiff angle. Strick lost ground in making the turn, but settled to take up the slack. The third time Slim's hand reached down, the Weaver stopped short, contrived a sort of hump under himself and started his return dash toward the corrals. The crowd was flung back as by a great broom. Ten feet from the gate of the bull's private pen Slim dived, and Mull, running backward, saw the malevolent scoop of the great horned head. A whimper from his own throat, a bellow from the dust ahead. The curse of his extinct race worked in the Weaver's horns and hoofs before he trotted away. Close to the ground Mull heard a choked laugh.

"And they called him the Weaver"—from Slim.

He was carried to the bunk house, and with others about, Mull felt he could walk out alone; but Red Price was seen behind presently, making circles in his direction.

"Slim wants you, Mull."

"Lord, I don't want to go back!"

"He's asked for you. Better hurry."

A little later Mull looked down at what was left of the Indian smile.

"Hello, kid," reached him. "He ain't exactly a show hoss, but the best all-round cow baby I ever played with. I won't be needin' Strick and you will."

Wide between the eyes, not a blemish; tough, quick, eager, a listener—that was the red horse, Strick. Out on range, Mull kept hearing Slim's easy Southy voice—even weeks afterward when the rains began. Every look and tone and word of the three times Slim had spoken stayed alive. Being close to Strick had a lot to do with it. On the first night of cold rain Mull left his blankets several times to pull Strick's tarp straight—glad as a mother to get up in the night. It was a sort of reverent honeymoon time, and the man had the feeling of sustained apology, too, all these weeks, never standing at Strick's head in an attitude other than that of one who couldn't hope to take Slim's place.

He didn't try to teach anything until the following spring; it was all in finding out what the red horse knew—always more than he hoped for. Mull thrilled for hours at each fresh discovery—what Slim had put into that most intimate labor.

The day came when he saw at a glance the meaning of all his deep disappointments of the year before in not finding the right horse.

"I wouldn't have been ready for Strick then," he thought.

The following spring and summer the two trained each other toward one end, and Strick was a five-year-old that fall and Mull was twenty-one and ran off with the local rodeo. One of the things he did was to sit to the whistle a snorting horse named Grindstone from the tulies back of Mineral Wells—a matter of seconds only, but Mull heard his spine crack twice and was otherwise disturbed by the musical accompaniment the old gray worked up his bucking with.

"He shouldn't ought to been called Grindstone—that hoss," said Dogface Burns. "Saxophone's his right name."

Bulldogging didn't take it out of Mull that fall as Grindstone did, and he was surprised to hear that he had done so well.

"He's got the goods," said Red Price, circling the bunk-house floor to get to the fireplace. "Slim knew it 'fore we did. Even when Mull rolled off that old cheese, Jerry, to down his steer, Slim knew. Mull's got the goods—only he ain't a show-off gent."

"You mean show-off to a grand stand," Ripper returned quickly. "Mull don't need to put a flourish on for the judges to know what he's doing. He don't need to wear a yellow shirt and wave his hand and bow, to tie his calf in eighteen seconds and down his ox in ten. Mull's a cowboy's cowboy—that's what Mull is!"

"But he's figurin' to end up in Hollywood!" persisted Red, which silenced the Eight-O boss for the rest of that day. Ripper's sudden overflow of feeling toward the young hand was partly possessive and partly energized by a big idea which came to head the night before when he had found Mull and Gracie sitting in tortured silence together. Ripper had been making some money on longhorns and expected to make more. The ferment of his idea took the form of an advertisement designed for Hollywood, Mull Rakes and his red horse Strick to hang it there.

Mull had been sitting with Gracie in the summer kitchen, but also with Weaver the bull. He had a way of endlessly studying the longhorn from the gatepost of the stockade, as if trying to solve a mystery only less deep than woman. The big he-cow of old Texas model was coming into his full powers of darkness—unmistakable look of a demon about him, and not so obsolete—like something done in gray iron by a sculptor more daring than Slim had ever been—narrow, rakish, a corset-hox head and flaring antlers. He sniffed and pawed and stared back at Mull, who had to be quite alone when working upon the mystery. If anyone came up to him he would go away, sooner or later to come back alone. Finally he was seen leading Strick up to the bars, though not for long at first, as it was quite a strain on the red horse, sweat breaking out under Mull's soothing hand. Ripper broke in on Mull's ruminations at the pen one day.

"I'm stakin' you to time and change for a little trip to Cheyenne and Pendleton this fall," he said.

"Why, it might take three years for me to make a showing in that company up there, Ripper. Why, even Slim was only runner-up in his best year."

"Bein' modest won't hurt your chances none, Mull. In the weeks we have left I ain't sayin' to keep off them oxen; only don't get careless."

Mull sauntered shyly 'round the Cheyenne grounds two days before the frontier show began. A tall cowboy in a shirt of crimson silk showed ahead and vanished under the flap of the top-hoss tent—figure and walk enough like Slim Hasson's to give Mull a memorable shock. He followed into the tent. Face to face, the likeness ended—no Indian smile, but a sullen and solitary look he knew well from studying a photograph at home—Curley Tait, all-round cowboy champion of the world for the past two years.

Mull had already located Bob Cawkins, of Miles City, runner-up to Tait for two years, and Cawkins' friend, Paddy Flynn, of the same Montana town, a high-standing performer. Others coming in—Blondie Spooner, Boise Farrel, Breezy Strong, Firebull Peters, Vic Deering—trick roper and rider of the age—Canuck Looie from the upper border, Coyote Padilla from Chihuahua, and half a hundred others talked over the year round by the little fires at the cattle edges. Not mere names in the air now; their boots tramped the dust. And not only the big boys of sage and saddle leather. Mull turned at a lunch rail on the grounds to find at his left a girl in riding breeches with a hot sausage in one hand and a lit cigarette in the other.

"Prairie Lily Kent," was whispered across the gas plate a moment later, and Mull watched her depart, dropping her bread rinds—the darling of the West. He felt suddenly lonesome. The same day, only a little later, bending over a poker blanket with the boys—Dundee Jessie, holder of two records, the wonder of science for her fast-knitting bones and the world's only lady bulldogger. Mull was choked with insoluble diffidence. Strick wasn't much help either. On his picket line with a string of the best cow and trick ponies of the West, he appeared also to have a bad case of less-than-the-dust.

Down at the Death Cell, Mull felt slightly easier. This was the yard where the bad horses were kept—Old Blighter, Crossbearer, Black Saliva, Little Smoke, Moonshine, Drowsy Waters, Gangrene, Pancho Villa, Drainman—the last a new horse from Idaho, said by those who brought him positively to be the blackest hearted in the business. Mull gradually got the outlaws straight in his mind as the numbers were painted on. They churned and spiraled into a tighter circle, pressing in like bees. Any movement of his, such as placing his hand on the upper bar of the fence, stirred the mass as if it had been a crock of wine.

On the morning of the first show day Mull learned he was picked to ride that afternoon. His name was spelled Rakins on the program—the first time he'd ever seen it in print. The horse opposite his name was Pancho Villa, a scarred bay which he had studied especially yesterday, because Ripper Townsend had seen him at Fort Worth two years back.

"That Pancho horse couldn't learn a bad habit—he's got 'em all," Ripper had reported.

In the tent of eats at lunch, Mull sat next to Blondie Spooner, who softly remarked, "I never saw you before, mister, but that horse you ride ——"

"You knew Slim?" Mull eagerly asked.

"Yeah." Mull couldn't think of anything further to say. Minutes afterward Blondie leaned back with a light, adding, "They tell me you was there."

"Yeah." Mull felt immersed in the thick of life. He walked with Blondie down toward the Death Cell. At a little distance Curley Tait strolled by alone in his splendid shirt, and Mull's companion suddenly became communicative.

"'Fraid he wouldn't get pointed out if he didn't flare red like that—down on the program as hailin' from Hollywood, instead of Billings, where he belongs."

All of which opened a new and challenging world to Mull.

"Curley's sure more of a movin' picture every year," Blondie added. "Not much like Bob Cawkins, is he? Bob ain't so hell on shirts, but there's a cowboy's cowboy."

A most complicated world.

Pancho Villa was saddled quietly enough through the bars, but the Maltese maniac, Drainman, was slashing in the next chute. Al Pico, to whom the Idaho horse had fallen first day out, was perched upon the top boards.

"Pass me up a chew tobacco," he called.

A voice from below drawled, "What's the use? You'll have a mouthful of dust in a minute."

"'Fraid you're right. Guess they don't want to see me in the arena after today. Oh, I say, did you see that?"

"Sure did. Clear-grained killer."

Mull also had seen Drainman stand up and strike at the top plank where Pico had sat half a second before. When the gate was swung, he uncoiled a shocking twist in the first ten yards, then whipped himself out straight.

"Nothing like that—nothing like that!" in an awed way from Mull. "Grindstone was pretty tough, but nothing like that."

An empty saddle. Some delay. Mull watched the pick-up men driving the devil horse to the far end of the arena. Drainman hadn't been so involved in his getting clear of the rider as to miss sinking a hoof into Al as he fell.

Still in his saddle on Pancho in the chute, Mull observed the ambulance roll in to get the fallen one.

"Another kind of pick-up men—in white coats," he thought, dropping into a queer deep study that involved Slim. A voice outside yelled, "Are you ready—there in the chute? Mull Rakes comin' out on Pancho Villa next. Throw your fit, Pancho!"

The gate was flung open. Pancho buckled under him until the stirrups touched the ground, then essayed a look at the world from straight up. In the second or two of teetering the megaphoned voice of the announcer reached Mull: "Look at that new boy on Pancho! Champion buster, only nobody knows it but his own folks!"

He wasn't down to business or words from outside wouldn't have reached him right then, nor the searing laugh of the crowd that followed. Pancho had uncorked; it was like the head of a dragon that snapped round and struck Mull's knee, the stirrup swinging free. The whistle meant quit to the old actor Pancho, and Mull stepped down from a quiet horse, the chill of the crowd's laughter settling into him as he limped away. He had a bad time with himself not to start back for Texas that night.

The next afternoon he tied his calf, downed a steer and rode Little Smoke with somewhat better than average score, though nothing short of a startling performance could have put him into the finals after losing a pedal yesterday. For the rest, he became caught in the drama of Curley Tait and Bob Cawkins, now fighting it out for the third consecutive year. The spectators as usual were mightily taken with Curley, the show boy, while the contestants and others on the inside were no less than passionate for Bob Cawkins to come into his own.

The Idaho party sprung the point that it was all a matter of who got Drainman in the finals. Interest grew feverish when it was known that the drab devil had fallen to

(Continued on Page 73)

A New Motor Car Device

which has been adopted by:—

Checks the underlying cause of most

- Excessive Carbon
- Pitted Valves —*loss of power*
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And right here is the start of most serious engine troubles. For this allows raw gasoline to enter your cylinders. It forms carbon. It pits your valves. It seeps past pistons and dilutes crank-case oil. Often it is the unsuspected beginning of scored cylinders and burned-out bearings.

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With the Gas-Co-Lator the very finest particles of foreign matter are caught in a heavy heat-proof glass trap bowl. A 10-day collection will amaze you.

Automobile engineers were quick to see its value. And today all the motor cars listed here, are now equipping their new models with the Gas-Co-Lator—to give the customer greater satisfaction—to end what used to mean unavoidable trouble and repair bills.

Test it at our risk

If the car you drive is not equipped with a Gas-Co-Lator, we want you to test it out—at our risk. See for yourself, why engineers everywhere are adopting it.

Let your nearest dealer put a Gas-Co-Lator on your car. Use it 30 days. Return it if you want to. Your money will be refunded without question, by your dealer. This is an unconditional guarantee. You are sole judge.

Two models

The Gas-Co-Lator comes in two models. According to your car. If your Gas-Co-Lator is installed to filter your gas *before* it enters the vacuum tank, use the model with the chamois filter. If it is to filter your gas *after* it leaves the vacuum tank use the model with the fine mesh brass screen. Your dealer will advise you. Try it please—at our risk.

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Famous the world over for fleetness and handling ease, the Chevrolet, by virtue of recent improvements, brings a new source of driving delight to Chevrolet owners—marvelous smoothness at every speed and at every point in the power range.

On every lip you hear the Chevrolet phrase—a revelation in low priced transportation. But you cannot sense its full meaning until you have a demonstration—until you learn with what exactness Chevrolet engineers have duplicated the velvet-smooth operation of the highest priced cars!

Speed with wide open throttle on country roads—loaf along at five miles an hour—leap to 25 miles an hour in less than eight seconds—all without any sense of vibration—all without labor, effort, or strain. Then and then only will you know the meaning of Chevrolet Improved performance.

Buyers the nation over were amazed at the values fixed by the reduced prices on the Improved Chevrolet. But all are emphatic when they say, "The most impressive thing about the car is its remarkable comfort in riding—its wonderful smoothness of operation."

So Powerful

The power of the Chevrolet motor has been a vital factor in enabling Chevrolet so long to maintain its position as the world's largest builder of motor cars with modern 3-speed transmission.

Chevrolet owners know the thrill of conquering hills that balk bigger and costlier cars—of being able to plow through mud, sand, gumbo and slush with never a doubt of coming through.

That's because Chevrolet is powered by a valve-in-head motor of international renown—a motor built on exactly the same superior principles as those that have won every 500 mile race at the Indianapolis Speedway since this famous speed and endurance classic was inaugurated.

As a source of power for every purpose the Chevrolet motor has no peer at anywhere near its price. And combined with that power are not only smoothness and economical operation, but rugged design, quality construction and positive lubrication—the basis of low-cost maintenance.

Where the country is mountainous, where the roads are roughest, where power is needed, there you find Chevrolet predominating—visible evidence of Chevrolet's power supremacy.

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By improved design and construction, the engineering staff of the Chevrolet Motor Company have emphasized the importance of Chevrolet's well known slogan "for economical transportation." Not only have they achieved greater economy from the operating standpoint but from that of maintenance and depreciation as well.

Chevrolet construction and Chevrolet features are based on principles which time and experience have proved to be right.

Study the Improved Chevrolet. Note how its engineers have provided:

—durability of chassis by a deep, rigidly reinforced, channel steel frame, and by completely enclosing all vital moving parts.

—durability of motor by unusually large bearings, positive lubrication and pump circulation of water.

—durability of rear axle by one-piece, heavy steel, banjo type construction, extra heavy spiral bevel driving gears and six New Departure ball bearings.

—durability of appearance by attractive Duco finishes.

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"The easiest, smoothest, and nicest running car I have ever driven. This is my third Chevrolet."
from Defiance, Ohio

"My Chevrolet climbs Signal Mountain twice a day and can pass anything on the worst hills—except another Chevrolet."
from Chattanooga, Tenn.

"I have driven my Chevrolet nearly three years, winter and summer, and it hasn't failed me once; but I understand that isn't unusual in a Chevrolet." *from Cleveland, Ohio*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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(Continued from Page 68)

Curley Tait. That last afternoon Bob Cawkins lurched out of the chute on Crossbearer and made an almost perfect ride. Bob could only lose now in case the champion sat the maniac as flawlessly, and with the Drainman crashing the boards of the chute at the present moment, it wasn't Idaho alone that allowed the strain was over. In fact, Bob Cawkins was being smothered in a bear hug by his side kick and town mate, Paddy Flynn, when the news fanned over the arena that Curley Tait was too sick to ride, his doctor reporting him all but uncoupled from his go with Black Saliva yesterday. Bob Cawkins rose grandly to meet this high moment of his life, offering to appease the crowd by taking out Drainman, but the judges waved him down and the man-eater was turned back to the Death Cell.

Alone with Strick and Ripper's herds once more, the main point of Mull's concentration was never again to be caught off the job enough to hear voices or laughter of the stands. The next year he made both Pendleton and Cheyenne, without breaking out of middle class. The year after that, on the morning of the second day at Cheyenne, he saw his name on the program spelled wrong as usual—Mull Rakers this time—but standing flat against it, spelled right: Drainman.

He moved around the grounds in the next two or three hours, his ears muffled as if he had just come down from a high altitude. Bob Cawkins stepped up behind, and a hand bigger than his own gripped Mull's.

"Your chance has come, kid," he said. "Luck's been keepin' me off that horse."

Like a voice out of the past—that name kid. Mull wanted to be altogether alone for a few minutes, though the crowd was already gathering in the stands. He saddled Strick and rode out the stock gate, across the tracks, craving that quiet in himself which he knew he must have to ride with. Presently he realized show antics going on under his saddle, the red horse picking up his feet and arching his neck as if trying to play up to the man in this dark hour.

"Little old Strick, you're doing what you can."

Mull wheeled him gently toward the top-horse tent, Wyoming wind and light seeming more friendly after that.

Back at the arena, they were filling up the chutes—Drainman giving the hands a fight. Mull tested the saddle girths through the boards and then started to climb over into the chute. As his hand touched the top plank, Drainman straightened up and struck at it, and a voice at his side remarked, "I see he's packin' the same tiger this year."

Mull turned to find Al Pico. "You sure ought to know," he said.

"Only a little more growed up," Al added generously.

Mull caught himself listening to the announcement from the stand—"Mull Rakes, running second to Bob Cawkins, about to break out on Drainman"—before he yanked his attention into the job at hand. No chance if he couldn't get into that voice-proof place. The gate swung.

"This is it," he muttered, but already different from ever before. He saw the ground and the sky and the hills, but in swift falling darkness. Sometimes the head of the maniac was between him and half the sky, sometimes cutting off the earth. Now it began to be like taking the count, only the numbers weren't called—they were crashed with a mallet on the base of his spine. With every crash, more lights were turned off and even the old whisperings from Slim were fragmentary in his brain. Then he was fighting in black dark—out of the saddle—failure—and all he knew was a cold fatalistic expectancy for what Al Pico had got as he fell. When he opened his eyes he was on a table in the lunch tent, and this was a doctor, going over the bones of his spine.

"They're all in place," he reported, "but I never saw a man get a snapping like that and stand up again."

Mull now noted Bob Cawkins looking down, and that two or three others of the boys had gathered. His eyes turned out through the flap of the tent. The landscape had a pieced-together look like a kid's puzzle map when the table is joggled.

"What was that cheerin'?" he asked.

The fellows looked at one another. Bob's hand reached for his.

"I haven't heard of anything happenin' since you rode Drainman."

"Where was I when the whistle blew?"

"Finishing off the ride of your life, kid."

"Then I didn't fall until after the whistle?"

"Who said you fell anywheres? You were pulled over back of the saddle by one of the pick-up men, after they finally got Drainman between 'em."

"He ain't a horse," Mull muttered. "He's two horses."

"You sat 'em both at once," Bob finished, "and right now a Chinaman could ride either one of 'em backwards—they're that subdued."

Los Angeles sprung one of her most fetching days the morning Mull stepped out of the freight car with Strick, on his way down from Pendleton. Hollywood was even more so; all around strange and seductive—a sort of bareheaded happiness everywhere. Once upon a time he had cut out a certain runt from a herd of dingy white-faces. Not yet six years back, and he had all but gone over the top since then. No hurry about the rest. So far, Mull didn't mind a bit to have big Bob Cawkins sitting one notch higher—almost as if it were Slim Hasson perched on the peak of the cone. Quite comfortable where he was, and Mull's reflection continued:

"All sorts of champs and near-champs walkin' up and down here in Hollywood."

Considerable trouble to find a horse garage for Strick. All the livery stables were studios or service shops, until he located a riding school out by a flying field, and a room near by where the carpets had the smell of a long-locked shack.

People in two-tone pants. He saw how it was at last that Curley Tait could fall to wearing that shirt. No scorn; he liked it; he had come. All the cold rains and the waiting, all wallops and bone breaks, were gradually lifting their hang-overs out of his chest today. His saunter picked up nattier and nattier as the friendly sunlight faded; also a fierce daring grew upon him—a few glasses of ginger ale only—that equaled if not surpassed his best moments heretofore. The sun blocked the end of the boulevard when he reached decision, turning into a telegraph office located hours back.

"Here I am doin' it," he muttered, and wet the pencil:

"GRACE TOWNSEND. Eight-O, Texas.

"Feel like staying on here a while if you'd come. Make it soon, please. "MULL."

His feet dragged out into a changed world of grays and purples, the sun gone down. The effort had drained him. He needed black coffee right then and hunted up his room, amazed and considerably shot at his venturesome ways.

The runner-up to Bob Cawkins, world's greatest all-round cowboy, wasn't slow to be taken on for a picture, especially since he brought a horse of his own. As near as Mull could find out, it was a Mormon picture, the hills and canyons north of Santa Monica being made over into Utah. Strick was quartered out there, but Mull kept his room in Hollywood, it being the address he had sent Gracie. He had his purses from both the big rodeos north still largely unspent, and the twelve dollars a day he was taken on with was appallingly high. He wondered if the picture outfit could stand up to it, and was assured that his pay kept on through the first two days in which all he did was to stand round and keep Strick saddled. Hard to believe. There was another severe tension, as time drew near for the answer from Texas. Mull figured on four days, possibly five, being required, for his message to be relayed into the Eight-O and back to the railroad.

His third day's work on the picture was some half hour's hell-bent riding with a pack of painted fool killers, the actuating impulse being pursuit, though he came up with no party, Mormon or otherwise. Late that afternoon, before starting back for Hollywood, he stood for a while in the shed where Strick was grinding alfalfa as if brought up on it. Never in Ripper's strip of forgotten Texas had Mull been bitten with lonesomeness like this. The things he had seen in the past three days didn't match up with what he had been or what he had become. If he only had his blankets to spread out here in the straw with Strick, but there was the Hollywood room, hateful in itself and frightening for the possibility of the message he might find there tonight.

"Mull Rakes"—the name spelled right—a telegram lying loose with other people's letters on the hall table. He took it up the dim stairway, let himself in fumblingly, smelled the carpets, pushed on the light. The message read:

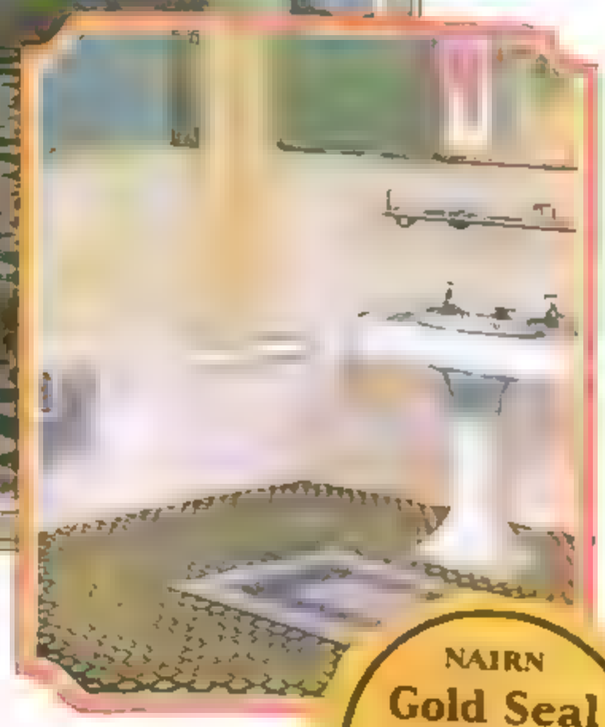
"Dear Mull: Your favor received. Thinking it over. Start tonight.

"GRACE."

(Continued on Page 75)

"After Him, Jerry!" He Called, and the Heavy-Footed Yellow Horse Settled Dubiously in Chase

The clear, bright tones of blue, tan and ivory in this GOLD SEAL INLAID *make it an extremely appropriate floor for this attractive kitchen. Universal Pattern* No. 51-150



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High price no longer stands in the way of women who want the quaint charm of Dutch Tiles in their kitchens. The mammoth Nairn Mills are the first to offer these popular effects in genuine straight line inlaid linoleum at a moderate price.

You can choose from two styles of GOLD SEAL INLAIDS: the crisply outlined, solid-color *Universal* designs like those illustrated above. Or the new and exclusive *Belflor* effects shown below, in which the rich colors of the tiles are softly mottled.

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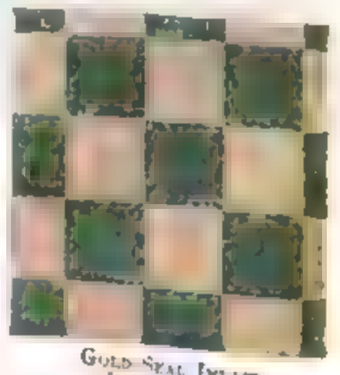

GOLD SEAL INLAID
Belflor Pattern
No. 7151-5

NAIRN

GOLD SEAL INLAIDS

(Continued from Page 73)

He couldn't have asked more. The awful thing was how Hollywood had fooled him that first day—asking Gracie to join him here. Next morning the Mormons broke into the picture. They were dressed in dingy black frock clothes, like a circuit rider Mull had seen in Texas, but they rode like horse thieves with nothing left to lose. The hero and a small party of unanointed were chased by these deacon persons over the side of a cliff. Mull disliked riding downhill himself, but this was a sort of leaping from crag to crag with big slides. Two of the horses fell, one reaching bottom with a broken leg.

No particular hush about that; business-like destruction of the pony, and another scene was announced, this time Mull's name among others. The hero had been captured, they were informed, and this was a rescue party.

"The minute the messenger brings the news, each one of you is to run to your horse, leap into the saddle, yank him round and spur off at full gallop," the assistant director explained with nervous rapidity, looking straight at Mull.

"How do you mean—yank him round?" Mull inquired.

"Show him, Archie," the assistant ordered, turning to a pale young performer in chaps, who jumped at his horse, jerked up on the Spanish curb, pulling the beast in the air and spinning about, half reared.

"He loses time pullin' his horse off his feet that way," Mull remarked earnestly.

"Never you mind—public likes it."

"Only I ain't yankin' Strick round like that."

The assistant walked in for a close-up. "You ain't?" he repeated.

"No; and jumpin' at a horse like that ain't riding where I came from."

"Hadn't you better go back?"

"I was thinkin'," said Mull, carefully easing into the saddle and pointing Strick toward the stables, though voices reached him from behind.

"You say that fellow's champion bulldogger at Pendleton?"

"Yes, sir, that's Mull Rakes, second to ——"

Yet they handed him forty-eight dollars.

It was certainly a smile that looked out at him through the blur of white at the station, and there she was in her two-piece serge suit. Besides herself, Gracie brought honest-to-God Texas. The combination thrust him far from words.

"I'd sure 'a' fallen off that train if you hadn't been here, Mull. Feel as if I'd been riding ever since you started for Cheyenne."

He had to fight with the porters for the right to carry her two big bags. They were pressed about in crowds going and coming, further confused with voices and bright lights, yet Gracie seemed to have to talk or else break down:

"Pop wants you to let 'em all know here he's still got some longhorns. . . . Oh, Mull, how did you find me in all this crowd? Don't we ever get out past it? Ain't there a horse and buggy where we could hire to get off somewhere in the quiet?"

They were out of the station at last—Mull didn't have the least idea of the locality—and drifted toward where it was darkest, ending up in a colored section, homelike to Texans. They sat down on a car-line bench, but another of their old silences walled them up.

"How's the Weaver?" Mull asked at last.

"Gettin' so he can't live with himself. Cornered a fool coyote in his pen the other night. Looked as if he ate part of him."

Minutes afterward, in slow horror, Mull realized Gracie was crying.

"I shouldn't 'a' come—oh, Mull, I know I shouldn't 'a' come! You ain't glad! Anyone can see that!"

His hand moved out and gripped hers. He was pulling himself together as if to ride Drainman.

"It ain't that—not that at all, Gracie. I'm sure glad, only me and Hollywood ain't gettin' on."

"What do you mean, Mull?"

"I mean that first day when I got here it all looked so rosy I went off my head and telegraphed."

"What's the matter?"

"My ridin' don't suit 'em here."

Gracie froze. "You ain't broke down somewhere, are you, Mull? You weren't smashed in Pendleton an' keepin' it secret?"

"Not a scratch, only my ridin' ——"

"—— don't suit 'em? You're the best rider out of Texas!"

"Not for the picture people, Gracie. Me an' Strick ain't trained right. We have to know where we're goin'."

"Is that all's the matter?"

"Yep. Only I shouldn't have frothed up and sent that telegram."

"But you're glad to see me?"

"Gawd, yes, Gracie, but it took me just four days to find out I don't want nothin' more than to be a cowboy's cowboy."

A while afterward they hired a little colored boy to lead them out of the tangle of back streets.

At the Eight-O again, Mull climbed his old post and looked down at the Weaver. Ripper left him alone as long as he could, but finally strolled out.

"What's he worth?" asked the younger man.

"You ain't thinkin' of startin' a ranch for yourself, Mull?"

"No."

"I hadn't thought of sellin' the Weaver, but I'd let him go to you—if anybody. Right in his prime."

"It isn't that I want to buy him, exactly."

Ripper waited coldly.

"Not unless I killed him," Mull added.

Ripper became suddenly cautious, his face lengthening with suspicion that Hollywood had already got in some dark taint.

"You see, I might peg him by mistake, his horns are so long," Mull added.

"You don't mean bulldoggin' the Weaver?"

"Yep," said Mull. "It's one little job left. Don't say nothin', Ripper. . . . No, I don't care for any crowd gatherin', and I'll never feel better than I do right now. You stay here ready to open the gate. I'll go and saddle Strick before anyone comes."

Mrs. Rakes was reading a magazine in the front room that morning. She moved to the front door just as the big bull careened out of his pen. Her mouth opened to sound the alarm that the Weaver had broken loose, when she saw her father slam the gate of the pen, himself inside, and the red horse, Strick, settle after the bull, with Mull in the saddle already reaching down. The hind quarters of the terror were flung ten feet high, then a wall of dust shot up and Gracie's heart failed to budge until Mull emerged upstanding, hopped into the saddle which Strick had kept waiting for him, steady as a rock.

He was riding toward her now, the Weaver still standing in the settling dust where he got up.

"Better get back in the house, Gracie," said Mull. "I can't put him in the pen until Ripper comes out."

She didn't move. "Mull Rakes, don't you—don't you dare ever to do a trick like that again!"

"Don't have to, Gracie. That only has to be done once. Little arrangement Strick and I had with Slim from the beginning."

FROM THE DIARY OF A DRAMATIST

(Continued from Page 23

As well as he can, he gives out a list of other suggestions, all of which are equally impossible and absurd. They have an elaborate set, for instance, which was used in a recent failure. It is Chinese undoubtedly, but that seems no reason why it cannot be made to do for a first act that happens to be laid in Monte Carlo. Nobody will know the difference. It is a practical idea. Again I am unmoved. The third brain wave is that the play shall be taken out of 1926 and thrown back into the Stuart period by the utilization of all those nice costumes which were carted to the wardrobe when the musical version of a Nell Gwyn play failed to attract.

You wonder, probably, why I remain so calm beneath this shower of surprises; why I don't explain the insanity of these ideas. My dear good fellow, I have been through all this before! The interview takes a certain amount of time because of incessant telephone calls, the interruptions by a secretary, an accountant and the lawyer attached to the office. Finally, under the impression that I have agreed to carry out these alterations, the manager dismisses me. And then you hear me laugh.

It has already got about that this play is down for production. Every room in the office is crowded with applicants for parts. Sixty or seventy people have been waiting since nine o'clock, and others are coming up. On my way out to the comparative peace and quiet of a theatrical agent's office, I am buttonholed by many almost-leading ladies and male very-near stars, every one of whom has been promised something by the girl at the switchboard—a very kindly soul. It is difficult to escape. I know and like many of these people. They have worked for me before. But I have, of course, a very definite idea of the cast which is required and it is rather painful to say that none of them are down on my list. So there are vague badinage, friendly greetings and promises not to forget.

A man comes up who is no longer in the first flush of giddy youth. Far from it. In fact Anno Domini has treated him rather roughly, and although his name is one to conjure with in his home town, it has long been forgotten on Broadway.

"For old-time's sake, old man," says he. "I've two boys at school and a wife in the doctor's hands. You ought to give me the leading part—but if there is a comedy butler ——"

Up comes a most charming little lady. Her hair is a most unnatural red and time has left its marks upon her face. Not so long ago there was an "and" in front of her name, which was printed in large black letters on the program. Much water had passed under the bridges since then, and the public's former favorite, whose golden curls and wide blue eyes had been the talk of the town, now dangles a future leading lady—her granddaughter—upon her knees.

"Dearie," she says, "couldn't you give me something—any little thing? I haven't worked for four years and the old man's out of luck. An aunt, the heroine's sister, the bubbling little mother? Something, however small? The critics like me, and among the old New Yorkers there are still a few who remember. I could fill several seats every night."

What on earth is to be said? There are newer faces, more recent reputations. Every dog has his day. The public is a merciless one, very hard to please. The critics are none too kind.

In the passage on our way out to the elevator and the freedom of the streets, a girl comes up with outstretched hand. She is a very smart young person whose wagon is hitched to a par—the almost daily society paragraph relating to debutante parties, Europe, New York, Palm Beach.

"I am on the stage," she tells me. "I am an actress now. I haven't done anything yet, but I've shown myself in the

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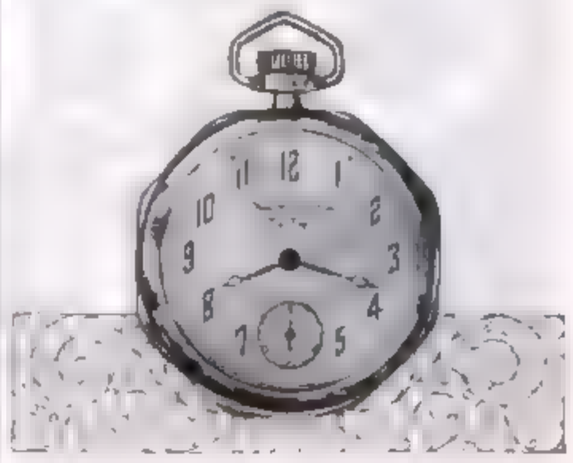

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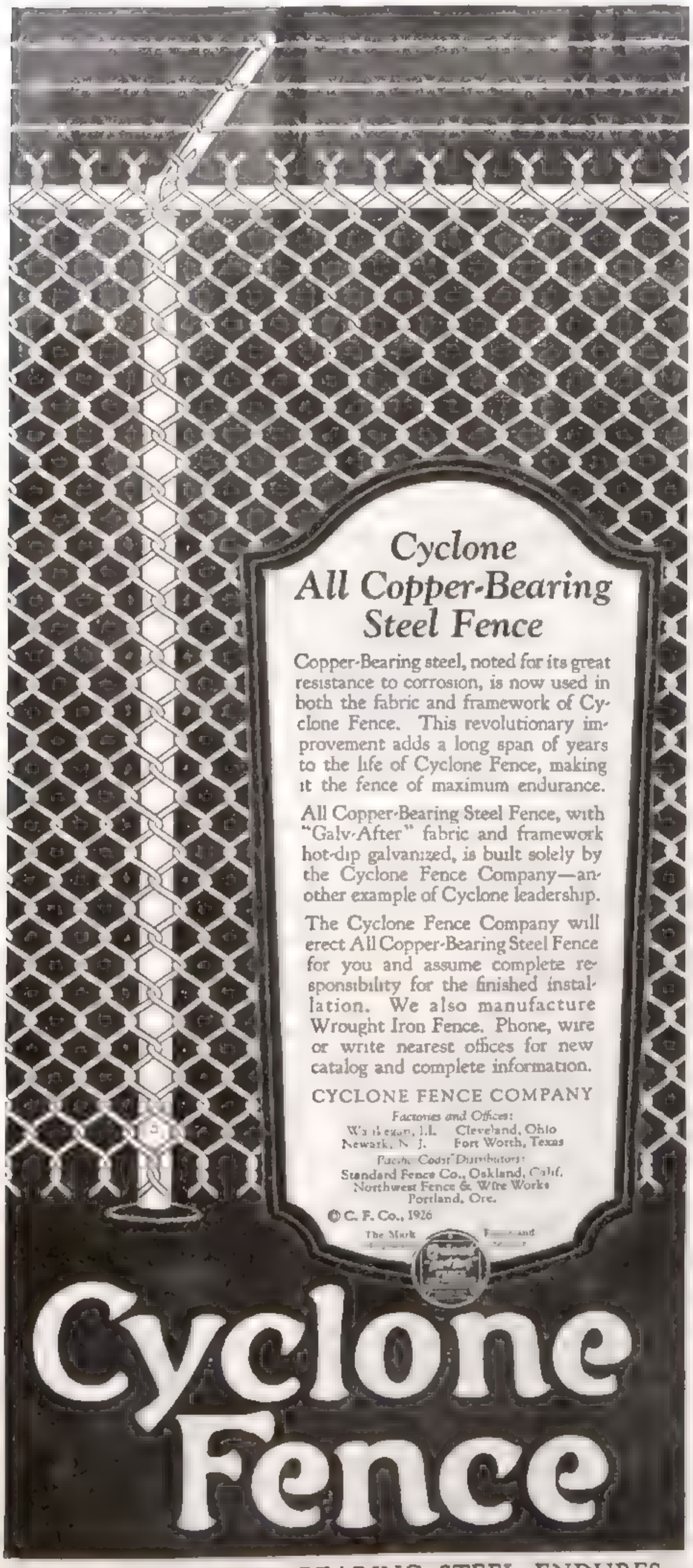
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Steel Fence
Copper-Bearing steel, noted for its great resistance to corrosion, is now used in both the fabric and framework of Cyclone Fence. This revolutionary improvement adds a long span of years to the life of Cyclone Fence, making it the fence of maximum endurance.
All Copper-Bearing Steel Fence, with "Galv-After" fabric and framework hot-dip galvanized, is built solely by the Cyclone Fence Company—another example of Cyclone leadership.
The Cyclone Fence Company will erect All Copper-Bearing Steel Fence for you and assume complete responsibility for the finished installation. We also manufacture Wrought Iron Fence. Phone, wire or write nearest offices for new catalog and complete information.
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Cyclone
Fence

CYCLONE COPPER-BEARING STEEL ENDURES

agents' offices every day this week. Give me your leading part and I will make such a stir in society as never was known before."

We beat a strategic retreat. Then follow the comedy, pathos, tragedy and heartbreak of the agent's office, where in a private room, papered with photographs, we go to gather the cast. The optimistic agent, a fat young man with the bedside manner, to whom every goose is a swan, has already been given the list.

He begins by saying, "Well, the ideal at which you are aiming is great, perfectly great. But every one of the people that you have penciled in is unprocurable—working here and there or else away on the road. But of course there are excellent substitutes. I can show you a dozen right now, who will fit every part like a glove."

Somebody opens the door. Through it you catch a glimpse of an outer office which resembles nothing so much as a *thé dansant* at a fashionable restaurant. The process of elimination which then proceeds is most trying for all concerned.

I have given the agent a detailed description of the various parts in the play, so that he shall show me only those actors and actresses who answer to the type.

"All right," says he, "let's take your heroine first. What did you say about her? Oh, yes, I remember. A tall, slight, autocratic, very beautiful, very charming girl of about nineteen years of age. Must wear clothes well and look as though she had been to a fashionable New York school. Fine."

With an exuberant smile and an air of supreme confidence, he opens the door and calls. He turns and adds, "You'll have to look no farther. She's absolutely 'it.' Might have been born for the part."

The door opens and in dances a dear little soul who is so short as to be almost a freak, as plump and well-fed as a partridge, and who seems to be on the verge of bursting into song. In fact, the antithesis of my requirements, who cannot be made to fit. The awkwardness is frightful. What is to be said except, "How do you do? So glad to see you. So sorry—the part about which you have come has already been filled." There is a most disappointed "Oh," an angry look at the agent, and an expression which announces very plainly the knowledge that this statement is a lie. The applicant does not dance out.

"My dear fellow, I said tall and slight." To which the agent replies, "Well, you may not believe it, but she looks tall and slight on the stage."

What a Life!

Like our late dear queen, you are not amused. On the contrary, having imagination and sympathy, you are rather pained at this. You guess that the little actress who has just gone out would give her ears for the part and that she has probably been spending every day of the last six weeks among the crowd in the outer office.

Never mind. The agent has others, many others, among whom I am bound to find the very girl that I need. So he calls another name.

"Here you are," says he. "Very tall and slight." He is perfectly accurate. The girl who stands before us with an ingratiating smile is six-feet-one at least, and immediately there enters into one's mind the ludicrous picture of a leading man looking up at her from his five-feet-nine. More awkwardness. The repetition of the old formula. A rather abrupt "Good-by." More disappointment. Further heartbreak. What a life!

From eleven o'clock in the morning until five o'clock at night, with an interval for lunch, the process is repeated all the way through the list. One after another, these waiting and eager people are looked over and interviewed. Many of them are actors and actresses of established reputation—popular favorites even. But they are tall when they should be short, short when they should be tall, thin when they should be fat, fat when they should be thin. In a word, they conform in no respect whatever to the type that is required. Not a single one of them is able to understand the reason of refusal. Explanations and apologies butter no parsnips. Being actors, it seems to them that they are for that reason suitable for any sort of part. The question of type seems foolish. Some of them know their history and refer to the fact that in the old good days when Shakspere reigned supreme, boys played the parts of his heroines, very old men played Hamlet, and later in the history of the drama on the English-speaking stage, no actress was permitted to play Juliet until she was fifty-six.

Finally, after many a struggle, many wounded feelings and much bad blood, a sort of cast is gathered together, not a single member of which, in many cases, conforms to the ideal. Instead of being tall and muscular and twenty-seven, the leading man is short and soft and forty-eight; and instead of being tall and slight, autocratic and obviously New York, the leading lady is a dumpy little person with a shock of yellow hair, who turns her toes in like a duck and chews gum in the wings. Nevertheless, both of them are famous. They are to be co-starred, with their names in electric lights. The rest of the company is made up of undoubted talent, but the wrong personality.

Allowing the Stars to Shine

Come now into my den at 2:30 for the reading of the play. Not one of the company has read it, and so curiosity runs high. That is the only reason why the arrivals are punctual. Artists are oblivious to time. There are warm and cheery greetings, jokes about former shows. You will not fail to notice the complete and painful silence that falls when I commence. The leading lady and leading man and the rest of the people there listen not so much to the play as to the lines that concern themselves. You will see eagerness, interest, amusement, delight, or, on the contrary, a very reverse of these feelings on the faces of each one of them when they are, so to speak, on. When they are off, their attention wanders to the details of my room—my pipes, my caricatures, my photographs of men in uniform, my models of ships, my books. If the leading lady is satisfied, is never off the stage, has all the best lines and the curtains and every ounce of sympathy, the play, of course, is great; and this is the description which is applied to it for the same reasons by the leading man. The rest are always inevitably disappointed and depressed. However, they must live, and once more support the stars.

It is a difficult afternoon, a study in temperaments. Usually it is the stage manager or the director from whom one gets the truth. The director has made some notes.

He says, "Um, not so awfully bad. May be able to make something of it. Not as good as your last. Lots of work to be done. Shouldn't be surprised if the last act has to be entirely rewritten. You see, it wants a wow. However, we'll start tomorrow and rough it out."

The stage manager is less abrupt than that in most instances. He has to be. From him usually comes, "I like it. I think it stands a chance. It's funny here and there and the curtain of the second act is pretty good, I think."

"Tomorrow. Ten o'clock."

Now you are in the theater where rehearsals are to commence. And as it is one in which a piece is playing, there are programs all over the floor. The seats are shrouded. The house is cold. Women are poking about. There is the incessant humming of vacuum cleaners and the sound of telephones. The curtain is up and the stage is empty. The scenery of the existing play is hanging from the flies, and its furniture, duly protected by cloths, is stacked against the walls. With the assistance of the script, the stage manager has already mapped out the furniture of the first act. That is to say

(Continued on Page 78)

4-Door Sedan
Six-Cylinder Motor
Force-Feed Lubrication—
To all main bearings, connecting rod bearings and camshaft bearings
7-Bearing Crankshaft
6-Bearing Camshaft
New Velour Upholstery
Four-Wheel Brakes
Full Balloon Tires

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Five Disc Wheels
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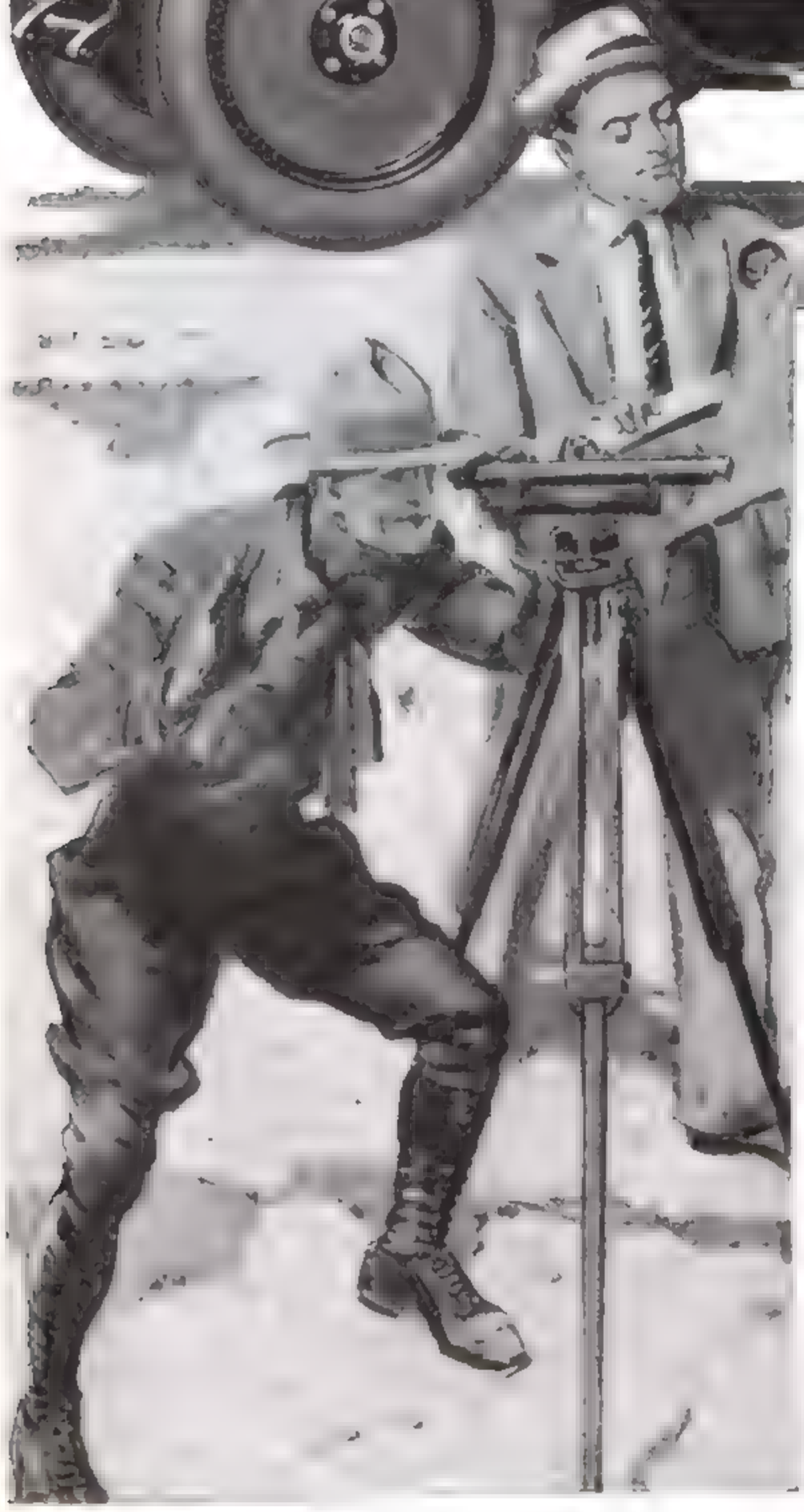


Here's Overwhelming Proof of Ajax Six Greater Value

Simply run thru the costly engineering attractions and quality features listed above at either side.

Then try to match them on any other car in the $1000 field. That's a quick, conclusive way to get the evidence.

And you'll find that ONLY the Ajax Six built by C. W. Nash has them ALL.

Mr. Nash designed it to be the greatest motor car in *quality*, in *value*, and in *performance* ever offered the $1000 market.

Just take the car for a drive—give it the hardest kind of a test.

We urge particularly that you drive it personally, for there never has been a car that demonstrates in performance its own conspicuous superiority so quickly and so decisively as the Ajax Six.

That's the reason it is the *fastest selling new car* built in a new plant that the industry has ever known. (3125)

Pure Fruit Juice from ripe fresh Grapes

IN each glass of this delicious fruit juice is all the delicacy of perfect Concord grapes, fresh from the vine.

And each glass—America's greatest food authorities say—brings also the health-building qualities of fresh fruit.

For Welch's is the juice of fresh fruit; the pure juice of ripe grapes pressed within a few hours after they are cut from the vine.

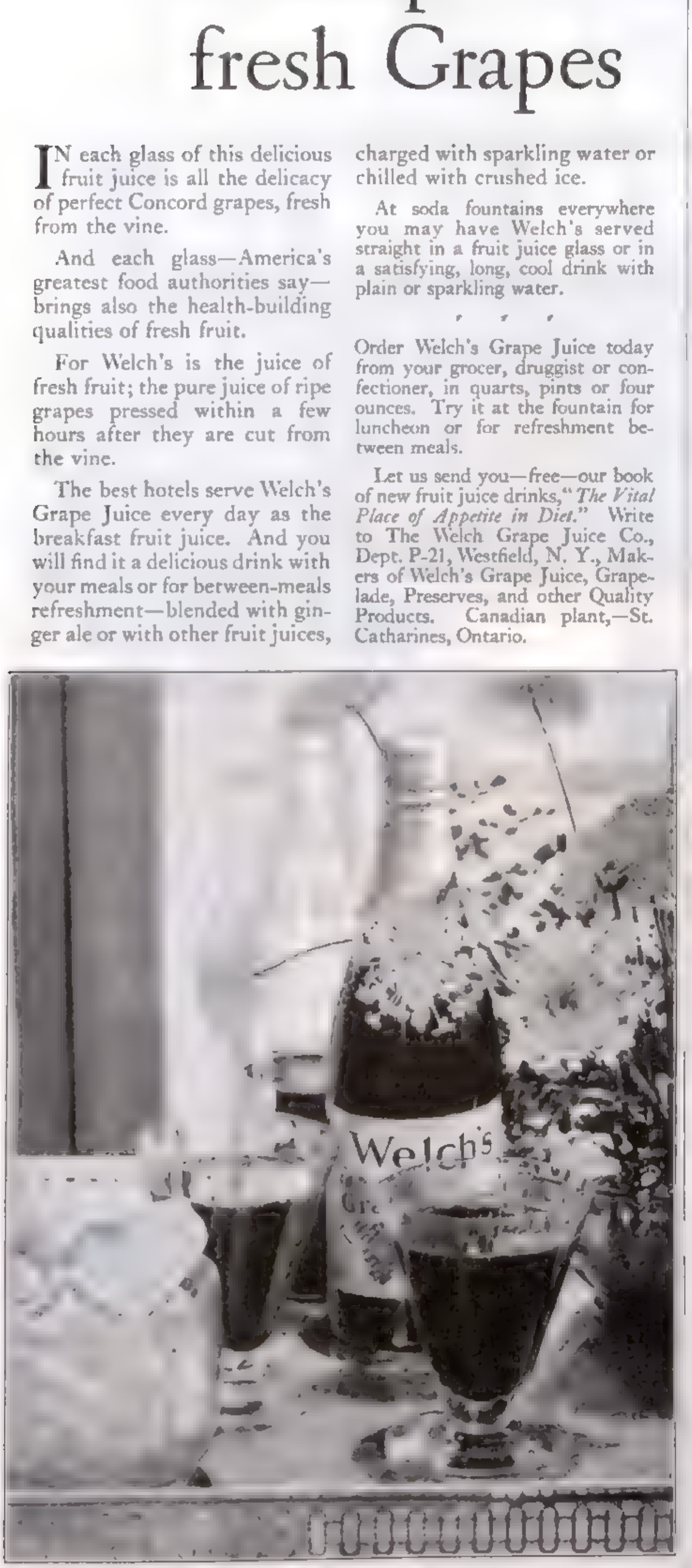
The best hotels serve Welch's Grape Juice every day as the breakfast fruit juice. And you will find it a delicious drink with your meals or for between-meals refreshment—blended with ginger ale or with other fruit juices, charged with sparkling water or chilled with crushed ice.

At soda fountains everywhere you may have Welch's served straight in a fruit juice glass or in a satisfying, long, cool drink with plain or sparkling water.

* * *

Order Welch's Grape Juice today from your grocer, druggist or confectioner, in quarts, pints or four ounces. Try it at the fountain for luncheon or for refreshment between meals.

Let us send you—free—our book of new fruit juice drinks, "*The Vital Place of Appetite in Diet.*" Write to The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. P-21, Westfield, N. Y., Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Preserves, and other Quality Products. Canadian plant,—St. Catharines, Ontario.



"THE HEALTH-BUILDING VALUES OF FRESH FRUIT ARE IN EACH GLASS."

(Continued from Page 76)

he has collected as many broken chairs as he can find and placed them about the stage. Two of these must do for a sofa. Another two, placed sideways, for the door leading into the garden or the drawing-room. One on the O. P. side must be the fireplace in imagination. The best of them have been placed under a large electric light to be occupied by the director, the author and the stars. The also-rans of the cast are punctual to the minute and you can tell infallibly the various gradations of importance of the other people concerned by the time of their arrival. The leading lady is late. Why be a leading lady if you can't keep people waiting?

And then the trouble begins.

There are several ways of rehearsing a play. One is to pay no attention to the intonations and characterizations of the actors until they drop their books, and during the whole of that time, which lasts about a week, to worry simply about movements. Another method is to start at once on the actors, in order that they shall know precisely who and what they are supposed to be, and pay no attention to movements until the character has been formed. I am all in favor of the latter method. It makes it easier to find out what changes are to be made in the cast and to make up one's mind as soon as possible whether, in the working out of the various characters, one's psychology has been correct. It is, I think, a waste of time to pay more attention at any time to the mechanics of a play than to its human side, and it is very difficult to break an actor or an actress, even after a fortnight's rehearsal, of a wrong reading. He or she has learned the part that way, and that way seems the best.

At the end of the first week, by which time the first act will have been fairly well roughed out, the leading lady has had many things to say. She has approached the author and the director every morning with her copy marked all over with suggestions.

"Don't you think it will be better," she says, "if I don't come on until later in the act and then never leave it until the end? Don't you think—don't you think—don't you think?" None of these thoughts, brain waves and inspirations have anything to do with the betterment of the play. They deal invariably with the improvements, or at any rate enlargement, of the part for which she has been cast. In most cases it is better at once to bid a fond farewell to the little star and escort her through the shrouded theater to the street, and either to withdraw the play from rehearsal or procure the services of a less prominent person and carry on. Otherwise it is more than probable that not only will the main thesis of the play be lost but it will be flung out of balance and rendered ridiculous.

Too Close to See Clearly

As a rule, it is easy for the author to discover before the rehearsals draw to an end where the weaknesses, if any, of his play exist. It is a peculiar thing that a play which reads well often acts badly, and vice versa. I have noticed many times, with my own work and with the work of other men, that there are certain scenes which seem to be extraordinarily amusing on paper, but which have only to be put to the test of rehearsal to drop head first into the pit in which, in less expensive days, the orchestra tuned up. It is, too, quite impossible to ascertain, until a play has been well rehearsed, what lines are to be cut, what entrances altered and what exits are to be brought about with greater or less rapidity.

It has been proved again and again how hopeless it is to make a true estimate of a play's appeal to an audience until it faces one. There are few authors and even fewer directors who dare to prophesy exactly how a play will take. Scenes which have been rehearsed for laughs and which have appealed to all concerned as being extremely funny during rehearsal may be received with stony silence by the people in front on "the night." Other scenes which appear to be trivial and unimportant may go with roars of laughter, while tragic moments and those in which the whole drama of the play has been worked up to a high pitch may fizzle like damp gunpowder when put to the final test.

Nothing is more fatal to any play than to be criticized by those attached to the management during the course of rehearsals. It is far better to gather the opinions of the cleaning women or the man in the box office or someone out of the street. Actors and actresses, generally speaking, are never able to tell before they have faced an audience how their scenes will go or where their laughs will come, and there is an old saying in the theater that if the company likes the play and is betting on its success, it will get no farther than an abortive tryout and die at the end of a week.

Dog Days in the Theater

In the old days before the war, and they seem to be very old, it was less difficult to form an opinion as to a play's value during its rehearsals than it is today. The audiences of twelve and fifteen years ago—the pre-jazz age—could be relied upon to enjoy and support plays in which there were literary value, lightness of touch and charm, neat and deft characterization and truth to life. The public taste was higher in those days, and it would be quite easy to name a list of comedies, written by men who took the theater seriously and were rewarded for their pains, which, if produced today, would make less ripple on the surface of a theatrical week than a pebble dropped in the sea.

It may be that the vast popularity of the moving picture, with its power to depict action in a manner quite impossible to the stage, has had a good deal to do with this. People have become unaccustomed to the spoken word. They do not use their ears. Dialogue bores, and where there is no astounding action everything seems dull.

After having made a rough summary of the plays that have caught on now, it almost seems that the public can be drawn into the theater only by the temptation of music accompanied by slapstick, of fast-moving revues in which there is nakedness, and of plays which are peppered with dirt. The consequence is that the Barries, Pineros and Sutros are silent. They cannot compete. Both London and New York have recently seen, without any emotion, a series of funerals from their theaters of plays which would have been received with enthusiasm and delight in the days before the war. It is not the theater which needs to be censored but the present-day audience.

Come with me, now, to one of the old, frowzy, out-of-date theaters which still manage to hold up their heads in a city where plays are tried out. We arrive at this place on Sunday morning, after traveling all night, and find the stage bare and awaiting our arrival. The scenery—unless old sets have been provided for the sake of economy, a practice made necessary today by the huge increase in all theatrical expenses—has only just been constructed and painted and is now about to be slung together for the first time. There are certain members of a crew who are attached to the company and these men are joined by others at the theater. They are great, big, capable, good-natured leisurely creatures who know their jobs, but refuse to be hurried or to do one minute's more work than is necessary under the union rules. They are joined at once by the stage manager, whose immediate duty it is to allot the dressing rooms to the members of the company and to see to it that the star has one which is unquestionably the best. He has by this time become somewhat interested in the play. He would also like to see how the scenery looks when it is set up. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that he pursue the manners and the methods of an ambassador in order to keep the little

(Continued on Page 80)

Ford

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$520

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"Three Point Suspension"—a Ford Feature for 20 Years

In the Ford car the power plant is suspended from three points on the chassis. This is possible because the Ford engine and transmission are built as a single unit.

As shown in the illustration above, the engine is supported at the rear by two brackets, fastened to the frame. In front, a single trunnion bearing, allows sufficient movement to compensate for the twists and strains imparted to the frame by road irregularities.

The three-point suspension principle has been a feature of Ford car design for 20 years, and has since been widely adopted for other cars. Combined with a light, flexible frame, it protects the engine from distortion, and minimizes the necessity of repairs due to resulting misalignment of engine bearings.

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RUNABOUT $290, TOURING $310, COUPE $500, TUDOR SEDAN $520, FORDOR SEDAN $565

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Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

After a careful survey, Holeproof engineers credited Cooper Hewitt Work-Light with a

4% increase

in production in the Holeproof looping department (shown at left).

A similar survey in the seamless knitting department revealed a production increase of

4.2%

also ascribed to Work Light by Holeproof engineers. (Lower photo shows close up of the intricate looping machine.)

Certainly! Use Work-Light on your hard jobs first

WHAT *would* you nominate as the "hardest eye job"? Grinding bearings? Weaving chiffon? Gear cutting? Perhaps plate glass inspection or watchmaking?

List all the eye-defying jobs you've ever seen or heard tell of—and still you'll find hosiery manufacturers insisting that looping is hardest of them all.

Looping? What is it? It's taking each stitch in the open toe or heel of an unfinished stocking and looping it by hand—one stitch to each needle—onto a revolving metal disk containing 48 needles per inch. Blink an instant and you miss a stitch; miss a stitch and you spoil a stocking.

Why is the looping department usually the first place a hosiery mill puts Work-Light? (1) No glare is created by its long, glowing tube; therefore no shiny reflections. (2) Evenly diffused yellow-green rays keep eyes at constant, easy focus. (3) Headache, spoilage and machine stoppage are naturally reduced.

Nearly every plant has some eye-defying job. Work-Light usually starts there—meeting the stiffest test at the start-off—and thereby winning its way into other departments. Somewhere in your plant poor light may be jamming production. Work-Light is the answer. Why not make it today?

Cooper Hewitt Electric Co.
125 River Street
Hoboken, N. J.

Work-Light

(Continued from Page 78

tousled-headed star in as good a temper as possible, and he knows from former never-to-be-forgotten experiences that the matter of her dressing room is a very vital one.

The director and the members of the company take possession of their rooms in the local hotel and, if they are wise, stay there comfortably until they receive an S O S. They run over their lines in peace and quiet, sleep a little and dine.

By this time, with luck and cajolery, the scenery will have been set, decorated and slung, the lighting arrangements will have been worked out and other details will have been prepared for the dress rehearsal which is to take place at seven o'clock.

It is an exciting moment. Everyone is strung up to a high pitch of nerves, and there is so great a note of uncertainty about the proceedings that a sort of exhilaration runs through everyone. It may be said that the members of the company are still on speaking terms. There is to be no one in front except a scout or two from the manager's office, one or two mothers and a husband or so, all of whom have murmured a prayer for the play's success for purely personal reasons.

I have said that the dress rehearsal is to commence at seven o'clock, but never in the history of theatricals has a dress rehearsal commenced at the appointed hour. Something always goes wrong. A vital prop is missing. A trunk has failed to arrive. The leading lady is annoyed because one of the other ladies has chosen a frock the color of which kills the very expensive dress in which she is to make her first appearance. Author, director and stage manager are called to the star's dressing room and the scene that takes place there before the rise of the curtain is probably more dramatic than anything in the play. It is discovered at the last moment that the lamps on the various tables show a spirit of insubordination which necessitates immediate and drastic action on the part of the electricians. One way and another, then, it is pretty certain that you and I will be kept waiting until eight o'clock before the director, armed with a notebook, makes himself comfortable in the orchestra and shouts out "Clear the stage." Whereupon the curtain is lowered, the house lights are switched off, the footlights go up, the company stands by and, after one last unaccountable pause during which shouts and countershouts are raised behind the scenes, the curtain rises and the play begins.

The Author's Greatest Thrill

Then follows a series of extreme surprises, astonishments, disappointments, and sometimes, by the grace of Thespis, exhilarations, triumphs and mutual congratulations. For the first time one sees clearly not only what the play is all about but gathers some inkling as to how it is going to look to a skeptical audience. There is no sensation in the world, I suppose, so amazing to an author as this one is. Here at last, after an infinite amount of trouble, argument, alteration, despair and doubt, is the play in concrete form. Here is the thing, the work, the entity upon which he has devoted so much time and thought, moving, vibrating, alive. One after another his brain children appear before him, sometimes exactly as he conceived them, more often only in nebulous outline. From the moment the curtain rises the boredom which has been brought about by the monotonous reiteration of rehearsals lifts like a fog in a breeze, and whether the play proves to be good, bad or indifferent, it assumes a newness which keeps him on the edge of his seat. At the end of each act the wise and competent director reads out his notes to the company before the next act proceeds. And at the end of the whole business he goes on the stage and delivers himself of a speech. In this he sums up his reactions to the play and the playing like a judge in an important case. He looks very pale and tired, sitting on one of the sofas with the company grouped about him in their made-up faces. If he is a polite and grateful director, he thanks them for their loyal and earnest efforts and for all that they have done. It is a wise author who stands aside during this proceeding and holds back his remarks until he can get the director in a quiet place. "Never interfere with the man at the wheel" is an admirable motto, and there is another one equally good: "When you hire a dog, don't bark yourself." If the play seems to have come through the cold test of a dress rehearsal with flying colors, the consultation that follows in a hotel bedroom will be just as serious as the one which takes place if it has shown weaknesses, dullness, bad playing and ill-fitting joints. Being good it must be made better—nursed, fondled, pointed up. If bad a diagnosis must be made for an immediate operation and all hands summoned to the operating room. Amazing scenes have taken place in these hotel bedrooms of tryout towns since the theater game commenced.

On the Thumbs of the Audience

Whatever may be the director's verdict after a dress rehearsal, it is very likely to be reversed when an audience sits in judgment at the opening performance. There are as many instances in which plays regarded up to that moment as hopeless by everyone concerned have been received with acclamation by a first-night public as of those looked upon as sure-fire hits which have failed to stir the slightest enthusiasm in any part of the house. Play producing is as great a gamble as horse-racing and even the most cordial indorsements and support of the tryout audiences do not mean a similar treatment of the play in Chicago or New York.

Say, however, that it has braved successfully the elements of the road, encouraged the manager to a further outlay and is placed among the entries for the Metropolitan stakes. Come with me finally to the Broadway theater in which it is to challenge the deathwatch of a New York opening night. There has been a polishing rehearsal on the stage that day—a day of dull dread and inarticulate excitement, of feverish activity among the crew and in the manager's office. The box-office man has dodged from one of his several telephones to another in the manner of a race-track fiend—for the first and last time maybe—and I, with a constant pain in the solar plexus, have hung about the theater in everybody's way. Then, having sent flowers to the ladies of the cast and good-luck telegrams to everyone concerned, I take you to my club for dinner and pretend to eat. And there or at another theater, with a tingling spine, you and I wait to be told whether the audience has turned thumbs up or down. The director will announce the truth, without the slightest doubt. In the morning there are the papers ——

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Hamilton. The next will appear in an early issue.

Rolling Home

If ever a fair wind blew for business, it is blowing now. Bank clearings are breaking all records. Large issues of securities are swallowed up in a day. Our income taxes have been made more tolerable. Our national debt is fast being reduced. The national budget has been cut nearly one-half since 1920. Our national wealth increased by more than 35 per cent during the last decade. The average income of a citizen of the United States is greater than ever before. We have no unemployment worth mentioning.

Riding this wave of prosperity, investments are "rolling home" laden with dividends. Manufacturers and wholesale and retail merchants have seen evidence that the public is buying steadily and easily.

The continued sales of automobiles and the building of homes are but two of many indications that the benefits of good business are widely shared. And conservative men of finance see many reasons why this condition may be expected to continue.

Far-seeing business men are taking advantage of this prosperity, not only to reap present profits, but to buttress the future. They are refining their products. They are improving the quality of their merchandise. They are winning a place for their goods by merit and by advertising of this merit, on the front of retailers' shelves and in their customers' homes. They are using the power of advertising constructively to build and reinforce the structure of good-will that stands fast through high tides and low tides.

For the most successful advertisers know, as we know, that it is easier to hold a market than to gain it. That it is less expensive to keep the confidence of the public than to acquire it. That the possession of a buyer's good-will is nine points of the sale.

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Dependable Bulbs For Your Automobile

Car owners everywhere are now driving with better light due to the dependability of Tung-Sol bulbs. Built with utmost care and precision, Tung-Sols not only give maximum illumination, but last longer and provide a safety factor which is beyond price.

Eleven automobile manufacturers have approved Tung-Sols for factory equipment which shows how highly Tung-Sols are regarded by automotive engineers.

Put Tung-Sols in *your* headlamps. Learn for yourself what it means to drive behind *good* bulbs. Join with us and leading car builders in an effort to improve night-driving conditions. Tung-Sols light the way to courtesy and safety. The next time you need new bulbs, ask the dealer for Tung-Sols.

"Let Tung-Sol Light the Way"

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
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Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

TUNG-SOL BI-FOCAL BULBS protect the approaching driver and provide safety when passing another car. Standard equipment on the new Series Buick.

TUNG-SOL

FAIR LADY

(Continued from Page 9)

may be meant. Doctor Lapworth won't hear of her giving up any of her nourishment, so she is sparing a little more of her precious time for the good of someone else. She is taking Horace on Mondays as well as Wednesdays and Fridays."

"I," said the curate, "am abstaining from almost everything. Please tell her."

Tristram heard this with a little extra bewilderment, but he soon got the hang of the idea. He went to his mother.

"Mummy," he said, "what do people give up in Lent?"

"Well," said Lady Barker, "a variety of things. Everyone chooses. One gives up something one likes and does something one doesn't like for the good of one's character."

"My cigars," said Sir Tristram presently, with the perspiration beading on his brow as he wrestled with thought. "My new golf stockings, and absinth in cocktails," he added later, the perspiration beginning to drip down. "My car," he shouted by and by, for he was resolved to make a real good show with the affair. "I'll walk to the links every day, mummy, every darned old day."

He went off to see Flora. She was, however, engaged with Horace.

"We never interrupt her classes with Horace," said Mrs. Dewsley. "Although, as a mother, they make me a little anxious. He is stupid and stubborn and obviously tires her. There is quite a hectic flush on her darling face when she has finished with him. Can you leave a message, dear boy?"

"Tell her, please," said Sir Tristram huskily, "that I came to have a little serious chat with her about Lent—to ask her what she would have me do. It seems to me, now that I've thought about it for the first time, to be a fine thing for a man's character to know how to discipline himself, give up his little pet luxuries for a bit, and so forth. I'd thought of my cigars and absinth in cocktails—they mean practically nothing to me without it. Also I've got some very choice golf stockings I'm going to put by, and I'll jack my car up for six weeks. I'll take a solemn oath to walk everywhere."

"Tea?" said Mrs. Dewsley, laying a maternal hand on his arm.

"Jove!" he cried. "I'll give that up too!" So he went home.

The bank manager gave up butcher's meat, eggs, tea, coffee, whisky, rice, cabbage and rabbit when he heard of this. He went round to see Flora.

"I'm living on very little," he said solemnly; "very little during Lent. I'm taking stock of myself pretty severely, I promise you, Miss Flora."

Doctor Lapworth gave up only beer—but then, it was a lot of beer.

In spite of the fact that the bank manager had given up almost a store's list of provisions, the curate nearly everything, and Doctor Lapworth had cut off his beer, it somehow seemed that the sacrifice of Tristram made a stronger appeal to Flora than the sacrifices of anyone else. She was several times seen observing him from her window as he walked down the street on his way to the links, in his stockings of last year's fashion, and knowing that he was pledged to tell the club steward not to put any absinth in his pre-lunch cocktail. And when she thought of the car in which she had often driven beside him, she sighed and tears welled into her brown cow eyes.

Six weeks is a long time. The curate—painfully thin but very bright—met Horace the butcher's lad, in the town and observed his meaty face and beady eye.

"Horace," said the curate, "what are you giving up this Lent?"

"Tuesday evenings," Horace replied.

"Tuesday evenings, my lad?"

"Miss Flora gave up Mondays, and yesterday she says to me, she says, 'Horace, you give up Tuesdays.' So I give up Tuesdays, sir."

"To the classes?"

"Yes, sir."

"She will kill herself," sighed the curate in a sad ecstasy.

"Mummy," said Sir Tristram, bounding about the house, "I am getting on. Yes, I am getting on, mummy! I held her hand today, and she didn't know it; but she will get to know it in time, won't she, mummy? It was worth giving up everything! Oh, mummy, mummy, if only we hadn't that skeleton of Cousin Charles always in the cupboard!"

"New Zealand is a long way off," said Lady Barker brightly.

V

WITH the approach of Easter all Boxburgh was on mental tiptoes, watching the rivalry of four strongish men for the love of Flora Dewsley. The girl herself gave but little sign of her preferences, or indeed of her awareness at all, and so far none of the lovers had dared really to let her guess his object. She remained too angelic, too other worldly, too untarnished, too bright, for anything. She told her mother—sighing—that she admired their abnegation and self-discipline in the matter of meat, fish, rice, tea, coffee, beer, stockings, cars and other things; but beyond this attitude of girlish appreciation and wonder, she showed nothing. She did not know. No, she never thought of these things.

"I can wait, mummy," said Sir Tristram.

He was now looking marvelous. Much of his fat had disappeared—for giving up absinth had soon meant giving up cocktails altogether, and without them he never relished his food or brought an appetite to a meal—and there was a mingled air of Galahad and Saint Anthony about him. The town favored Sir Tristram.

"My brother is like a boy again," said the bank manager's sister; "quite lithe and sprightly; and he has abolished all his first wife's photographs, over which he used to brood so dreadfully."

"There is more in life than beer," said Doctor Lapworth.

"This is nothing to me," said the single curate, "this matter of fasting and sacrifice. I am never without penances. I would do anything to deserve her."

"I has classes with Miss Flora every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday now," said Horace, the butcher's boy, ruddier than ever; for he had given up nothing except his Tuesdays.

"I feel very tired," said Flora; "very, very tired."

Just as Sir Tristram felt that the time might be near when he could risk a declaration, the afternoon postman brought him a dreadful letter.

"Of all people, mummy," said Sir Tristram, strangling a sob in his throat, "who should write to me but Charlie!"

Charlie was coming home—was almost home; tomorrow he would be in Boxburgh.

"I shall come straight to you, my boy," wrote Charlie, "and lay my head under your ancestral roof."

"There is only one thing to do," said Lady Barker when she had assimilated this and recalled all she knew as to the strength of Charlie's character. "He must be told. Rake he may be; profligate and spendthrift; wastrel and low-lifer; but such as he is, he has some sort of heart. I remember there was always a generous side to his nature. He won't stand in your way. We must tell him. And, Tristram, propose at the Tennis Dance tomorrow."

"Oh, mummy, mummy, I will!"

VI

SIR TRISTRAM had not seen Cousin Charlie since he had turned up at Lord's for the Eton-and-Harrow match—every inch of the gay dog and man about town—to see young Tristram bat for The Hill. Quite soon after this, Cousin Charlie had

(Continued on Page 84)

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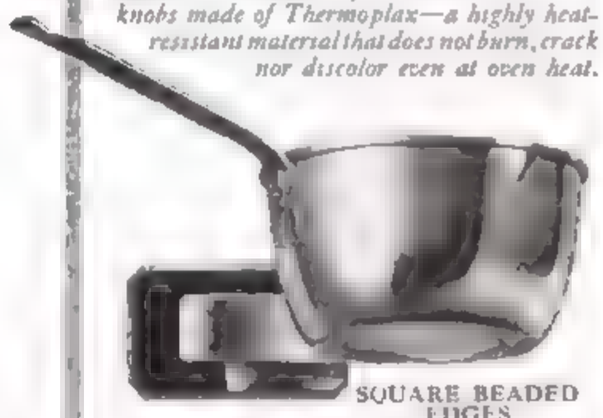

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(Continued from Page 82)

been chased from the country. Every conceivable kind of dun was after him, from bookies to ladies fair and frail; but Cousin Charlie always won his sprints, and he was well away, and making for the other side of the globe before anyone else had really properly got a leg foremost.

Charlie had altered surprisingly little. He was a small man, Charlie, but exceedingly sturdy. He was about the toughest thing on earth. He had a neck like a bull, a punch—they said—like a mule's kick, and his eye was very attentive and twinkled eternally. He had a marvelous tailor, and always turned himself out to do this sartorial artist credit. He had no money at all, everyone knew that; but was never without the price of a bottle of champagne or a tenner to put on a horse. It was said he was known all over the world. Head waiters were fond of him. His hair was reddish, his face reddish also. His silk hat always took a marvelous angle. He was always going somewhere to do something. He was an extremely busy man of no occupation. He was indubitably a bad hat.

Still, Lady Barker was always right; and she was right when she observed to the mourning Tristram that Cousin Charlie had a heart.

"Sit down, Charlie," said Lady Barker, gazing at their guest's impeccable fawn suit of tweed, with the trousers creased to knife edges, and pleasantly offering him a cream hothouse rosebud for his buttonhole. "I have to talk to you, on Tristram's behalf, if you don't mind."

"Poor little Tristram," said Charlie, who was about half Tristram's size, "he's a feller I'm always sorry for."

"I fail to see why," said Lady Barker stiffly. "He is very much admired. The fact is, Charles, that your visit is most inopportune."

Charles gave his monocle a twist as if to observe his aunt better.

"Dear, oh, dear!" he said. "I'm sorry. And if I could afford it I'd go away and stay in London. But I can't."

"The reason is this," pursued Lady Barker: "Tristram is, we hope, about to become engaged to the most beautiful girl in Boxburgh."

At this Charlie seemed to grow suddenly a little taller, while his eyes bulged with interest, and he swayed slightly toward his aunt as he stood on the hearthrug.

"She is the most spiritual creature one could possibly imagine; her parents naturally adore her. She is deeply sensitive and religious. She has a very noble soul." Drooping easily to his former stature, Charlie nodded. "Professor Dewsley, her father, would not let her marry into any family that was not highly satisfactory. As for dear Flora herself, she would shrink from anything repulsive in the way of records or reputations. One could not imagine a hint of scandal near the sweet girl, nor a tainted breath blowing on her, nor a—a—smear ——"

"Aunt, you have the gift of tongues. You make me see myself. You're afraid if she hears of me, or meets me ——"

"I wish to ask you, Charles, to behave with the utmost circumspection while you are visiting us."

"Why, certainly," said Charlie kindly.

"Avoid a meeting with the Dewsleys if possible. And it will be possible—they are such reticent people."

"Certainly, aunt," replied Charlie kindly, "from what you say there doesn't seem to be much to draw us together."

"As a matter of fact, I should like to feel, knowing your unhappy propensities, that you would have no conversations at all with Flora. You are apt to say things that ——"

"Why, certainly, aunt. All this is no trouble at all."

"There is this Tennis Dance tomorrow night."

"Dance?"

"One of the nicest dances we have in Boxburgh, an annual affair. The Cathedral Club—not the Town Club, needless to say. Many of our neighbors drive over for it."

"The county?"

"Well, naturally. Of course, as Tristram's cousin, you will have to go, I suppose. Besides, you are a dancing man."

"Do they Charleston?"

"What is that?"

"The origin is negro. It is the best thing going."

"Indeed?"

"It goes like this."

"Thank you, Charles," said Lady Barker after a terpsichorean interlude, "I do not think the Charleston will be danced."

"I suppose, aunt, there will be plenty of other girls there besides this bit of Tristram's?"

"There will be plenty of charming girls."

"Then don't worry about me."

"It is Tristram I am worrying about."

"Nor Tristram. Describe this Flora to me, and what she'll wear, if she has confided that to you, and I'll avoid her like the plague."

"Very fair. More like a spirit than a human being. Great big brown eyes. Extremely slender. She will wear pink."

"Pink? Right!"

"Many of the others will be wearing pink too, no doubt, for it is quite a craze here to imitate Flora. But you won't be able to mistake her."

"Right, aunt. Has Tristram ever proposed before?"

"No. She is his first love."

"Tell him he can come to me beforehand for anything he wants to know."

"I hardly think ——"

"Little Tristram!" mused Charlie. "I can see the feller now, batting for Harrow. Thirty he made that day, not out. I tipped him my last quid. Little Tristram! I'd never do the little feller down, trust me!"

Yes, Charlie had a heart of gold.

VII

THE Tennis Dance was held in the Boxburgh Town Hall, a fine room out of which various minor rooms given over to committee meetings and so on opened. There was one of these minor rooms set aside for a ladies' cloakroom and a minor room set aside for a men's cloakroom, and minor rooms set aside for sitting out.

The place interested Charlie but mildly. He arrived early with his Cousin Tristram and Lady Barker—who always played hostess at this function—and while she was still looking at the set of her transformation in the feminine dressing room, and Tristram was in consultation with his butler—whom he had lent for the purpose of mixing peculiarly insidious cocktails—Charlie issued forth into the main room and looked it over.

The orchestra was tuning up, and already cars from far fastnesses could be heard stopping outside.

"Not a bad floor," said Charlie. "Suit old Tristram and aunt if I nest in one of these most of the evening, I dare say," said Charlie to himself, proceeding to consider the sitting-out rooms. "I'll find a girl, and that is what I'll do."

Charlie perceived a nice cozy room, cushions, screened corners, flowers, lights goldily shaded. And here was still another nice cozy room, cushions, screened corners, flowers, lights goldily shaded. Charlie went right in to investigate.

"Now that corner there," mused Charlie, "near the staircase, running up into some jolly old council chamber in the roof. A man might nest there with the right sort of girl. I'll keep out of little Tristram's way. Poor little feller." Just as Charlie, in the full flower of his philanthropy, was deciding these matters thus, the door into the little room opened softly and a girl slipped in—a girl in pink—one of the imitators of this Flora.

But of course, not Flora. A million billion times no! Charlie knew the aura that waved about this girl. There was no mistake about her. He knew her on sight. A wonder! A bill topper! A little witch! A devil if ever there was one! The demure fragile kind—the very best and worst! What feet and ankles and how she used

(Continued on Page 86)

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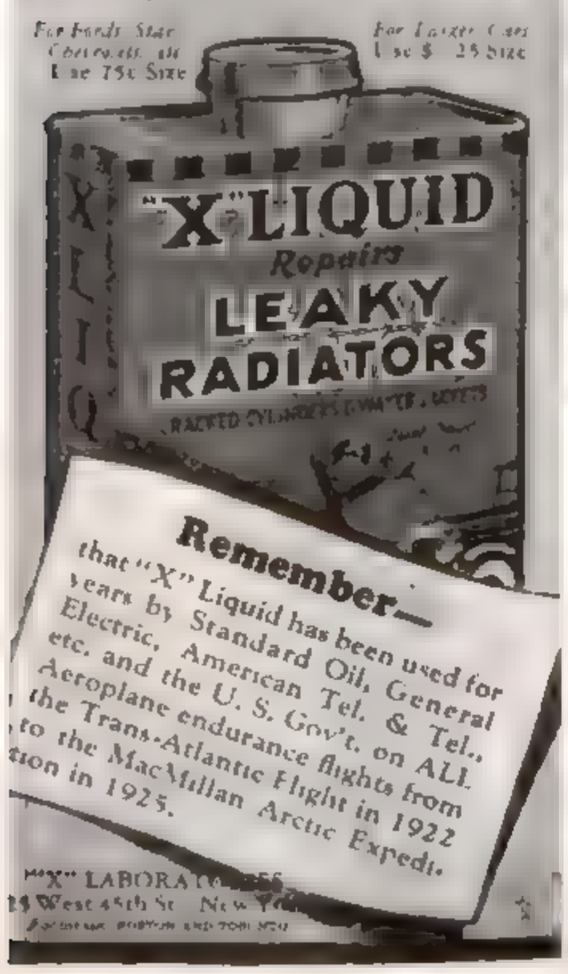
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them! What a little twist to her mouth when she smiled! What a mouth! What great big opaque eyes that nobody in this world would ever see through, and she didn't mean them to either! What a look from those eyes for Charlie! Oh, blessed damsel!

"Can anything like this come out of Boxburgh?" said Charlie to himself, dizzy, and rocking slightly on his feet. "Tristram can keep his angel maid," said Charlie to himself. "He needn't worry. This is mine. I wonder where that jolly old staircase leads."

The beautiful girl gazed at Charlie, such a husky little prodigal, such an unrepentant sinner. She looked at him as if she saw in him the man of her long-dreamed dreams.

"I'm off!" said Charlie to himself, and so he was. He advanced toward her with his assured air.

It has been said before that Charlie's dressing was in the hands of a sartorial artist. There was no white waistcoat like his in Boxburgh; no camellia buttonhole so perfectly worn; no shining pumps so exquisitely built. And he looked—as he always did—the wickedest thing on this side of the other world.

"Before we proceed to ordinary details ——" said Charlie coaxingly.

"Let us not proceed to them at all tonight," answered the surprising maiden.

"This is going to be better than I thought possible," said Charlie to himself. "Look here," he said to her, "you really have knocked me right off my feet. You looked marvelous, coming so quietly into this room like that. I didn't expect to meet anyone at all like you."

"I didn't dream there was going to be anyone like you tonight—or, indeed, ever."

"Poor child! This is a putrid place, isn't it?"

"Putrid! The only difference between the living and the dead in Boxburgh is that some are buried."

"By Jove, you hit it! Tell me, why did you come in here?"

"I thought I saw a strange man—and one never knows."

"My poor dear, I see you still have your young hope left. This is going to be an abominable affair tonight, isn't it? Between friends—at least we are friends—tell me."

"Abominable."

"Can I help you to bear it?"

"Yes."

"What shall we do? Do you leave it to me?"

"Yes."

Charlie was not in a dither now. His brain worked ecstatically and in magnificent order.

"My luck!" he kept repeating to himself. "My luck! Dropped into it straightaway." He was now standing very close to the girl, gazing into her eyes. She used a perfume very fragrant and faint.

"Can I have the first half of your dances?"

"Certainly."

"Life for the next couple of hours is simplified then. . . . Where does that funny old staircase lead?"

"To the mayor's robing room."

"By Jove! We'll nest there and tell each other all about us, shall we?"

"That is what I thought."

"What? You had thought ——"

"Yes."

Charlie's eyes bulged a little. "Obviously," he said to himself, "she is a fellow craftsman, a real mate. . . . I want to say how do you do to you properly," he said persuasively, and he took the girl in his arms and kissed her. The girl melted almost away in Charlie's arms, so softly she seemed to mold herself.

"Darling," said Charlie, "you are born to it"

"Yes."

"How do you do, Doctor Lapworth?" said Lady Barker's voice, most high and gracious, somewhere beyond the closed door. "Yes, the Dewaleys have arrived, and Tristram has the first dance with Flora." The orchestra began to play.

"We can hear them in the mayor's robing room?"

"Yes."

"Where is the champagne kept, I wonder. Darling, you go up those stairs and I'll nick a bottle somehow."

She skipped up the stairs with all the insouciance in the world.

Settling his white tie, fixing his monocle more firmly in his eye, and ascertaining that his camellia was uncrushed, Charlie went forth into the ballroom, and saw the bank manager's sister and Doctor Lapworth take the floor.

"I thought it would be like that," said Charlie to himself, observing them as he passed by.

Sir Tristram came bounding along.

"Charlie, have you seen Miss Dewsley?"

"I do not know her, little lad."

"I forgot. Of course not. Anyone here you feel you wish to meet?"

"Not a soul, old dear. I'm just going to keep out of your way."

"Mummy will give you a dance presently."

"By Jove, will she!"

"And the bank manager's sister—there she is—will spare you one too."

"The Atlantis on the floor now? By Jove, will she? No hurry about the introductions, old lad. I can wait. Where's the champagne?"

"Already, Charlie?"

"Any time's champagne time to a healthy man."

Sir Tristram moved on.

"Mummy, mummy, have you seen Flora?"

"A bottle of fizz and a couple of glasses," said Charlie to the Barkers' butler when he reached the servery. And somehow, mincing alongside the festooned and draperied wall, he carried that bottle home without its being observed. He reached the sitting-out room of the golden lights, leaped up the stair, and there found the maiden. Faintly the sounds of the orchestra rose to them.

"Do you Charleston?"

"What's that?"

"A dance of negro origin. Goes like this, if I can manage to hum it." Charlie hummed it and danced.

"I can do that." She performed the Charleston with vim.

Sunset at Cannon Beach, Oregon

"By Jove, you're born to it!"

"Yes."

Where was that champagne? Pop!

"*A toi!*" Charlie raised his glass. They drank.

"Lovely!" said the maiden dreamily.

"It's a little chilly up here; we'll have to sit very close together."

"Yes."

And when they were close together Charlie said, "You know, I am a very bad hat."

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"I felt it. I saw it."

"Er—I just knock about anywhere and do what I darn well please and all my relations hate me like sin."

"How heavenly!"

"To be hated?"

"By relations."

"Darling, tell me about you."

And she answered: "I live with my parents, who are perfectly moldy people, and they think I am an angel. Nothing ever happens. I can never say anything or do anything because there is nothing here to say or do. I have only one friend in the world and he is a butcher's boy. To see even him I have to resort to subterfuge. I pretend I am taking him for evening classes to make him better, and then he brings me in all the scandals he can rake up, and La Vie Parisienne and I teach him French so that he can read it. And he brings me the Sunday newspapers with the horrors in that mother thinks it would kill me to see I like his type really quite well; all red blood and beef, you know; and I was actually wondering whether I would be obliged to elope with him presently if no other better man turned up who was rather like him, only more so.

"The dullest men are always hanging about our house for no reason at all and not one has ever made love to me or shown the least interest in me. I egg them on in every way a girl could think of, and nothing happens, nothing at all! Until tonight, I have never been kissed. An appalling life, isn't it?"

And Charlie answered with profound emotion, "Appalling!"

"You are exactly the kind of man I have dreamed of and longed for all my life; a Horace—but of my own class. All my life I have been cruelly misunderstood, made to live with moldy people and be delicate and do right."

"Darling, darling!" protested Charlie, really profoundly moved. "Let us cheer ourselves up."

And he refilled the glasses.

"Lovely!" she said, drinking.

She leaned against Charlie. Time flowed by delightfully. The music of the orchestra floated up to them.

"There's a jolly thing we really could Charleston to," said Charlie joyfully.

So he and the maiden rose, and there in the mayor's robing room they were dancing the Charleston with imagination and abandon, so lost in rapture that they did not hear the sound of feet upon the stairway; and suddenly Sir Tristram, wrought up with anxiety, and Doctor Lapworth and the bank manager and the curate and Lady Barker broke in, and were upon them.

Charlie called his partner to a halt, settled his tie and stood beaming. True, the girl's hair was perhaps not exactly of its earlier chaste sleekness, and a champagne bottle and glasses lay about the place, but he was doing no harm.

"Keeping right out of your way, little feller," he called cheerily to Tristram.

"Flora!" said Lady Barker, the curate, bank manager, doctor and Sir Tristram, in a series of dull groans.

"F-Flora!" repeated Charlie. "Haven't you found her yet?"

"Here I am, dear," said Flora, confidently nestling by his side. "Lady Barker, Sir Tristram, everyone, please wish us happiness. Let me present you to my fiancé, Mr. —— Mr. —— Mr. ——"

And she seemed innocently surprised that nobody smiled; no, not even Charlie.

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JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

THE COUNTRY OF OLD MEN

(Continued from Page 33

money and you took theirs if you could—dog eat dog; no pretense about it.

Of course I lost. Even in a straight game very few amateurs can hold their own with professionals. But it was worth the money to have an hour now and then when you could go at it hammer and tongs, finish all out—get up from the table utterly spent, go back in weary peace to the Park Hotel and sleep without remembering.

XIX

ONE night—it was August 27, 1920; I have reason to be sure—there was a dance at the country club. The crowd was small because so many people hadn't returned yet from the lakes, yet even so there were too many people. I couldn't keep my attention on the scattering, disjointed, aimless talk; they'd lived eight years I didn't know anything about. I offended my partners, not by my clumsiness but by forgetting who they were. Girls I'd grown up with—oddly alike they seemed. Dark or fair, fat or slim, plain or pretty, no one of them was vividly herself. Their hair against my shoulder was fragrant, but not with the fragrance that meant one woman out of all the world.

They all played the same system, if you know what I mean. A sort of virginal frankness, a man-to-man attitude subtly modified by the consciousness of sex and pretty clothes; virtue as conscious as the delicate paint on their lips. Their eyes said, "Aren't we good friends? But I do hope you're not going to be bold and notice that I'm a woman!"

Then they thought I was dull because I didn't.

Well, I was dull. It all seemed false, flat, superficial. This orchestra of sleek, pale, bold-eyed youths braying out music whose sensuous rhythm was borrowed from the jungle; these moderate, respectable people toying with instincts that were not strong enough to be unsafe. I wandered off and sat on a tee bench under the dim pale stars, lighting cigarettes and throwing them away, staring down a dim fairway into the woods and seeing a place far off and different—a place of grim reality; Nature immense and violent, people who loved and feared and hated with an intensity that would seem shameful here.

"Oh, there you are! I've been looking all through the gas pipes for you."

It was Nola Nelson, Mike Nelson's second daughter, fair-haired, beautifully groomed, cool, boyish; thirty-two years old—she looked twenty-five and unmarried; a million dollars is a handicap for a maiden in Milo. I jumped up and threw away my cigarette. She sat down and asked for one herself.

She crossed her slim legs comfortably. Below one knee a pretty garter was visible. It was the sort that is meant to be.

"Howard, I'm going to lecture you."

"I love to be lectured," I said mechanically.

"You've changed," said Nola Nelson. "I'm not sure I like you as well as I used to; but you're more —— Yes, I do. In some ways I like you better. Father says you've got more—more force than you used to have. He says you'll make a million or go broke."

"This uncertainty is dreadful."

"It's not at all important. The point is, a million dollars won't make people forgive you for the way you're acting. You can't get away with it, Howard. Not in Milo." Man to man—like that. "Hanging around those low dives west of the railroad," said Nola. "Openly; that's what people can't understand. Going through the streets at all hours with that monstrous thug of yours."

In Milo there were not two such figures as Gabriel Zalas; but west of the railroad, if you're wise, you don't walk alone at night—not if you look as if you had money; and Gabriel was an escort a footpad would think twice about. Of course people recognized him as far as they could see him. Why not? I wasn't hiding anything. I didn't care that much about it.

"They're saying you're mixed up in this liquor business. You're so careless about money, about so many things you used to ——"

There was nothing I could say in self-defense. But it was odd to think somebody cared. The music whanged and thudded in its sensuous, mocking parody of violence. Nola sat relaxed, thoughtfully smoking; the curves of her slim body were sweet, alluring. Presently I kissed her. You know—it seemed the thing to do. She returned the kiss accurately, with—well, virginal frankness. Quite under control. When we went in to dance her face wasn't even flushed.

Of course that was my fault. Haven't I said I was dull?

She whispered, "Think you'll go back to the tropics?"

I said mechanically, "Never."

Go back? To what? Great mountains marching down the world to dwarf a man and shake his faith in human destiny; the jungle, blind and malignant and invincible; distance and space and color, a vast soulless beauty and a trap for men. Loneliness and hardship and foolish dreams of home—of Milo, Indiana, this very place that seemed so empty now.

West of the railroad, intensity is not shameful. Housewives scream curses at one another with more than virginal frankness, and knife their husbands if they seem to need it; you read about it in the papers and you think "How crude!" If you're respectable that's all you ever know about it. But you have to care about something, be sure of something, to be respectable. I wasn't sure of anything, not even the name of that wild bitter ache that wouldn't let me sleep.

The game at Woodrow's place was dull that night. I played savagely, without attention; lost, took a drink of Woodrow's liquor and bought another stack; lost and repeated the operation in the order named. The money I'd brought with me didn't last an hour.

Woodrow said cordially that my check was good—"Make it to cash." He wasn't playing; he'd given up his chair on my left to a boyish-looking fellow in a plaid cap, whom he introduced as Mr. McGuire. Mr. McGuire dealt clumsily and played his cards badly and lost cheerfully. You couldn't help thinking he had no business to be there.

But by an odd coincidence my heaviest losses came on his deal. I had a pat full house beaten by a straight flush filled on a two-card draw; filled a high flush and lost to an improbable full house. It got so I didn't know what to go by. First one man and then another—one of three—beat good hands for me.

Tough luck, eh? Yes. Call it luck. I did. But I called for new cards—which Woodrow furnished cheerfully—and watched Mr McGuire's hands.

Eh well! Truly the hand is quicker than the eye. It was my own fingers, not my eyes, that gave me something to pin suspicion to. The boyish Mr McGuire clumsily shuffled the new deck and passed it for the cut just as Woodrow passed me a drink. I swallowed the drink, but I kept my finger tips carefully in place until my eyes could verify what I felt there—a tiny nut in the deck, a crimp—half the deck curled ever so slightly away from the other half. I lifted the top half to see what cards were planted for the bottom of the deck. Just four kings, that's all!

It came to me that only two of the players were at all uncertain as to what was up. The other four, including Mr McGuire, sat oddly still. I had to laugh. Woodrow spoke behind me:

"'S matter, Mr. Pressley?"

"I'm just wondering," I said, "which one of these birds was due to beat me on a four-card draw. That's getting pretty raw."

The eyes under the visor of Mr. McGuire's boyish cap were not boyish. They were oddly wide, inhuman. His right hand moved swiftly toward his chest as he cried, "Wha' d' ye mean, you ——"

I grinned—"You got me the first time"—and put my hand firmly against his right elbow, stopping whatever he was jerking from under his left arm. But I didn't try to stop him from leaping out of his chair away from me; I helped him so vigorously that he stumbled on the legs of the next chair and went down; spun my own chair against Woodrow's long legs and leaped on the boyish Mr. McGuire in time to tear a blocky automatic out of his hand.

Woodrow yelled "Jack! That guy's from Mexico! He'll knife you!" Mr. McGuire flipped convulsively under the table. Woodrow was covering me with a revolver, not dramatically, but in the most simple and effective manner, waist-high. No use rushing him. There was an opaque window by me; it gave only on an alley. I tossed the automatic through the glass and grinned.

"Worrying about my knife? Here it is." Moving carefully, not to startle Woodrow's trigger finger, I took it out of my vest pocket, opened its two-inch blade and snapped it off and tossed it through the broken pane. "I give you my word that's the only weapon on me."

Woodrow half lowered the revolver, wondering, I guess, just what I meant to do. I couldn't have told him. But oddly, for the first time since I'd been home, I felt alert, in full command of all my faculties; as if the liquor I'd drunk had just begun to stimulate my dull brain; as if time had slowed suddenly into split seconds, crystal clear. Likely the whole thing didn't take a minute.

"You can keep the money," I granted; "it ought to cost me that. But I'll just have those checks back if you don't mind."

"Will you?" said Woodrow. "Oh, will you? Go ahead. Stop payment on 'em. I won't sue you. But you'll wish I had."

"Oh, well," I said, and walked over to the sideboard to take a drink. But I didn't take it. Behind my back I snatched at the revolver, twined a leg round his knees and threw my weight back, yelling with all my lung power, "Gabriel! Come!"

Something whacked my skull as we went down. I wrenched the revolver free and whacked savagely at Woodrow's; I couldn't wait to see if he was out; savagely I fought to my feet, butting faces, stamping on feet, striking with my free hand, hanging desperately to the revolver. Nothing hurt much. The room was full of the relief of violence, of joyous unrestraint. Cut loose with everything you had!

Gabriel came. He came by the simplest route—through the window. I heard his huge foot splinter through the sash, his deep voice crying "Here I am, señor!" A man lifted off me and thudded against the wall. The table crashed. Another man wilted even as I struck at him. Whack! The door was open. There was nobody in the room but Gabriel and four men on the floor.

Harsly panting, a leg of the table in his hand, Gabriel explained, "They got away, señor."

I had to laugh. It seemed a good example, at that; hastily I retrieved my checks from Woodrow's pocket and went into the alley. But as we reached the farther street a police whistle shrilled somewhere and sickening sanity rolled back on me.

Was I crazy? This was Milo. Milo—Milo, Indiana, where such things simply didn't happen! Just what had happened anyway? How hard had I struck? Or Gabriel? What would the police find in the disordered room? Dead men? Even one?

Go back and see? No need. They couldn't all be dead. The police would find me if they needed me.

The lethargy of dawn was over Milo. A policeman eyed me with sluggish recognition; I spoke to him cordially already trying to be respectable again! The sleepy night clerk of the Park Hotel handed me three letters with my key; I took them and plodded dully to the elevator, got to my room and tossed them on a table. I was half undressed when one of them caught my eye—a foreign stamp, a flimsy envelope of foreign texture, the postmark of Vizcaya! The handwriting was cramped, old-fashioned, wavering. The pages blurred.

Then words leaped out and spoke to me. Mild, whimsical words, the calm and steady voice of old Ben Murchison—Ben Murchison, alive!

"*Dear Buck:* I have been in jail. They nabbed me the minute I landed in Vizcaya because a Revolution is on and they thought sure I was mixed up in it. They did not know about me giving my word not to do any more fighting except in Personal matters. I told them, but they did not believe it. Give a Dog a bad Name etc. Buck, I do not know if I have ever told you, but if you ever get locked up *incomunicado*, do not get mad and Worry, just take it easy and think of all the funny things you can remember. It is the way to keep from going crazy.

"But finally they put me with some other prisoners and I got word to the American Minister. Do you know him, Buck? Mr. Barbee. He is a nice fellow. He did not remember whether you came to see him or not. So many people do. He did not know about my Promise, but he knew I was not fighting any more so finally they let me out.

"That is why it took me so long to find out you were gone. I got to Tolobaya but they did not know what had become of you, but I could not do any more riding for a few days because I am still kind of weak and my back bothered me some. Then I got over to Chunango and Mr. Brennan told me you had gone Home.

"I am glad to hear it, Buck. I am not blaming you for killing that Del Valle boy. They tell it here that you Fought him about his sister, but I know how Natives are, hot-headed. I know you did not treat her anything but right. I know you killed him fair. They have got you charged with Murder, but this country has not got any extradition treaty with the States, so you are all right as long as you ——"

XX

SO FAR I read in a sort of trance. It would have been easier to grasp if he had written like a man who had been terribly wounded, terribly imprisoned in a solitary dungeon where you had to think of all the funny things you could remember to keep from going crazy.

But he didn't. Not he! You could hurt that gallant old body, but you couldn't make him sorry for himself. You couldn't shake the deep calm courage of him. Ben Murchison was a man.

Murder! That was the word that jarred me back to a realization of the present sitting there on my untouched bed in the Park Hotel, seeing slow dawn come gray across the crowding, sleeping roofs of Milo, Indiana. I had not killed Rufo del Valle, far off down the world, but maybe one of those men in Woodrow's place was dead. Maybe more than one. It made no difference whether Gabriel or I had struck the blow—I was the one responsible for whatever had happened.

But who had killed Rufo del Valle?

Like a clock that had stopped four months ago, the memory of Vizcaya took first, my brain still drugged with the violence of the last twenty minutes. Ben Murchison was in Vizcaya! Knowing my trail, he had gone to Tolobaya, to Chunango, where he had learned ——

(Continued on Page 93)

"Couldn't you *see* you trumped my ace?"

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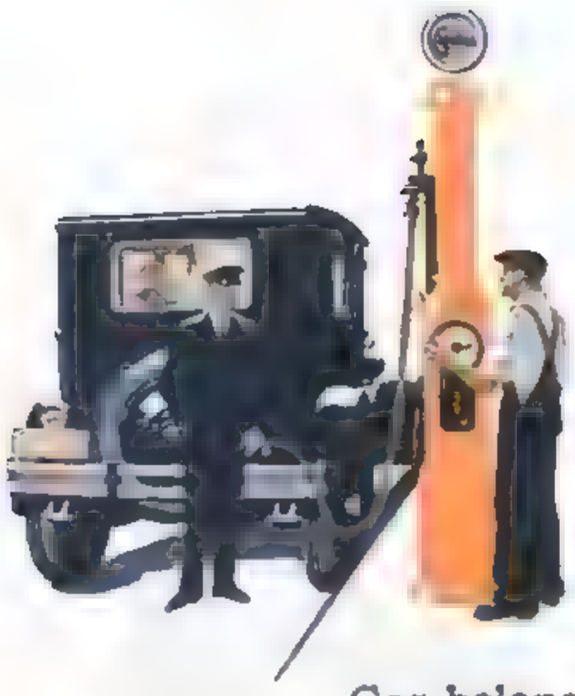

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A PHILOSOPHER once stopped three men at their labour and asked of each what he was about

"I am laying bricks and mortar," said one.

"I am putting up a wall", answered the second.

But the third reverently replied. *"I am building a cathedral!"*

~ ~ ~

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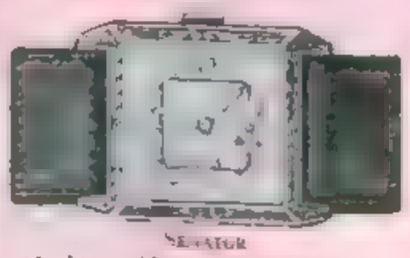

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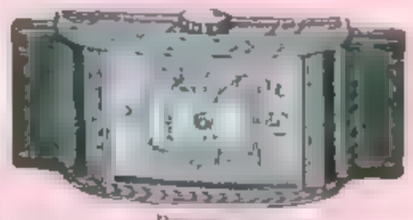

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14 kt. gold filled; 15 jewel; radium dial $25.00

At the Better Jewelers ~ Everywhere

(Continued from Page 88)

How did Peter Brennan know I had come home?

Who had killed Rufo? And when?

That phantom rider must have been he—that horseman who had come thundering down from La Caoba while I lay hazily in the bushes below the trail. His head snow white and featureless against the stars—bandaged, of course; likely his face and scalp were cut to ribbons by the crazy slashing of my rapier. But he certainly wasn't dead. Not then. Shouting like that. Not even badly hurt; it takes strength to stride a horse at full speed down a twisting mountain trail.

His horse galloping back riderless; that would be after a stumble, a fall—and no wonder. But his voice had kept on shouting vengefully. Receding into the valley, pursuing me on foot. Fading, forgotten in the delirium of exhaustion and fever and the incandescence of that merciless sun.

Had I met and killed him in the hours I didn't remember? But how? Hardly able to drag one foot after another, my right arm helpless ——

Well, I'd been strong enough to climb down into the canyon and take the blanket roll off my dead horse and drag a heavy blanket, crazily, all the way to Chunango. No telling what a man can do when the restraint of reason is removed. And I'd been armed. Was that why Peter Brennan had told me so earnestly to be quiet, kept me indoors until the boat came—hiding me? . . . I leaped up and rummaged in my trunk for my revolver, which hadn't been fired since then. There were three empty shells.

Gave you a frantic helpless feeling, sitting there, needing so desperately to know what was hidden in the blank, unanswering fog of time and distance. Only these flimsy sheets of foreign paper, scrawled with mild whimsical words that could speak with the voice of old Ben Murchison, yet could not answer any single question. Only stray glimpses of interweavings in a hidden pattern. . . . Ben Murchison had fought in Vizcaya when I was no more than a baby here in Milo, knowing no more of warriors and kings than I might hear in fairy tales. Yet it was the thread of my own footless blundering that had drawn him back there after thirty years—even now he spoke of Ramon Zuñiga, but seemed to have no notion who he was:

"I am boarding with a fellow named Dowling. He says he knows you; you took up for him in a scrap with a fellow named Zuñiga. That is, I am staying at his house. He seems to be off somewhere on a Spree. He was hanging around the *mesón* drunk while I was laid up, and the night before I left for Chunango his little girl came down there hunting him. She is all the time afraid he will tackle Zuñiga and get himself killed. Zuñiga seems to be quite somebody around here. I reckon he would not make any bones about killing him if he Felt like it.

"That is how I happen to be staying here. I felt kind of bad to think of that little trick worrying about her Papa, so I came back to see if he had showed up. No. I did not think she ought to stay in the house by herself, she is not much more than a baby but you know how natives are. Some of them. But she would not stay at the *mesón*. She is scared her Papa will come home drunk and nobody to take care of him. So I moved up here. She can not cook anything much but fried eggs, so I tole her down to the *mesón* to eat sometimes and we get along fine.

"I am afraid something has happened. He has been gone four days but I will wait. I have not got anything to do and I might as well.

"She says you are the finest Liar she ever saw, making up Yarns about rabbits with watches in their pockets etc. She is a cute trick and Spunky as they make them but I am worried. The police will not do anything but Promise. They would not tackle Zuñiga anyway if he killed him right under their Nose.

"I reckon you heard about me getting shot. I am getting all right now but I was pretty sick by the time I found a pueblo where I could give up, you know how scattered they are in Peten, and besides I am getting old. I do not come Back after getting Hurt like I used to. But I am getting all right. I am sure sorry things broke like they did, Buck. I could not see any way to help it. They sure made a Mess of our outfit. But you are a young fellow and you have got a good head for business. You will make a new start and be rich in no time.

"Mind what I tell you now, Buck. You stay in the States this time. That is the place. This is no country for a young fellow. I have been here nearly forty years and I know. You will get Restless but you stay with it, Buck. You will get used to it. I never had the Guts to stick it out myself, I always got restless and had to Hit the trail again. But you are a peaceable young fellow and you know how to get along with People.

"When you start getting Tired of it, you just remember how you got tired of it down here. I could see you getting tired ever since the War and I was glad to hear you had gone home. You stay there, Buck. You would only keep fooling around and wind up like I did, get old and be no use to anybody.

"Many a time I will sit and think of when we were partners, what a Hustling young fellow you were and what good times we used to have sitting and chewing the Rag etc. Huh, Buck? Let me know how you are getting along. Please. Send % de Srta. Alice Dowling, Tolobaya, Vizcaya. You can depend on her better than her Papa even if he shows up but I am uneasy about him.

"I will send this General Delivery, from all you say Milo is a little town and I reckon it will get to you all right. Best regards, Buck. Take care of yourself.

"Yours truly,

"BENJ. MURCHISON."

That was all. Not a word of how he had escaped from his grave in the jungles of Peten; to him it was only a matter of course to keep on trying as long as the breath of life was in him. Not a word about his share of our money in the bank—I was young and had my start to make; he was an old fellow and wouldn't need it long.

I can't tell you how it hit me. I didn't know I was swearing aloud until Gabriel poked his great tousled head in to ask anxiously what was the matter; he thought I must be swearing at somebody. Well, I was. I was cursing the man I'd been, to let Ben Murchison get such an idea of me; the fool I'd been, to think you could buy peace with money; the weakling I'd been, to quit because I'd been a little tired and sick. Cursing my helplessness to tell him that I knew it now.

"Gabriel," I cried, "he lives! Don Benjamin is alive!"

Gabriel said simply, "*Deveras*, señor? Truly?" But his broad face lighted with gladness that would have burst a smaller man. He was human, you know; a thousand years of failure and defeat can wipe out subtle and complex emotions, but never the basic ones of loyalty and gratitude and love. Ben Murchison had been always kind to him.

"He is in Vizcaya."

"Do they speak Spanish there, señor?"

"Eh?" I said. "Yes. Why?"

"I am glad," said Gabriel. "This is a beautiful city and the people are very kind, but English is very hard to learn."

I give you my word it had never occurred to me how lonely he must have been. I'd been too busy feeling sorry for myself; I'd taken him for granted, like a dog or the bed I slept on. And of course he'd never presumed to tell me how he felt. On the other hand, he never questioned my responsibility. He had smashed those men in Woodrow's place because I'd told him to, which made it right for him. He wasn't worrying about any consequences. More than once, in the past, I'd kept him out of jail by giving money to the police. If they made any trouble here, I'd give them money and we'd be on our way. What could be simpler?

XXI

EH, WELL! A man can try. Through empty streets of sunrise I galloped to a telegraph office and cabled Uncle Ben:

"Stay put till you hear from me. Thought you were dead. Love to Alice and plenty for yourself, you darned old phœnix."

The girl at the desk reminded me sleepily that I hadn't signed it. I had to say, "Oh, he'll know who it's from." Could I say it was not to advertise myself to authorities who had me charged with murder? The message had to go via San Carlos and Ciudad Vizcaya and the telegraph to Tolobaya; somewhere along the line they'd spot the name of Howard Pressley—or even Buck, in a message addressed to him.

No use to wonder yet how I could get in myself. I had to get out of Milo first. I rushed to a taxi office and drove to the house of Harry Willis, the county prosecutor, and got him to the door in a bath robe and a fine morning grouch.

"Come out of it," I said. "Get on some clothes and come down to the hotel for breakfast. Got to have a talk with you."

"My gosh, man! What time is it?"

"Six o'clock. But I've got to take the 10:47 to New York and I've got forty-seven things to do between now and then. Just think of all the mornings I've let you sleep, and forgive me. I mean it, Harry! I'm sorry, but I've got to impose on you this once."

"You must have been killing somebody," he said sarcastically.

But I waited till coffee and food had soothed him, and even then I began carefully distant from the point. I told him about Ben Murchison's latest resurrection. That beguiled him out of a too judicial attitude.

Harry Willis made a living putting people in jail for adventuring in Milo, but when they did it like Ben Murchison, a picturesque, swashbuckling soldier of fortune, far off in the tropics—that was romantic. See?

"He must have more lives than a cat," grinned Harry Willis.

"He certainly hangs onto the one he's got," I agreed. "Now he's in Vizcaya, in the very district where I was working when—when fever got me down. Harry, there's a lake of asphalt in those hills, richer than Bermudez, nearly as rich as Trinidad—a million-dollar proposition, lying there idle, wide open for the man that can grab it loose from politics. Not very many people know about it. I stumbled on it by an accident. I was a sick man when I—I quit; but now, with Ben Murchison to ——"

That was the line I took. A man can't come right out and talk about the need to feel the hills again, to hear a mild garrulous old voice, to come again into a starlit garden full of memories that will not fade. I didn't say that I was charged with murder there. I talked about politics and Ben Murchison and a million dollars—romantic things like that—and Harry grinned.

"Go to it, boy! If I wasn't a married man —— But what was it you wanted to see me about?"

I told him then; told him exactly what had happened in that joint west of the railroad, making no excuse for having been there. No use to make excuses; I knew what Milo would think of me—rounder, gambler, damfool generally. Odd that it should hurt so much to realize. Yesterday I hadn't cared what Milo thought.

But it wasn't the county prosecutor who listened. It was just Harry Willis, a fellow I'd known all my life. He was shocked; personally, you know. Our kind of people didn't do that sort of thing. He reached for the telephone—we were in my room—and asked for the police station.

"Who's talking? . . . Oh, hello, sergeant. This is Harry Willis. What's this trouble at Woodrow's joint? . . . I see. Who are they? . . . Just drifters, huh? . . . Any of 'em hurt much? . . . Has he had medical attention? . . . Fractured? Does the doc seem to think it's serious? . . . Any of 'em know his name? . . . Yes, hold 'em all. Yes, Woodrow too. I've warned him. Who's Minnis? . . . Right. Any reporters been in yet? Well, give it to 'em as a raid. Say they were after Minnis. Don't mention anybody's name except the men they took in. No use stirring up a stink. Yes, let it go that way."

Hanging up, he said with sorrowful humor, "I guess you're willing to let the police have the credit, eh, Howard?"

"The—what?"

"Your Mr. McGuire happens to be Mr. Minnis of Chicago, wanted for killing a policeman, which is one of the few crimes," said Harry, "that makes a man really unpopular—in Chicago. There's a reward. That's the trouble with fellows like Woodrow," he said bitterly. "They turn their places into stations on the underground. Give 'em an inch and they take a mile. Gives Milo a bad name. I'd give a leg to be able to run 'em all out."

He seemed to have forgotten my case in his grievance against politics. Vaguely I knew that even honest politicians had to compromise with the forces west of the railroad; but it seemed no time for general conversation.

"You say one of 'em's—hurt?"

"Skull fractured," said Harry soberly. "Unidentified; still unconscious and the others claim they don't know who he is. Not a Milo man. Tough bird, likely. Howard, how in the name of common sense did you ever get mixed up with a gang like that?"

"Common sense!" I said. "What does a fool know about common sense? I've got no excuse. You know the facts. Now what ——"

"If he dies," said Harry, "I'll probably have to charge you with manslaughter. I I can't ——"

"You won't have to take any action till he ——"

"No. The police didn't catch you gaming, and those birds won't have the nerve to try to make any ordinary assault charge stick against you—not in this town."

You get it? I belonged in Milo. They didn't.

"That's all I could hope for," I said gratefully. "And I'll be back to take my medicine—whatever it is. That's what I wanted to say to you. I'm not running away. But I simply got to go."

"I'm a little deaf," snapped Harry. "I didn't hear what you said about leaving the country. I'd have to order you held if ——"

"I'll put up any bond you say. I own a third interest in the Grove Hill development, and if that isn't enough ——"

"You talk too much!" said the county prosecutor. "How can you put up a bond when there's no charge against you yet? If it comes to that, I'll remember that you reported to me. That's all I can do. Did you say you had an engagement this morning? Well, good luck, boy!"

That's what it is to grow up in a little town and deal with men who've known you all your life. I went to Dave Henshaw and told him how sorry I was to have to leave the Grove Hill job so suddenly on his hands. He said emotionally, "Forget it, old man! Joe and I'll take care of it. You've got enough on your mind."

Safe, moderate, reliable Dave Henshaw! He was deeply shocked at the mess I'd got myself into—genuinely shocked; and something else. He was as excited at the news of Ben Murchison as if that old adventurer had been his own personal friend—that reckless, bold, swashbuckling soldier of fortune he imagined. Queer, eh? Dave, who would have died of shame if he'd been mixed up in a brawl himself, was a steady ring-side customer at the prize fights staged by one of the local clubs. Enjoyed the

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—DECIDEDLY BETTER—

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science of boxing, so he said; but knockouts were what he talked about next day—bloody ones.

He gripped my hand emotionally when I left. You know. He thought I went adventuring. That's the romantic name for trouble when it happens to some other fellow, far enough from home.

XXII

EH, WELL! What is reality, anyway? I know that I was worried and afraid. It had been a month since Uncle Ben's letter was written; anything can happen in a month. He was old and had been lately wounded. He had no money that I knew of; no drafts of his had reached the bank when I passed through New York. And he had enemies even in Vizcaya—one that I knew of, and that one rich and powerful and vindictive—Teófilo Zuñiga, political boss of Vizcaya for thirty years. Did Zuñiga know Ben Murchison was in the country now?

Had I killed Rufo del Valle in the hours that were lost out of my memory? How should I learn the truth? How should I even get into Vizcaya? What would happen if I landed openly in San Carlos or Chunango? You can't do much from the inside of a jail.

Now, looking back, I know those fears and worries rode me; yet those are not the things that I remember. Pictures remain, and they mean something to me. Havana, in a purple night hung thick with stars, strung with that lovely sweep of lights along the Malecon—familiar with the clipped liquid sound of Spanish and the good homely smells of saffron and burnt coffee and red wine. Slow days down summer seas. A night of velvet blackness out of which the sea flamed into splendor, such fireworks as the hand of man has never yet unrolled—the boat's wash and the swift wakes of playing dolphins burning gold and blue, every splash bursting into an inverted plume of ghost fire under the invisible surface, flying fish rocketing away like living comets into the dark. A dawn when violence threw you out of your bunk, such violence as can sweep the Caribbean in September—all day and all night the white ship stood at bay, fighting up green steeps of racing water, plunging down and fighting up again, facing the screaming battalions of the wind.

Then Panama. The awe-inspiring machinery of the locks, hoisting great ships to sail among the sad gray bones of the drowned forests of Gatun—drowned to make crossroads for the ships of all the world. Balboa on the Pacific side. The Tivoli, and lean sunburned men, panama-hatted or pith-helmeted against the sun—hard men, incurious of eye, laconic and usually a little drunk.

A wider code of manners and of ethics too. Out there a man stands on his own feet, and sees to it that nobody else does. It seemed good to be back, I won't deny.

In Panama I heard reports of the revolution in Vizcaya. The rebels had captured Chunango; it wasn't worth much as a port, because the only trail inland was through the great canyon into the valley of the Zorro, which the federals could block at one end as easily as the rebels from the other. By the same token, they couldn't be dislodged except from the sea; and they were getting money out of the Consolidated by threatening to burn their wells. Oil's the most vulnerable form of money in the world, I guess.

Not that I cared, except for Peter Brennan's sake. I liked Brennan and he had done me a great service, and it's no joke to have a gang of bandits camping on you. But let me make this clear: I didn't care a thing about Vizcayan politics. Not then.

We rode into Vizcaya from behind, Gabriel and I. A hot and toilsome route, but the safest one—we didn't even know when we crossed the border, maybe on the same mountain trail where young Ben Murchison had escaped thirty years ago, "three jumps ahead of a firin' squad." Up into hills where the sun was hot and the air was thin, where you sweated by day and shivered under double blankets by night, out through a lonely pass above the great upland mesa that rims the northern end of the Zorro Valley.

That's one of the pictures that remain. The blue line of the seaward ridge that runs to La Caoba and Chunango. Wide rolling plain, patched with dark green of coffee and yellow of sesame, softened to beauty in the slanting sun; white specks of central haciendas, a tiny ox wain that did not seem to move, and tiny cattle grazing, and a toy horseman galloping where there was nothing to gauge his progress by. Far purple glimpses of the Zorro Valley; and the hills—the hills, the mighty surf roll of a continent, immense and calm, not restless like the sea.

Gabriel didn't look ridiculous out there. Bulky he was, and proudly he clung to his incongruous Yankee clothes; proudly, when we stopped to ask our way at some isolated farm where peons straightened up to stare at us, he spoke to me in what he hoped was English, cocking a lordly eye at those humble, *calzón*-clad, sandal-footed fellows. How could they tell that his imposing shoes hid calloused marks of sandal thongs, or that *calzónes* even now served him for underwear?

Funny he was, but not ridiculous. A man can be as big as he likes, as simple as he likes, out there. There's plenty of room.

Peaceful it seemed. Suddenly up over a roll in the mesa came a swift caravan, mounted men galloping before a carriage whose horses galloped too. Probably, I thought, the wife of some rich landowner, returning from a shopping trip to the capital; in those countries, you know, few women ride horseback where wheels can go.

But it was not a woman. Surprisingly, the horsemen struck spurs to their horses and came charging down on us.

"Halt! What are you doing here?"

That was unusual. Back-country men are usually most courteous; these men were plainly looking for trouble. I was in no position to oblige them. I answered mildly, "Passing by."

"Whence do you come, and on what business?"

"Who," I demanded mildly, "wants to know?"

"Teófilo Zuñiga!"

You may believe I turned anxious eyes on that carriage then. Not that I had anything especially to fear from Teófilo Zuñiga; likely—or so I thought—he'd never heard of me, at least by name. It was his son Ramon I was afraid of. Ramon would recognize me. Remembering the stare of those hot hawklike eyes in the plaza at Tolobaya, I had no delusions about that.

But the carriage rocked swiftly by, and neither of its passengers was Ramon. One was a servant, who braced in his arms another—well, call it a man. A withered frame swathed in a rich shawl whose colors cruelly emphasized the yellow pallor of a face on which the flesh seemed horribly to have melted and run down, sagging like dead wax into malignant seams and folds. I caught one glance from its venomous yellow eyes as it went by. It was enough. Even today, looking back, I firmly believe Teófilo Zuñiga hated every living soul—but one. That was his son Ramon.

Now, looking back, I partly understand the man. He came to Vizcaya sixty years ago, an unknown immigrant from Spain, a Galician in a country whose aristocracy is of Biscayan stock; where the word *gallego* is a word of scorn. He grew rich, but he was still Galician. He grew powerful—climbed by the only means he knew, shrewd, ruthless and aggressive—climbed to be feared and sneered at, a *gallego* to the last. Maybe—who knows?—hate was the driving force within him.

Certainly it was strong, to have molded a human face into that mask of hate and cruelty.

But it was the mouth that made you sick, wiped out all pity for his age and his infirmity. Impotent and yet lecherous, as if it savored unclean memories. That was the man who had desired Fernando's sister—poor Doña Trini, that proud, cold, bitter lady, Queen of Vizcaya once. All I could think of was the way she had looked that night in Don Fernando's house, robbed of all dignity by her shapeless wrapper and the curl papers in her graying hair, her thin hands shaking and her shaking voice crying at me the hate she felt for all male animals—that pitiful old woman who had once been beautiful and young.

The carriage went by; but these guards of his—that old man feared assassination more than any president, and with cause—showed no intention of letting us go.

"Answer me, Yankee!"

I said mildly, "Are you Teófilo Zuñiga?"

"I speak for him!"

"Then say for me," I said, "that I have passed."

And I tried to. But the spokesman snatched the bridle, threw my tired horse back on his haunches. He reared and trembled; while I soothed him I fought down the surge of red before my eyes until I could speak calmly. I had to. I couldn't let them take me in; could neither fight nor run. Grimly I kept my voice down—bluffing.

"Your master," I said quietly, "shall answer for this insolence. Gabriel, take this fellow out of my way."

You see, they had no idea who I was. And Gabriel didn't fail me. Quite simply he put out a huge hand and pulled the man's horse aside, saying, "Excuse, friend. You must not annoy the *patrón*."

And I rode straight ahead, not even glancing at them again. I didn't dare. There was the whole wide mesa in which to have ridden around them, but I didn't dare yield an inch. Gabriel rumbled a matter-of-fact *adiós*—it would have tickled me if I'd been somewhere else. That is the manner of servants of great men.

It was a mile before the uneasiness went out of my spine. The trail dipped over the edge of the mesa. The floor of the valley, far below, seemed carpeted with dark gray moss; yet those were trees. The mountains rose immense, ethereal, beautiful. They faded swiftly when the sun went down, faded from the bottom upward, their snow caps floating in strange iridescence. Gone! Blue stars came out; the flattened circle of the moon was blue. The night seemed infinite. Yet it was only the shadowed side of one small planet in the radiance of one minor star, a little world where men crawled in the tangle of their groping lives—self-centered, blind, unclean.

The lights of Tolobaya huddled insignificant and lonely over the misty darkness of the valley. We rode up warily. There wasn't much danger of being recognized and arrested—not immediately; all Yankees look more or less alike to them. But you never know.

Suddenly, for a moment, I forgot where I was. I thought I heard an automobile back-firing. But no automobile ever backfired in Tolobaya—those were rifle shots. Then I heard music in the plaza, and wild whoops and yells. Hilarious, you know.

"Halt!"

We halted; we were getting used to it. This was a military—more or less military—sentry who barred our way with rifle held unsteadily at port. He was not in uniform and he was drunk. Your nose told you that much. It needed no great acuteness to guess the rest.

"Shout 'Down with the revolution!'"

"I will not," I refused heroically. "I am a friend of the revolution. Your brave men have taken this place recently?"

"Last night." He turned ferociously to Gabriel. "And you? What do you shout, carcass of a bull?"

Gabriel turned placidly to me. "What do I shout, señor?"

"Shout '*Viva la revolución.*'"

Gabriel shouted. Literally; and windows jarred in their frames, and voices whooped in answer from the plaza four blocks away, and the sentry cried admiringly, "Have a drink, little one! Keep the bottle; I have many more. Pass, friends!"

And he went dragging his rifle back into the shadows, yodeling cheerfully, "Mariquita! Where are thou, female offspring of a goat?"

All very harmless and hilarious—unless you recognized the smell that came through broken windows and smashed doors, or heard a woman crying helplessly in the dark. You didn't see any women abroad—not if they could help it. That's how romantic a revolution is. You'll never know what a load rolled off my chest when I pounded with the butt of my quirt at the door of Henry Dowling's house—no light was showing—and heard Ben Murchison's calm voice demand in Spanish, "Who?"

The lock grated cautiously. He didn't stow away his revolver until he saw Gabriel and me alone. He didn't carry a lamp; he was too wise for that. His hand felt thin, a little cold. He didn't seem especially glad to see me. He said dryly, "You just can't take advice no time, can you, Buck?"

XXIII

HE SHOOK hands with Gabriel and told him to take the horses to the corral of the *mesón*.

"Tell the *corralero* to stable them with mine. If questions are asked, thou knowest nothing. Is it understood?"

Gabriel said placidly that it was understood. Placidly he ambled off. Revolutionists were no novelty to him; he'd been with Palomar in Mexico. He was big enough to take care of himself, and knowing nothing was the easiest thing he did.

The fact is, I frequently forgot that Gabriel was human.

Alice Dowling greeted me with shy formality. The child was even smaller and skinnier than I remembered; I don't know why I bowed—not more than half humorously. Maybe it was the courage, the unspoken disappointment in those grave green eyes of hers—over her head I flashed a question to Ben Murchison and his eyes answered gravely in the negative. Or maybe it was something else; something that hadn't been there five months ago—a new shy femininity, though she was not yet twelve years old. In those latitudes, you know, all flowering comes soon.

She said formally, "Hello, old-timer. I know you. The general said you was comin'. Had any more D. T.'s?"

"Huh?" I said.

"Don't you remember all those damn lies you was ——"

"Hey, kid," said Ben Murchison reproachfully, "how many times I told you not to say damn? Say durn."

"—— lies you was tellin' about little girls and rabbits and lizards that turned into a deck of cards? D. T.'s—that's what my papa said you'd been havin'. Damn ——"

"Durn," said the guardian of morals.

"My papa's gone," said Alice wistfully. "The general tell you? He's been—gone quite a while. Off on a—a trip or somethin'."

"You run along to bed now," said Ben Murchison. "Me and Buck ——"

"I thought you was him," said Alice. "I thought you might be."

"Git!" said Ben Murchison. "Me and Buck has got to ——"

"Did you come to join the revolution?"

"No."

"Why don't you?" urged Alice. "I been tryin' to get the general to. Then you could get even with Don Ramon Zuñiga. If my papa was ——"

"Scat!" said Ben Murchison. "You hear me?"

"First I thought," said Alice—"I thought papa might be off somewhere fightin' already. But Mr. Hecht said ——"

"You want me to paddle you?" cried the martinet.

"Yeah," said Alice, grinning. "You talk plenty, but you never do it. I dare you—just once!"

"Johnny Hecht been here?" I inquired.

"Be a good kid, now," wheedled the general. "Honest, Alice; me and Buck has got to talk business. Won't you?"

"Oh, all right," said Alice, and gave me her hard little paw, native fashion. "Good night, old-timer. Good night, general."

"Sleep tight, kid," said Ben Murchison, and sighed.

"But I ain't a bit sleepy."

When she had gone, he brought out a bottle, glancing cautiously at her door—this stickler for the proprieties—poured drinks and sighed, "I had a time with her today. She couldn't see no reason why she couldn't go runnin' around like she always does; said the revolutionists didn't have nothin' against her. And what could I tell her? I ain't never had no practice raisin' girls. Gets me so I don't know where to look."

"You think Dowling's gone for good?"

"Dead, sure, or run off and left her. I wouldn't put it past him. Wasn't worth shucks, from all I hear. Think of that shiftless runt havin' a kid like her! Ain't she a caution?"

He produced the disreputable remnant of a cigar and puffed it alight at the top of the lamp; said "Well, Buck, here's regards," sighed and sat down. I had to laugh, he looked so natural doing it. Unchanged. A little thinner, maybe; the wrinkles in his face a little grim; but his blue gaze was mild, calm, whimsical as ever. It seemed no miracle to see him there, alive. Nothing terrible seemed to have happened. Nothing great about him.

He was just a shabby, thirsty, comfortable old man.

He asked me, "Where'd you pick up Gabriel?'.

"In Peten," I told him—"mourning on your grave, you durned old fraud! Don't you know you're supposed to be dead?"

"Was a time," he grinned absently, "when I'd 'a' took anybody's word for it. . . . Well, how did your home town look to you?"

"Who was it they buried then?"

"Oh," he said, "that was me, all right. But you know how natives are. Lazy. They never had nothin' but bayonets to dig with, I reckon, so they just scooped a hole and covered me up. First thing, when I started wigglin', my hand pushed right out in the air. I ever tell you? I always been scared of bein' buried alive; I reckon it's because I'm so hard to kill. I'd 'a' been scared to death if I'd realized it was dirt in my face. But all I knew was I couldn't get my breath. Like I was in bed or somethin' and blankets over my head. You know how a feller will wiggle before he knows what for. Lucky, huh? I never even knew I was shot till I got my head out and realized that my left arm was gone."

"Gone?" I echoed, seeing it apparently all there.

"Shoulder blade bust all to thunder. Won't never be able to move it any more—only from the elbow down."

But he didn't offer to show me. Not he! If you ever saw his scars or disabilities, it was because he couldn't help it.

"Then I was scared, all right. Seem like I kept hearin' soldiers behind every bush. Scared to get up till it got dark. Just laid there pushin' the dirt back so they wouldn't notice I was gone and ——"

"Refilled the grave," I cried, "smashed up like that?"

"Wasn't much of a grave. And I didn't know then how bad I was hurt; you know how you feel when you first get shot like that; just sick. Didn't know much of anything, tell you the truth. Tried to get back to the mill, but I forgot where I was goin' and went blunderin' around like a chicken with its head off. Two-three times I thought I heard you hollerin' somewhere, and I'd start off that way, yellin' to you to wait. That was how these Mayas found me. And I pretty near worried 'em to death, tellin' 'em to go and bring you in."

"You," I said huskily—"you thought I'd come?"

"Most of the time I just forgot you wasn't there." He looked at me and grinned—unflatteringly. "Yeah, I was right worried when it started in to rain. Couldn't die easy, thinkin' who'd tell you when it was time to come in out of it."

"I don't see," I snorted, "that you've showed a hell of a lot of intelligence yourself! What have you done for money?"

"Oh," he said, "there was about six hundred dollars left in the Banco Nacional; you know, the pay-roll account. When I finally made it to Sabado, I got Enrique Mendez to cash a draft for that. Dated it back so they wouldn't notice I was alive. I didn't feel like any more trouble for a while."

"Didn't anybody tell you I'd been through Sabado?"

"Didn't see nobody but Enrique. Got him to smuggle me on a schooner goin' south, and stayed on her all the way to Trinidad."

"On six hundred dollars?"

"Sure! I still got some of it."

"And when that's gone," I asked politely, "you'll step out and get a job or something? Did it slip your dodgasted memory that we had an account in New York—something like a hundred thousand dollars? Or isn't that enough to interest you?"

"Oh," he said, "sure, I'd 'a' called on you if I needed to. But I been all right. Livin's cheap in this town."

"I get you," I said grimly. "The outfit we lost was your share, and the money in the bank was mine. What could be fairer? You don't need money. You don't expect to live more than thirty or forty years, and I'm a young feller with my start to make. Simple-minded, too!"

"Well, you needn't swell up and bust," he grinned, "just because I ain't had to draw no money yet. I would if I needed to, wouldn't I?"

"Try it!" I snarled. "I've got your letter to prove that you crawfished out of our partnership. You try to draw any of my money and I'll sue you! Gimme a match."

You know how comfortable you feel with a man who thinks you haven't got sense enough to come in out of the rain; especially if you know he needs a practical nurse himself. A couple of hours we sat talking there, and it never once occurred to me to wonder what Gabriel was doing.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MAKING A LIVING IN ENGLAND

(Continued from Page 14)

goes the wrong way of the street, a peculiarity vastly confusing to strangers; but Policeman Rowbottom radiates contentment and good nature. Looking back on his twenty-two years of service, in fact, Policeman Rowbottom cannot think of any career that would be more to his liking. If he had a son, he would certainly try to get him on the force, although the requirements are severe.

Policeman Rowbottom came originally from the country, as do most London policemen, and underwent the same preparation that is still in vogue. The young fellow who aspires to a job on the force must first undergo a severe medical examination, and then if accepted is sent to a training center for six months. During this period he studies police law and takes part in mock trials at the Police Training Headquarters in Regency Street. He is then sent to a police station and placed under the instruction of some experienced man, who takes him on his beat and points out to him those persons who have at one time or another been arrested or who are known to be addicted to some form of misdemeanor.

Policeman Rowbottom's urbanity arises not only from his contentment in his employment but from a philosophy instilled into the mind of every young recruit during the probationary period.

"You want to keep friendly with everyone," is the way he expresses it. "If you let a wrong un see you know he's a wrong un, you never get him. But if you make him think you think he's a good un, you get him sooner or later."

Another thing that contributes to Policeman Rowbottom's contentment is the good pay that goes with his position as compared with the pay of British workers in other lines. Even the new recruit gets three pounds a week. The experienced man gets four pounds a week, besides an allowance for shoes and an added five shillings if he is a married man. In addition to all this, when he completes thirty years in service he will be entitled to a pension, to which he himself contributes by small weekly deductions from his wages throughout his active career. It will be seen therefore that Policeman Rowbottom has no financial worries and can throw himself whole-heartedly into his work. His only shadow of complaint is the fact that his house rent has gone up during recent years and he now has to pay a pound a week for the same quarters that were formerly only fourteen shillings a week.

Policeman Rowbottom is proud of the service, but he never forgets how much the policemen owe to the training they get. Of course, he cannot see why one of the questions asked in the examinations is, "How would you make a garden path?" But there are other features that he does understand. For instance, the tutor officer is always saying to the recruit: "Steady now, steady!" Or, "Remember, you ain't the lor; you're only the one that carries out the lor!"

Personally, Policeman Rowbottom believes also that it is a good force because the public helps to make it good. Once when he was still young in the service he himself had a lesson that he has never forgotten. He had a beat at the time just in front of Charing Cross Station, and one morning a bit of a fussy old gentleman from the country came along and asked him how to get to Oxford Street. He was not feeling very fit, having been up most of the night on account of a fire, and he gave the old gentleman kind of a short answer, just pointing up the road with his thumb instead of explaining politely as he ought. It was all against the rules to act this way, and looking back now, he would not have blamed the old gentleman for reporting him, or at the least raising a bit of a row. But the old gentleman did neither. Instead, he waited a minute, standing just where he was, and then said, quite politely but firmly:

"Officer, I'm a British subject and a taxpayer. My taxes help pay your wages, so in a way I'm your employer and it's my duty to see that you give good service. Perhaps you didn't hear me very well the first time, so I'll ask you the question again: Please tell me how I shall get to Oxford Street."

The past few years have been especially trying for Policeman Rowbottom and his coworkers on account of the demonstrations of the unemployed and the parades of Bolsheviki sympathizers. Policeman Rowbottom is from the working class himself, and it is hard sometimes when he is escorting a parade along the street to hear some snipe taunt him with being a dirty tool of the classes. But he is proud to say he has never lost his temper and he finds the best way to answer is just to laugh and wink at the crowd as if it were only a joke.

"A policeman don't have to bluster and carry on when he knows the lor and the public is back of him," states Policeman Rowbottom, "and all he has to do is to go by the rules."

It was only recently that Policeman Rowbottom figured in the newspapers through placing under arrest a high personage who insisted that his car should be allowed to go contrary to the traffic in a one-way street, on the ground that his immediate presence was necessary at an important government meeting. Was Policeman Rowbottom a little worried, perhaps, at what might be the outcome of his action? Evidently not, for this is what he said at the subsequent investigation and for which he was complimented by the magistrate:

"If the gentleman 'ad to be at the meeting at a certain time, he could 'ave started a bit earlier and then he would 'ave 'ad time to go the right way of the traffic."

Mr. South

For two years Mr. South has lived with his wife at a small private hotel not far from Russell Square. Mr. South is a patriarchal-appearing old gentleman with flowing white hair and a quite fierce-looking mustache, whose manners are of the Victorian era, bluff and hearty toward his equals and kindly toward servants. Each evening after dinner the ladies of the house assemble in the parlor lounge for their coffee and sewing, while the gentlemen sit about the fireplace in the smoking room and discuss the events of the times.

Mr. South's conversation runs largely to the decadence of modern society, as opposed to the older and better days when working people knew their places and when the upper classes lived up to their responsibilities. He thinks it abominable that a servant girl should receive a pound a week wages, with a whole afternoon and two evenings off. In the old days the servant girl accommodated herself to the convenience of her employers and grew gratefully old in their service; but now at the least excuse, such as being asked to remain up after eleven o'clock or being required to carry cans of water to the upper floors, she pertly gives notice and seeks another place or goes on the dole.

Mr. South does not entirely blame the servant classes for this deplorable situation. The old feudal spirit, wherein the servant was made one of the gentleman's family, has been swept away by the rise of the newly rich, many of whom were themselves of the working class only a generation or two ago. What England needs, Mr. South stoutly avers, is less of the subversive talk about democracy that continually seeps in from the colonies and from America, and more of the old time aristocratic spirit under which England rose to greatness.

For two years Mr. South has easily been the leader of the gentlemen in the smoke room of the private hotel. All the gentlemen have occupations that take them away during the day; but as it is considered very bad form to discuss private affairs, none knows what the others do in the world of business.

Each morning after breakfast they go out, one by one, casually, as though the day was to be spent in some club in Piccadilly or perhaps to mingle with the statesmen of Downing Street.

Though the gentlemen of the smoke room strictly observe the rules of decorum regarding ignorance of one another's business affairs, there is less conservatism in the ladies' lounge. Several of the lady guests are elderly spinsters living upon income, and among these there is considerable quiet speculation as to the activities of their friends' husbands.

Many times during the two years of Mr. and Mrs. South's residence at the hotel Mrs. South has been given opportunity to tell what her husband's occupation might be, but she has never gone beyond stating that he had affairs in the City. One day recently, however, one of the spinster ladies had occasion to go into a house-furnishing shop near Ludgate Circus that caters to fashionable trade and that has a great gilt

(Continued on Page 101)

A NEW PLAN

by which RCA assures dependable radio service to the public

NOW RCA assures you that the dealer who sells you a Radiola is a responsible business man—reliable—and ready and willing to give you service. The man whose store carries the RCA Authorized Dealer sign is not a mere exchanger of merchandise for money. He sells you good radio reception—not just a radio set.

A Radiola is a permanent investment

The famous Super-Heterodyne circuit is to be found in RCA Radiolas *exclusively*. The six and eight tube "Super-Hets" are conceded to be the final word in radio performance today—in selectivity—in sensitivity—and simplicity of operation. And the Super-Heterodyne circuit is the basic circuit of the future!

These sets are superior—not only in performance—but in construction, too. All the delicate parts of the mechanism are sealed away—permanently—in a sturdy steel box called a catacomb. Dust and moisture cannot reach them...time cannot harm them...they will give unchanging performance through the years.

RCA has been a pioneer in many fields. The RCA Super-Heterodynes—first eliminating the antenna—now can eliminate batteries, too, taking their current entirely from the A. C. lighting circuit. These and other points of leadership make an RCA Radiola a permanent investment for years of service.

Wherever you see an RCA Authorized Dealer Sign—buy with full confidence of complete satisfaction.

Not only good sets, but good broadcasting

RCA and its associates, Westinghouse and General Electric, have been pioneers in the development of broadcasting since the earliest beginnings of radio. These affiliated companies now operate ten broadcasting stations—from coast to coast. Opera stars, lecturers, famous symphony and dance orchestras, and the greatest statesmen of the day, all broadcast to millions of homes through RCA stations—and RCA gives you fine programs night and day, every day of the year.

The final step in RCA service

And now RCA will follow through to the final point, to assure you willing and capable service right in your own neighborhood, through the nearest RCA Authorized Dealer.

The public has chosen RCA dealers. Every dealer has the opportunity to earn the valuable franchise which gives him, in his own territory, the leadership which RCA commands throughout the nation. Only those we believe can best serve the public are selected as RCA Authorized Dealers. Only by continuing this service may a dealer continue to display the RCA sign. Therefore, wherever you see an RCA Authorized Dealer Sign—buy with full confidence of complete satisfaction. This dealer is ready to do all in his power to serve you. And he has the full support of the Radio Corporation of America.

Never judge the price of a radio set until you know what the price includes. When you compare prices, know that RCA Radiolas are in handsome cabinets—with all tubes included in the price, and only inexpensive dry batteries required.

RCA Radiola

MADE · BY · THE · MAKERS · OF · RADIOTRONS

The 10 stations of RCA and its associates.

WRC — Washington
WJZ — New York
WJY — New York
KOA — Denver
KDKA — Pittsburgh
WBZ — Springfield
KYW — Chicago
KGO — Oakland, Cal.

RADIO · CORPORATION · OF · AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

Now ... for

DUCO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR ALL WOODWORK... NEW or OLD. FURNITURE.

handy home uses

You have wanted DUCO to BRUSH ON at home— *Here it is!*

NOW you can buy genuine du Pont DUCO in handy containers, ready to Brush On at home. You, yourself, can now apply the finish you have admired on countless automobiles and fine furniture.

Just brush it on. You can get results with DUCO that will astonish you—it flows smoothly, brushes easily and dries quickly to a durable and glass-smooth finish.

DUCO lasts. It "laughs at time". The dainty, beautiful colors will not fade. It will not chip off nor crack nor peel. It does not become sticky under body heat. Moisture and extremes of heat or cold do not affect it.

Unlike anything else, it is DUCO—the beautiful, enduring finish. Use it on *all* surfaces—wood or metal, right over the old finish. Try DUCO, for yourself, today. DUCO is supplied in sixteen popular colors, also Black, White and Clear. Other shades can be easily obtained by intermixing.

For sale by good dealers everywhere

There is only ONE Duco — DU PONT Duco

AUTOS. FLOORS. WALLS. METAL-WORK MADE BY DUPONT

What is this *"Wave of Cheap Construction"?*

When a man says, "Buildings are not constructed as well as they used to be," he speaks the truth, *in part*. But the fault in practically every case is *not* in *construction* but in amazingly careless selection of materials.

When *you* build, take the simple, but necessary, precaution of selecting materials of *known* dependability. Test and compare! Know what you are buying.

Why take chances when you can actually *prove* you can have walls that stay beautiful and roofs that won't leak? Send for samples. Test—and compare. Convince yourself thoroughly of Beaver quality. *Know* you are buying the best *at no greater cost!*

For roofs, play safe by using

Beaver Vulcanite Hexagon Slabs

The "6 Daring Tests" have made the original Hexagon Vulcanite Slab famous. Get a sample. Twist it—bend it. Kick it—scuff it. Prove its toughness. Put it on ice—then pour boiling water on it. Note how it withstands extreme changes. Put it on a hot radiator—prove that it will not "run" under a hot sun. Weigh it—then soak it in water. It is non-absorbent. Put hot coals on it—it is fire-safe. Note its extra width, which means a thicker roof. Send for sample and literature.

THE BEAVER PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 1004, BUFFALO, N. Y.
Thorold, Ontario, Canada London, England
"Consult the BEAVER PRODUCTS DEALER in Your Town"

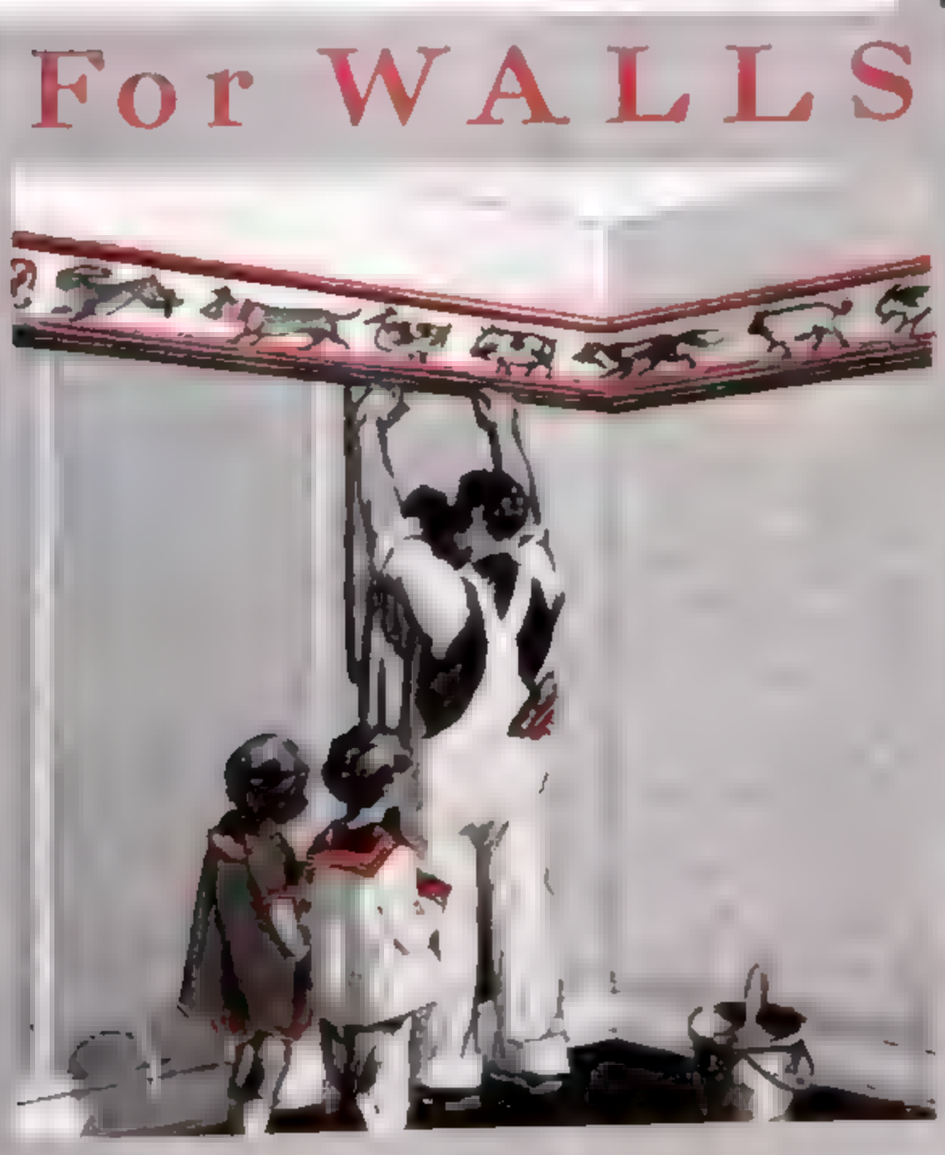
For ROOFS

BEAVER VULCANITE HEXAGON SLABS BUILD AN EXTRA THICK ROOF

For WALLS

FOR DOUBLE THICK ROCK-LIKE WALLS USE BEAVER GYPSUM LATH AND PLASTER

For WALLS



BEAVER BESTWALL THE SUPERIOR PLASTER WALL BOARD, TAKES ANY KIND OF DECORATION BEAUTIFULLY

for WALLS

BESTWALL PLASTER WALL BOARD
BEAVER FIBRE WALL BOARD
BEAVER AMERICAN PLASTER
BEAVER GYPSUM LATH
BEAVER GYPSUM BLOCK
BEAVER VARNISHES AND ENAMELS

for ROOFS

BEAVER VULCANITE HEXAGON SLAB SHINGLES
BEAVER VULCANITE SELF-SPACING SHINGLES
BEAVER VULCANITE SLATE AND SMOOTH SURFACED ROLL ROOFINGS
BEAVER VULCANITE BUILT-TO-ORDER ROOFS
BEAVER VULCANITE ROOF PAINTS AND CEMENTS

BEAVER PRODUCTS

PLASTERS - WALL BOARDS - ROOFINGS

(Continued from Page 96)

coat of arms over the door with the announcement that the shop is patronized by royalty; and there she saw Mr. South wearing the long black coat of a floorwalker and engaged in selling a set of dining-room furniture to an aristocratic-appearing person whose carriage waited at the curb outside. The spinster lady does not know yet whether she was seen by Mr. South; but she rather believes she was, because Mr. and Mrs. South are leaving the family hotel at the first of the month.

The Branch Manager

Mr. Munro is manager of a grocery store in a London suburb. In America it would be called a chain store, but in England it is known as a multiple shop; and the organization to which Mr. Munro belongs has more than 500 shops throughout England. It is not everyone who can rise from shop assistant to branch manager at the age of thirty-four; as his name implies, Mr. Munro is Scotch and he attributes his business success to the more thorough training one receives in Scotland; and also, to put it plainly, to the superior quality of the Scotch intellect. In his moments of relaxation Mr. Munro likes to tell a story.

"In the old days," he will say, "the fierce Scots used to come across the border and take away the Englishmen's money." Then when his listener has had time to absorb this bit of historical information, Mr. Munro adds, "And they're still doing of it."

In preparation for his own invasion of England, Mr. Munro served a four-year apprenticeship in a grocery shop in his native village, after which he went to Edinburgh and took a position with a wholesale grocery house. This Edinburgh position barely paid his board and lodging, but there he had the advantage of attending the school that is maintained by the municipality for training grocers' apprentices. At its evening classes he gained proficiency in tea testing and learned to analyze various foodstuffs. On Thursday afternoons, when all Edinburgh shops are closed, the students were taken to the cave near the city where mushrooms are cultivated, and were taught to distinguish between mushrooms and toadstools. At the completion of his studies in the municipal school Mr. Munro threw up his job in the wholesale house and spent a couple of years working in grocery stores in different communities.

All this, of course, was hard work with little pay; but Mr. Munro has the true Scotch instinct for thoroughness, and he knew his reward would come when he should cross the border and compete with the easier-going English. One is glad to state that his confidence has been justified, for in his present position as manager of the multiple shop in the London suburb he receives a salary of four pounds and a half a week. He can even do better than that when business is good; if the receipts of the shop are 100 pounds a week, he gets his straight salary; but for each additional ten pounds a week Mr. Munro receives one shilling extra.

"In the old days, the Scots used to cross the border to take away the Englishmen's money," chuckles Mr. Munro exultantly, "and we're still a-doing of it."

The Family Man

Horace Watts finds life quite worth while, although he has spent his whole forty-six years in that section of London's East End called Poplar, and that is sometimes spoken of as a slum district.

"It all depends on a man himself," said Mr. Watts, when interviewed at his favorite public house, the Silver Horse, during his luncheon hour. "There are some around here who would rather be unemployed because they can get better money in relief than wages, but I always say that is no kind of a life to live. Those who live on the dole have to run into the pub and get a glass of beer on the sly, in case the relieving officer should see them."

Mr. Watts' experience is unique for the Poplar district in that he has never been out of work a day in his life. For many years he worked as hostler in the stables of a big firm of coal dealers and rose to the position of stable foreman, where he obtained a salary of three pounds and a half a week. Three years ago he quit that berth for his present job as caretaker of a children's school that is maintained by a society of church people.

"I dropped ten bob a week in wages when I made the change," explained Mr. Watts; "but I have seven children, and my missus is a bit of an invalid, so I thought I ought to take a job that would give me a chance to be at home more and help in the house. Besides, a family man has got to look out for the future. Another ten years in the stable would about finish me, while caretaking is a job that I will be able to stick to until I am seventy."

Mr. Watts recounted a little story in connection with this reduction of his income as illustrative of his wife's splendid spirit.

"I told my missus," he said, "that with nine in the family and only three quid a week coming in, I thought I ought to give up my tobacco and beer.

"'If you do anything like that, 'Orace,' she answered, 'Bailly will get you inside of twelve months.'"

Bailly, it should be explained, is a leading undertaker in the Poplar district.

One is pleased to relate that Mr. Watts now has the assistance of his eldest son in the financing of his family. Alfred is seventeen years old and already earns sixteen shillings a week, crying eggs outside a provision shop. Alfred is a smart boy. He tests all the eggs for the firm. If a lot of eggs have been resting on their sides too long, and the test shows the yolks have hardened a bit, these are put in a special pile and Alfred cries them as big twopenny eggs for a penny and a half.

Mr. Watts believes a boy should not be held down too close in the matter of money. Every week he gives Alfred back two shillings of his wages and doesn't ask him how he spends it. If that is gone before the next Saturday night, and Alfred wants a little more for a package of cigarettes or something like that, Mr. Watts gives it to him freely, because he believes a boy who is handling other people's money should never be tempted for a bit of change. Alfred is right in the line of promotion in the provision business and some day he will be making his three or four quid a week.

The lad is already keen on the girls too—a regular chip of the old block, Mr. Watts states. He is fond of his ties and socks. Mr. Watts himself prefers the plain gray army sort of socks, but Alfred likes them with a bit of a stripe. Last New Year's Day father and son were standing in front of their 'ouse with Alfred all togged up, when along come a tall lamp-post of a girl and pulled the lad's sleeve on the sly, like she was afraid to speak because his father was there.

Nothing much escapes Mr. Watts, one may be assured, and when he saw this action he said at once, "Come into the warm to talk if you want to. I know what it is to be seventeen myself."

So the lamp-post of a girl came right into the 'ouse and had a bit of a snack with the family, which anyone can see was better than to have the two young uns running loose about the streets.

The results of this strategic action were even more gratifying than Mr. Watts anticipated, for when Alfred had escorted the young lady to her own home, he came back and quoted a remark of hers that Mr. Watts vastly treasures.

"Your governor is all right," the lamp-post of a girl told Alfred. "He ain't a half bad sport."

The West End Merchant

In America, the accomplishments of Mr. Druce would be considered quite an everyday affair, but in England it is a different matter. Mr. Druce is a rich merchant in the West End of London, and is still under fifty years of age. What so astonishes his contemporaries is the fact that he started his career with nothing in the way of capital or influential friends. In England, if one wishes to be rich, it is the custom to choose one's grandparents carefully at the very least.

Although Mr. Druce is still under fifty, it cannot be said that his fortune is of mushroom growth, because he has been in business since he was fourteen years old. At that age he had already been a wage earner for three years in a sweater's shop in the East End, where, during six months of each year he worked fourteen hours a day and received the equivalent of three dollars a week; during the other six months, that constituted the dull season in the tailoring trades, he worked two days a week but got only one day's pay.

It was Mr. Druce's determination to capitalize this idle time that sent him into business on his own. During his years in the sweater's shop he had saved up a capital of three pounds, which in American money would be about fifteen dollars, and this he invested in an assortment of goods to peddle to the families of the workers at the East London Docks. Such workers rarely have surplus capital at their disposal and Mr. Druce found it necessary at the outset to do a credit business; from Monday until Friday he put in all his spare time selling; on Saturdays and Sundays he collected his money.

In the course of two years Mr. Druce's clientele had so increased that he felt safe in giving up his position at the sweater's shop and embarked unsupported on the sea of commerce. Realizing that his educational equipment was hardly sufficient for the requirements of big business, he also undertook a course of study at one of the London County Council's night schools. With the knowledge thus gained he was able, at the age of eighteen, to draw up a balance sheet of his affairs. The showing was vastly satisfactory, for it revealed that in goods and accounts he was actually worth fifty-four pounds!

Then came a period of ill fortune that Mr. Druce still recalls with horror. There was a long-drawn-out strike of dock workers and Mr. Druce's clients could not pay their bills. The bulk of his capital was on his books, his clients lived so close to the danger line that an account was as good as lost when it became a week past due; and Mr Druce saw his fortune melt away, quite helpless to do anything to prevent it.

The London of the 1890's was even more terrifying than the London of today for the person without backing or employment. Every street corner had its able-bodied seller of matches, its opener of carriage doors. Men and women slept in the parks and alleys. There was no government dole. Escape to the country was futile, because in a congested country like England there is the same grim fight for a living in the country as in the towns. Mr. Druce escaped actual destitution, but he came near enough to it to know its fears. At the end of the dock strike he was financially where he had been four years previously, with the equivalent of fifteen dollars capital.

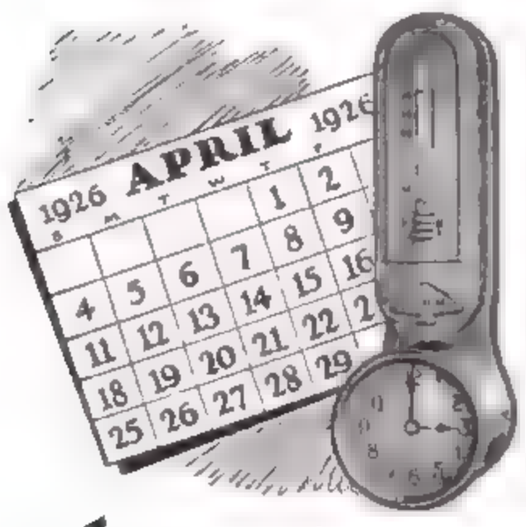
Still, like every other man of determination, Mr. Druce drew a certain benefit from his period of disaster. Although he sold his goods on credit, he always paid cash for what he bought; so when the crisis was over he could go along as before, unhampered by personal debt. Mr. Druce attributes his later success to a rule that he evolved out of this experience.

"A business man," he says, "can with reasonable safety buy his goods for cash and sell on credit, or he can buy his goods on credit and sell for cash. But no business man who wants to be safe should have debts both ways."

There must be merit in this philosophy, because Mr. Druce has made a success of his affairs in the most competitive market in the world. When he reached the age of twenty-two years he was able to discontinue his house-to-house canvassing and actually had a regular store—a remarkable achievement certainly, considering the fact that his field was the East End of London and that he had been in business only eight years.

King Arthur, the Engine Which Takes the Ten o'Clock West End Express From Waterloo. Fred Brown, Driver

Why should you buy a heat regulator



this time of the year?

True, the coldest weather is over. The Spring months, however, with their wide and frequent variations in temperature, make the automatic Minneapolis Heat Regulator even more necessary than in the dead of winter.

Overheating, so common in Spring and Fall, is largely eliminated by the Minneapolis. It keeps the fire properly checked at all times, yet permits sufficient burning to heat the rooms to 70 degrees. To do this with hand regulation, in mild weather, is absolutely impossible.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR for COAL—GAS—OIL

saves fuel by preventing overheating. It also stops waste by keeping the fire from dying down too low and going out. A slow, even, Minneapolis-controlled fire means comfort, economy, less work.

Have your Minneapolis Heat Regulator installed at once. Takes only a few hours. No tearing up or disturbing anything in your home. Any branch office or dealer can sell you the Minneapolis on easy payments. Phone today, your Minneapolis will be installed tomorrow. The Minneapolis is the original automatic heat regulation equipment. Its efficiency has been proven in over 40 years of use.

Mail this Coupon

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
Established 1885
2803 Fourth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your free booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant", and full information on the subject of automatic heat control. I have checked the kind of fuel I am now using or have under consideration.

Coal ☐ Oil ☐ Gas ☐ District Steam ☐

Name

Address

Mr. Druce prospered in this store; and fifteen years ago he conceived the almost fantastic idea of transferring his activities from the East End of London to the West End. Being a shrewd man, he knew his limitations, one of which was the matter of speech. Clients of social standing do not care for the dialect of the East End, and Mr. Druce used no other. In preparation for his great adventure he took evening lessons from a teacher of polite speech during a period of two years. As Mr. Druce truly says, when a sale hangs in the balance, it is often tipped either way by the manner in which the sales person handles his vowels.

As before stated, Mr. Druce has done well in the West End. Fashionable carriages stop at his doors. He is a director in companies. His private office has pictures on the walls and a vase of flowers is always on his desk. Yet, thinking it all over, Mr. Druce sometimes wonders if he has not paid too big a price in daring to upset the rule that it requires at least three generations to build a fortune in the city of the world's fiercest competition. He has missed much of life. Until he was thirty years old, he was never inside a theater or cinema, and had never seen the open country. Many a time he worked forty-eight hours at a stretch, only putting his head under the cold-water tap from time to time to freshen up. At no time has he ventured to take for his personal use more than one shilling out of each pound of his profits.

Mr. Druce appears a little old for his years. He wears thick spectacles, though by rights it is not time for them. Of late he has been beset by insomnia. He goes to bed tired and it seems as though he were going to have a good night's sleep, when all of a sudden his nerves go taut and he lies for hours unable to relax or to close his eyes. He has fantastic imaginings in which he sees himself back in the East End, trying hopelessly to collect outstanding accounts from dock workers out on strike.

At such times Mr. Druce's only comfort is the thought that he adhered rigidly to the philosophy that he evolved many years ago. No creditor can close him up, because he pays cash for every piece of merchandise that comes into his store.

The Bricklayer

At present the building trade in England is quite brisk and there are practically no bricklayers out of work as is the case in other lines. James Dimmer is employed on a job in Regent Street, London, and one would think he should be satisfied, for when he first began working at the bricklaying trade, thirty-odd years ago, a man was glad to get five shillings for ten hours' work, while now the union scale is fourteen shillings for an eight-hour day.

Yet James Dimmer is not altogether satisfied. Free education had not been established in England when he was a boy and he never went to school a day in his life; but he taught himself to read and has become quite a student of working conditions. He is corresponding secretary of his local and frequently speaks at union gatherings.

What makes Mr. Dimmer dissatisfied is the frequent accusation hurled at labor in the newspapers and elsewhere that British industry is being hampered by the exorbitant demands of the unions; that Great Britain will lose her world trade altogether unless the British workman consents to work at a figure commensurate with that of his Continental contemporary.

Being a student of economics, Mr. Dimmer likes to refute these charges by pointing to the United States. Fourteen shillings, the union pay of a bricklayer, is equal to about $3.50 in American money. How, he wants to know, can a man get along on less than that when the cost of living in England is nearly as high as in the States? The grocers in London charge three shillings for a dozen eggs; a decent pair of shoes costs at the very least twenty shillings; a man with a wife and a couple of children can't get a respectable roof over his head for less than a pound a week. British trade will never revive, Mr. Dimmer believes, by cutting down on the workmen; what is needed is that the workmen get a fair share of what they produce, as they do in America.

Mr. Dimmer knows all the stock arguments against this theory. Some claim that England cannot pay anything like the wages that are paid in America because England is a small country, while the United States is so big and rich that there is always a market for everything that can be produced. When anyone talks like that Mr. Dimmer has his answer ready.

"I grant you that the United States is big and England little," he says; "but the British Empire has four times as many people as there are in the United States, and everyone in the empire is a customer for British goods if England would go after the business."

Just the other day Mr. Dimmer had a discussion with a man who said the bricklayers' scale of wages was too high, and he used as an example the very building job that he is working on in Regent Street.

"When this building is finished," Mr. Dimmer said, "it will bring in as much rent as any similar building in America. Over there the bricklayers get a lot more money than we do, and yet the landlord gets a fair interest on his money. If the American owner can do that, why can't the English owner?"

Mr. Dimmer believes a lot of the blame for England's bad state of trade and unemployment should be laid at the door of some of the manufacturers who are so conservative that they stick to methods that might have been all right forty years ago but are now way behind the times. Last autumn he went up to Sheffield as delegate from his union to a labor convention, and had a chance to look into the cutlery trade a little. There the system of sub bosses is still largely in vogue. In one shop there was a sub boss who had a contract to turn out a certain number of knives and forks a week, for which he got twelve pounds. He worked at the bench himself and had five helpers. When Saturday came he stuck seven pounds in his own pocket and gave his helpers a pound apiece. Why did these helpers work for a pound a week? Well, they couldn't help it. Work of any kind was scarce and they were glad to get anything.

A big American cutlery manufacturer is opening a branch factory in Sheffield this year and Mr. Dimmer is curious to see how it will work out. The American factory is going to put in the system of profit sharing. Personally, Mr. Dimmer believes it is going to wake up the other Sheffield manufacturers.

One thing he does know, and that is that a lot of the best Sheffield mechanics are privately laying plans to get jobs with the new concern.

Naturally, a man like Mr. Dimmer, who studies labor problems so much, is rather strong in union circles, and several times he has been offered a position as organizer, but he prefers to stick to the craft that he learned nearly forty years ago. He states that the only thing that would induce him to take such a job would be the labor leaders getting too revolutionary, when he might get in and fight such a course.

"There are a lot like me," Mr. Dimmer says, "who believe British labor is entitled to more than it gets now, but we know it is no good to try to do it all at once. We believe in gradualism."

A Wedding Party on the East Coast of Vancouver Island, British Columbia

Painted by Norman Rockwell Copyright 1926, P&L

If the neighbors can stand it, the floor can—it is finished with "61"

THOUGHTLESS children and careless servants can mistreat a floor finished with "61" Floor Varnish and no unseemly blemishes will result. A floor varnish must be more than waterproof to give complete satisfaction. The real test of any floor varnish takes place right on the floor, in everyday use.

It is *on the floor* that "61" Floor Varnish exhibits its remarkable resistance to countless footsteps, pounding heels, tracking in of mud and snow, spilling of hot and cold liquids and frequent mistreatment. No ordinary varnish can withstand such punishment.

Not only durable but also beautiful, the lustrous charm of "61" transforms a whole room. On woodwork and furniture it gives even longer service than on floors. The unusual durability and waterproofness of "61" make it an ideal finish for the protection and renewal of linoleum and similar floor coverings.

In addition to the Clear Gloss, "61" Floor Varnish is obtainable in six woodstain colors and the popular Dull Finish.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE PANEL

finished with "61," Color Card and names of local dealers. Try the "hammer test" on the panel!

GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.

Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

"Save the surface and you save all"—Reg. Trade Mark

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Canadian Address: 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

ONE OF A LARGE FAMILY

Were "61" Floor Varnish the only product of Pratt & Lambert-Inc., its wide distribution and sale would make a large business in itself. However, "61" is only a big brother in a large family of varnish products, a few of which are mentioned in the little fact-stories which follow.

In 1903, when Teddy Roosevelt introduced the word "*strenuous*" to the American people, Mrs. J. J. Magowan, of Kane, Pennsylvania, had the wood trim of her home finished with Pratt & Lambert "38" Preservative Varnish. Today, after 22 years, a master painter assures her that the woodwork does not require refinishing. *Strenuous* is the resistance of "38" to wear and time!

The next time you look at a Playboy, or any other Jordan, for that matter, recall the fact that all Line Eights are finished with P&L Vitraloid nitrocellulose lacquer enamel. Look closer and you will see the reason why! The Jordan Company uses all-steel bodies because of their vision, safety and durability and it is only natural that they have selected for them the most durable finish they could find.

Speaking of automobiles, the highest priced cars, for beauty's sake, still have a varnish finish. As witness Pierce-Arrow! Both Dual Valve Six and Series 80 wear the regal luster of Pratt & Lambert Body Finishing Varnish.

From Fillmore, California, W. A. Moor testifies that after two years the Effecto Auto Enamel finish which he applied to his car himself still looks so good that "everyone remarks how well it holds its luster."

Not only was P&L Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel*, used on the new Hotel Statler in Buffalo, but so highly does the Statler organization regard this fine enamel that it has been standardized for maintenance and refinishing work in *all* Statler hotels at Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Buffalo and the Statler operated Pennsylvania, in New York.

These facts should assure you that your confidence in Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products would not be misplaced.

There is a P&L varnish, enamel, filler, stain or other finishing material for every requirement. What is your finishing problem? We shall be glad to help.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

JORDAN

I am the Playboy

I am the companion of people who know where they are going.

It is a great satisfaction to associate with those who possess good judgment and good taste—those who know what it means to own a wonderful horse—those fortunate ones who can have whatever they want.

Independence—freedom—the enjoyment of something besides mere transportation—speed—dash—the smooth flow of power from a wonderful Line Eight—the thrill of really going somewhere. That's living.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Inc.*, CLEVELAND, OHIO

A wonderful horse—a gorgeous day—and all the world in tune—a tang in the air—exhilaration—life in its ecstasy.

OO-HOOSK-AH

(Continued from Page 5

"Sounds rather worth seeing." Mrs. Burnleigh glanced toward her silent daughter.

"Easily found, Mrs. Burnleigh. About a mile away on the highway to the north is an old sawmill and just beyond that a private road. Go up there, and on your left is the house—Wolf's Lair. You'll find a path past the front that leads you direct to the tomb. There's nobody in the house, but if the farm people find you there they won't mind. They are very kind, and bake wonderful bread, and their coffee—ah!" The doctor rose. "I'll send the sleeping draught," he said. "Good night."

"I think, Stella," drawled the neuralgia sufferer, "that I must see this little temple tonight."

The sleeping medicine was delivered to two ladies seated in the automobile. "I shall probably need it when I come back," Mrs. Burnleigh sagely remarked.

In the meantime Paul Neale had rushed through the village, had passed a little sawmill on the left, had turned up a winding road past a dark secluded house, had quarter circled into a rough lane and checked before a black cut between thick walls of spruce trees. He had twisted into this opening, his lights making momentary fairyland of the wood as they had turned. He had bumped slowly ahead into a rock tunnel whose roof had beat back into his ears the groans of his protesting engine. He had emerged on the floor of a bowl whose sides were vertical rock.

His lights disclosed the green granite sides of the little quarry, so long abandoned that fragrant twenty-year-old balsam firs and white poplars scented the air. A silver ribbon of falling water gleamed like a rope of pearls and splashed cool laughter as it fell, while the sough of the pines in the breeze came down over the rim. A vertical streak of black showed where fires had been built, and an old lean-to against the wall was soundly roofed. Neale got out and turned off his lights. Darkness was round him like a shroud, but above, the stars seemed pendants hanging from a bent-down sky; he had vainly hoped for a glimmer of the rising moon. Insensible to the extraordinary beauty of the place, to the chill air, to the loneliness which might have been expected to be almost overwhelming, he turned on his lights and looked at his watch. He had over an hour to wait for the moon. He gathered wood, built a fire and cooked a steak; but he watched the sky as he satisfied a ravenous appetite. At the first hint of moonlight he put on rubber-soled shoes, grabbed his torch and some tools and ran to the dark lonely house a quarter of a mile away.

The stern green-granite building unaccountably welcomed him as he paused in the shadows. Occupied—that was it; order, tidiness marked the lawn, the shrubs, the clean windows here and there unguarded by the open shutters. He circled the house, but could see no light. From the woodshed he got a sawhorse, reached a sill, and pried the fastening open with the blade of his knife. The window shot up almost without noise. He flashed his torch about a long low room, very comfortable but almost rude in its furnishings—unknown skins covered the floor, unfamiliar heads of animals sprung from the walls, quaint crude chairs invited to rest. The intruder stepped in, went straight to the side of the fireplace and opened, with a key from his pocket, an almost concealed door in the heavy black wainscoting. Before him in the recess stood what he believed to be the only American product in the room. He played with the knob of this safe and presently the steel door opened to his touch. Some papers and photographs, two canisters of tin nearly two feet long and six inches in diameter—these were the sole contents, and he dropped them through the open window. He reclosed the safe, and left all as he had found it, except that he could only close but could not refasten the window. Awkwardly laden though he was with the cylinders and tools, he stood for some time in intense inspection of an American elm standing alone in the middle of the shaven grass plot in front of the house. It was symmetrically round topped, was of unusual girth and had obviously been an object of care. "Oo-Hoosk-Ah," muttered the young man as he turned and followed a shrub-bordered path to the west. He skirted a gleaming little temple, faced north behind it and walked between two fir trees into the shadow of a great white oak. He dropped his parcels, went forward beneath the wide-spreading branches and flashed his torch on the great trunk. As with the elm, so with the oak; skilful hands had checked decay as a dentist treats a tooth; cement filling had been inserted. He climbed this tree, pausing to flash his torch on this branch and that, and finally crawled out on one, measuring with a steel tape as he progressed. At the eleventh foot he notched the bark. A sudden light so mysteriously crossed his eyes that he dropped the knife. He started up, shaking, saw a flood of light beyond the house, heard the murmur of an engine.

"Tonight? Tonight?" he muttered incredulously as he slid and scrambled to the ground. He heard Mrs. Burnleigh's voice: "This way, Stella; here's the path." He leaped into the shadow of the trees and stood motionless as the footsteps came nearer. He saw the two ladies emerge into the silver circle of moonlight, saw the girl spring forward, to be checked by a quick grasp of the mother's arm which pressed her to a gleaming marble seat.

"A cigarette, Stella."

He heard the stifled exclamation of the girl as she jerked her hand bag open, saw her vain effort to light a match, saw the match box handed over. The little flame for a second illuminated a rouged face so hard, so cruel, that Paul Neale flung his head back in repulsion.

"He housed her well, Stella. Lovely, isn't it?" The smoke from her cigarette floated above her like a little silver cloud. "Not remorse; he didn't know what that meant. An artist, that's it; his own design; he couldn't do anything ugly; he couldn't be anything human. I'll make two bets with you, old girl. A hundred cigarettes that the name on that tombstone is not one I heard him call out when he was off his head. Another hundred the date is October, 1913."

"Mother!" The cry was a sob.

"Shut up. It's not your funeral; it's my wedding. Was it a wedding? Was I a wife? Am I a widow?" She broke into hysterical laughter. "Am I right, I wonder? He said it was important business. It was. It certainly was. In our honeymoon year. Married just five months and he had to go away. Important! Of course. A man must leave his bride to bury his wife. I remember now—trifles; I'm sure I'm right. He should have brought me. I should have been chief mourner."

"Mother, let me help you." The voice was almost steady. "Let me go and look. I'll come back and put my arms round you and hold you close and tell you."

"You—you! You've taken every man from me since you were born. The day you opened your blue eyes in the cradle you stole Jim Burnleigh from me. 'We must live for our child,'" the hysterical woman mimicked. "Afterward ——"

"Oh!" the girl cried, flinging up her hands and springing to her feet. She darted across and pressed through the trees within three feet of the hidden watcher. He twisted his head and looked after her. Her head was in her hands and her shoulders were shaking. She stumbled, but recovered and disappeared in the shadow of the oak. He remembered afterward that she had tripped over a canister of tin. He was preparing to follow the distraught girl when the mother's voice rang out.

"Stella, Stella, come and pay up. I've won both bets. It's Gertrud and the date is October 9, 1913."

"All right, Jane, I'll pay up." The girl came flying—and she almost touched him as she passed, choking sobs. He saw her stretch out her arms and drop them as her mother stood motionless.

"A joke on me, Stella. I said I was Mrs. Burnleigh. I thought I was a deep conspirator. What humiliation! I told the truth—the truth only. Well, let's call this a day. Come."

A moment later he heard her say, "We must get into that house. If we have to break in at night, we must search it."

He could hardly hear the sound of that great noiseless car, but the countryside was flooded with light. He looked round at his canisters, at his tools, conspicuous in the moonlight. It was then that he recalled that the girl had kicked part of the fortune she had probably come to seek. He bent over the inscription on the marble tablet and read the affectionate tribute to wife and mother. Then he sat where Mrs. Burnleigh had sat, lighted a cigarette and tried to nerve himself to resume his work. He would never have a better or a safer chance, but he could not bring himself to it. He shivered as he thought of that unbridled spurt of hate against a daughter. He was ardent in admiration of the fortitude of the girl. It was not until he had returned to the quarry with his heavy load of tools and plunder that it flashed to him that this lady had now no better legal right to treasure-trove than had he himself.

He had so placed his truck that it faced the entrance to the tunnel, and now he flooded that approach with light. He went into the darkest corner of the quarry, in the black shadow of a balsam, and proceeded to open a cylinder with a can opener. At each instant he looked up, scanning the tunnel; and once when some night noise came to him he dropped everything and slunk through the darkness away from his corner. When the top was at last removed his torch discovered edges of papers so tightly rolled that he was compelled with infinite care to open the canister down the side. When at last the roll was unfolded, its edges weighted with stones, he ran the torch over the engraved top sheet. It was a $10,000 bearer bond of the Liberty Loan of May 9, 1918. He counted the sheets with slow, methodical hands—fifty. He picked up the other container and judged it of equal weight with the first. It fell with a crash from his suddenly nerveless hands. He leaned back panting, glancing about in alarm, the sweat pouring down his forehead. It racks the mind to realize that two doubtful tin cans do really contain one million dollars, not to speak of a hundred or two thousand of accrued interest. You may bury that kind of wealth in a napkin, but it keeps on working.

It was near dawn when a wearied and chilled young man went to sleep with half a million dollars for a bolster and another half a million for an under blanket.

II

STELLA knew now. Her mother's jealousy was implacable, was close to hate. She had been denied every chance to show sympathy, had been rebuffed at every advance.

"You do the crying if crying must be done," her mother had said on bidding her good night. "I'll do the thinking. You don't think I can think, I suppose. Well, you watch Jane when she's up against it." In the morning came a message: Mrs. Burnleigh's neuralgia was worse and the patient would await the doctor in her room. The troubled girl went walking in the lovely day, forerunner of summer, but she had no thought for the fresh morning; her mother's position, her own relations with her mother, these absorbed her. She supposed publicity inevitable. Her mother

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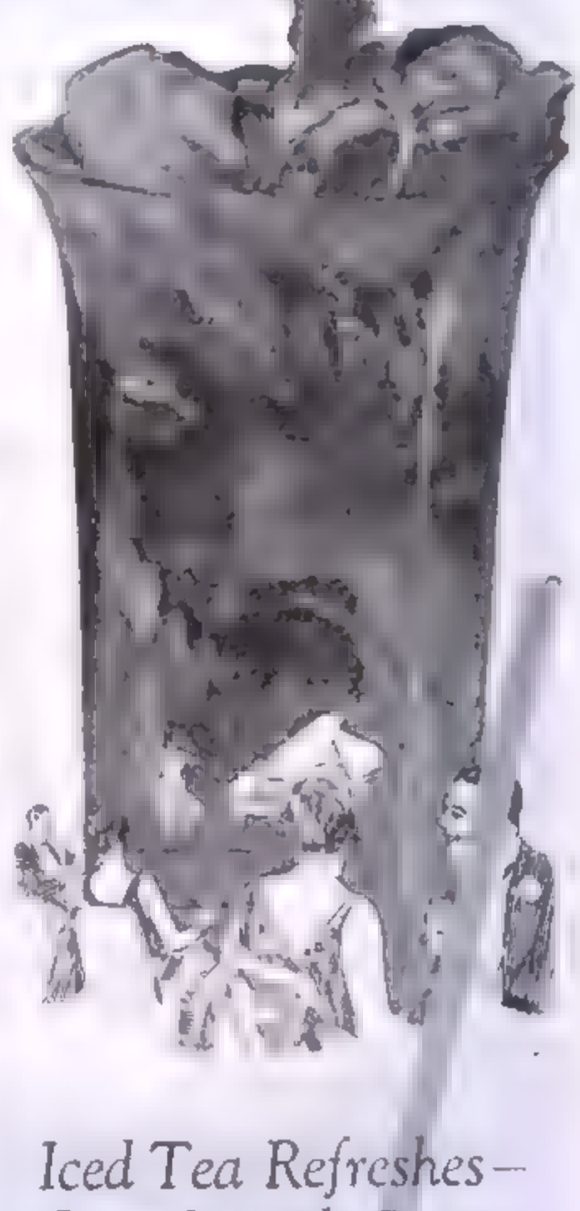

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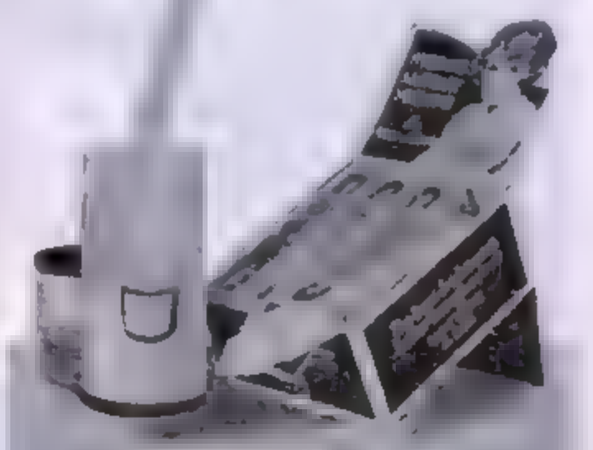

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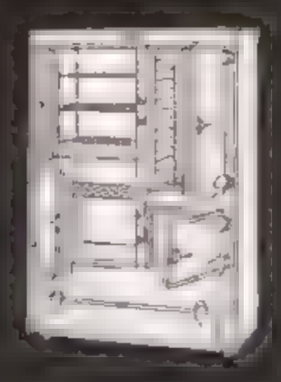

SEEGER REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

Los Angeles

had shoals of acquaintances, but no friends, loved crowds and had lived among a chattering set which craved continuous excitement. This set included women of fixed strong position, but none of these had been firmly attached by a woman so volatile and irresponsible. Stella saw that her mother had no solid support. The victim of a bigamous marriage, without powerful and persistent support, must drop out. Wealth could in large part prevent that; but her mother believed that riches had vanished. If the money had gone the future was indeed black for a boundlessly extravagant woman, who feared a lonely hour worse than she feared a thunderstorm.

Stella quickened her step, conscious now that she had intended from the first to go to Wolf's Lair. Was wealth really hidden there? If so, whose claim better than her deceived mother's? Hang the law, anyhow, in such a case. Stella was passionately eager to win the affection of this mother, who had resented her birth, had given her neither love nor motherly care, had kept her out of sight as a child, banished her as a girl, and now repulsed her sympathy in a moment of scorching trouble. Perhaps she could build up a claim for mother love by some strong resolute action. Perhaps she could succeed where her mother would fail. She was afraid that her mother would commit some egregious folly that would bring down the law. It was a ticklish business, this hunting for justice in the teeth of the law. She straightened as she resolved to stop at nothing in defense of her mother.

In sight of Wolf's Lair, she thrilled to the sight of an open door and windows. She stood and watched, and presently came across her vision a feminine profile unmistakably derived from the eagle outline of the face of John Bates Benson. She caught snatches of a gay German song as the woman darted to and fro vigorously dusting. Presently the woman looked out, showed a blank face of surprise, then smiled a cordial welcome. Stella was unconsciously aware that the full face carried no hint of her stepfather. Round, dark, a comfortably creased chin, black cheerful eyes; a face that spoke of domestic efficiency and a kindly nature.

Stella's plan was formed as she crossed the threshold. She held out her hand as to an old friend and her blue eyes expressed intense pleasure.

"You are Mr. Buntzen's daughter," she said in her charming cadenced voice; "we come from him, my mother and I. I am Miss Burnleigh."

"Ach! from my father? Indeed you are welcome, Miss Burnleigh. No, not that one—this." She dragged forward one of the quaint wooden chairs. Frank and friendly she was, yet full of deference. She did not sit down. Her manner said subtly that she admitted herself to be of lower rank than her visitor. Stella, newly come from Europe, understood this frank acceptance of class distinctions and the advantage which it gave her.

"It is charming," she said, glancing about. "It is all that I thought it would be. It is wonderful to find it here."

"A forester's home from Upper Austria," was the explanation. "All brought over years ago, paneling and all. My father came here to rest, to dream. He could see himself in the Bohemian Forest. He could live again the days of his youth. He kept it to himself. It was peace for him after the great world. He has sent nobody to us until you come. Ah, but you are welcome. You must be great friends that he tells you of his hidden corner."

"He does more than tell us," daring Stella calmly went on. "He lends it to us for a little vacation in the woods. That is, of course, if it is quite convenient to you."

The daughter laughed gayly. "That is not his voice," she cried. "He does not ask, he commands. He does not speak of my convenience. He comes. He goes." She shrugged her capable shoulders. "He is of the great world and we are only farmers." She showed brilliant teeth as she folded her arms and openly admired the blue-eyed girl. "And you, too, are of the great world It is very simple here. . . . And will my father come while you are here, Miss Burnleigh?"

"No," Stella said, gulping. "My mother is with me. She was tired this morning and rests in the hotel."

"At Owl's End? You would like to come in this afternoon? It will be easy. We can give you dinner here tonight." The dark eyes flashed hospitality and kindliness.

"Indeed not," Stella protested. "We should not permit you to go to all that trouble." She was oppressed by a sense of shame; this was a horrid business.

"And do you think that any friends of my father would be thought a trouble? Of course he expects that you will have all that he has when he comes here. And is my father quite well? He is getting old, though he will not believe it, and soon the time must come when he will stay here But perhaps not, ever." She sighed. "He could never settle down to this. It is home to me, but it is not a palace, and he is used to palaces."

"I have only just come from Europe," Stella said. "I have not seen him for two years."

"Ach, but the gracious lady, your mother, can give news of him?"

"Indeed, yes." Stella looked away. She felt disloyal that she left most of the lies for her mother to tell. She felt furtive and mean at the absolute confidence shown by this honest friendly woman.

"You will dine at seven or eight, Miss Burnleigh? Fish—no, we cannot get that, I fear. Soup, an entrée, and dessert; can you manage with that?"

"How kind you are," protested Stella, distressed. "A picnic supper and early to bed. You shall not take that trouble. We are here for the simple life."

"And what," laughed the hospitable dame, "could be simpler than three small courses? I must go to the farm to get some things. Would you like to go with me, Miss Burnleigh; or will you make yourself at home here?"

"You are very kind," Stella faltered "I had better wait for my mother, I think, and tell her of your charming welcome."

"All right, Miss Burnleigh. The best bedroom is quite ready. I will have sheets aired by this evening for your room. I hope you will have much pleasure here. The country is very beautiful. I shall be so glad to hear of my father. You will lunch at the hotel perhaps and come then with your trunks. Don't mind leaving the house open. We have no tramps." She bustled away, spontaneously humming a lively air.

Stella walked straight from the room, closed the door and pushed the shutters home from without. She sat on the steps thinking. How could she abuse such trust, such open-handed hospitality? She planned the straighter way. Would her mother accept it? If not, Stella resolved not to retreat. She could not desert her mother. She started to her feet as she heard the sound of an approaching auto. She hurried along the path to the tomb, unconsciously choosing the circlet of firs as the battleground. She listened. Would her mother try the unlocked door? No; footsteps approached. Stella sat in the marble seat in front of the little temple, calmed her feelings down and resolved to win her way with her mother's indirect and devious tactics. Only thus was there a chance for success. She must not spill over; anything but that. She eyed the approaching figure, wondering; her mother was as fresh as art could make her look and her eyes seemed to prove that she had lost no sleep. She waved her hand and inspected her daughter with a look of satisfaction.

"Perfect," she cried. "That blue is just your shade. Stand up, Stella; it hangs beautifully. Paris, of course?"

"I like it, Jane. Thanks." Stella's voice was almost metallic in the attempt at lightness.

The mother glanced in surprised approval at the blue eyes, apparently carefree.

(Continued on Page 108)

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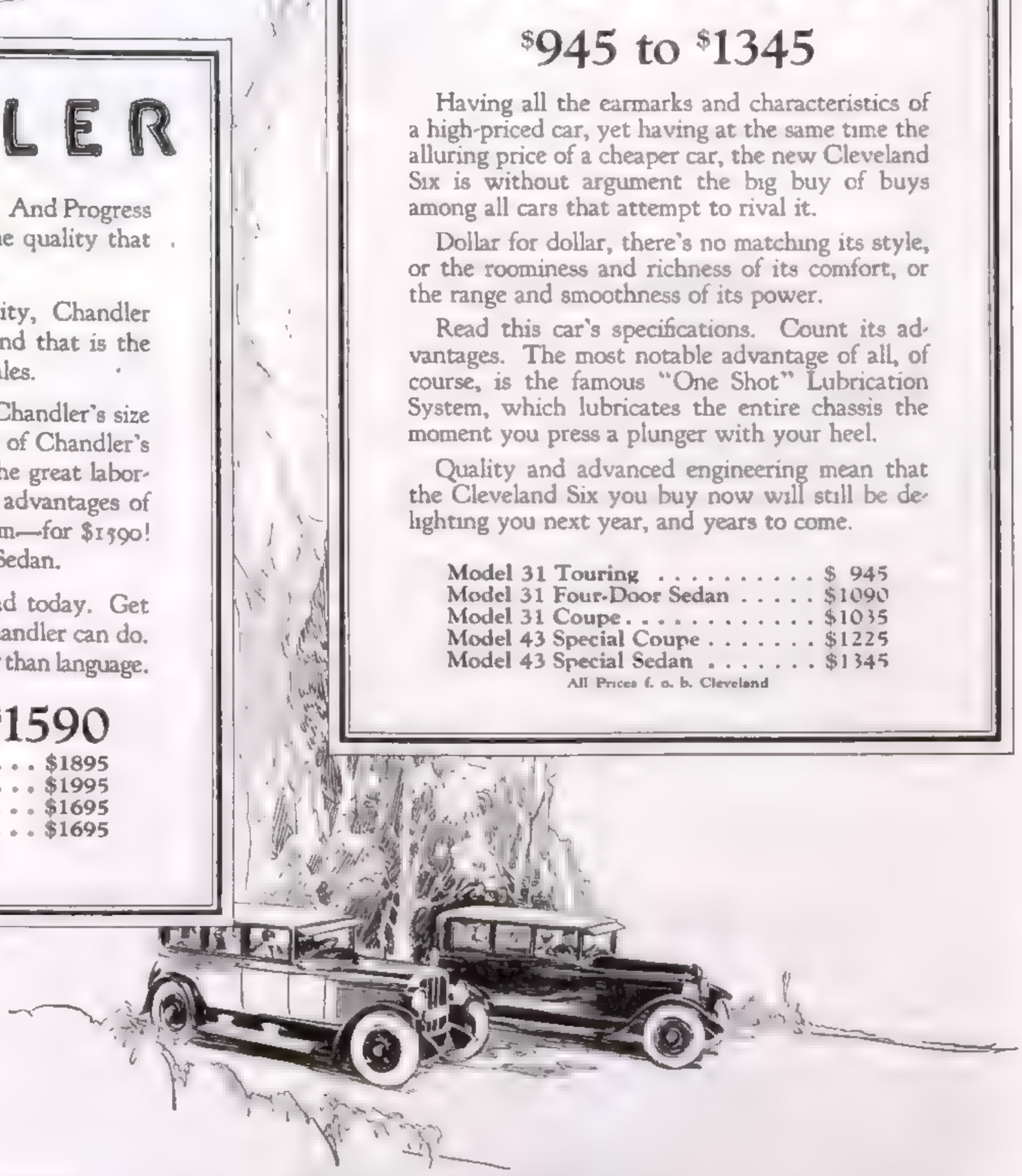

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(Continued from Page 106)

"If I had those eyes," she cried, "I'd break into that house and do what I liked. There's no law for you, Stella. One look at judge, jury or Mrs. Holt and all's well."

"Mrs. Holt?"

"That's Gertrud's daughter." The mother glanced about at the gray-green conifers. "A dear little cemetery—like a private box at the opera." She lifted her short skirt and danced a few graceful steps. These ended with a willful little kick which shot a tiny clod of earth on to the gleaming tablet. She dropped a curtsy. "Gertrud," she invoked, "were you a lawful wife, or am I?" She glanced sidewise at her daughter, whose sharp exclamation of surprise at this unthought-of possibility was instantly checked. "He may have had a wife living when he married Gertrud," Mrs. Burnleigh said. "Gertrud may not have been free to marry. Anyhow, I'm his wife till the court says I am not. I am administratrix, and that's good till the court says otherwise. I've a right to walk right into that house."

"Come along then, Jane."

Her mother eyed her, then followed. At the edge of the circle of trees Mrs. Burnleigh turned.

"Sleep well, Gertrud," she cried, blowing a kiss. "You are not to blame for living a few months too long." When the door opened to her daughter's hand she walked in with no more than a question in a fleeting glance.

"Sit down, Jane: the place is yours. Dinner at eight, three courses. Sheets all aired and trunks expected."

"I told you," was the staccato cry. "Your eyes—you just looked at Mrs. Holt and she gave you the house."

"True, I said ——"

"Oh, what name?"

"Burnleigh."

"And she had never heard it?"

"No. She cannot know that her father called himself Benson, or she would have read of his death. Jane, she believed everything. She didn't question anything. She didn't ask for any letters from him. She trusted me."

"Of course. You look more innocent than any angel could possibly be."

"Let's be straight, Jane. Let us tell her everything. She will be fair, generous." Stella in vain attempted to banish feeling from her voice.

"Are you crazy?" her mother sharply demanded. "Am I going to expose my equivocal position to any human being that lives?"

"You need not tell the date, Jane."

"Oh, and lay myself open to the jealousy of the daughter against a stepmother younger than herself? And is she going to let me take any money I find? Preposterous child, you've opened the door of the castle to me. Don't play the fool, now I'm inside. I don't press you, Stella. You need not take another step. You can go back to New York if you choose."

"You know I'm not going to do that, Jane. But listen."

She told the story of her interview in detail. Ending, she declared that she felt like a con man, and she made one more appeal for the straight course.

Her mother did not even listen. "Adores him, does she? What fools we women are. Accepts seclusion and admits inferiority and yet wraps her father in clover and serves him on bended knees when he condescends to come."

Stella came and stood before her mother, forgetting her cynical pose.

"Mother," she said, "she loves him. She has the right to know of his death."

"All right." Mrs. Burnleigh turned toward the door. "Break it to her gently. Let her know. It will ruin me of course. That doesn't matter."

"She would not harm you, I'm sure of it."

"She has two children, you little fool. The doctor told me. Lawyers will spring to the feast. How long before I am branded as a mistress, not a wife, and what chance for me to retrieve a dollar?" She faced her daughter as one deeply wronged. "I am grateful, Stella." Her voice was plaintive, her eyes appealing. "You have done a big thing for me. I ask nothing more. Leave me here. Forget all about it. Have a good time with your friends. But keep my secrets. Don't be the one to bring me to disgrace and poverty."

"You win," Stella flung out her hands helplessly. "I'll stay. I'll help."

"Back to the farm, then," the mother cried in sudden elation. "Let's see what this woman is like under her own vine and haystack." She patted her daughter's cheek in approval, then glanced about the quaint room with hard, eager eyes. "He rambled for hours," she said. "Wolf's Lair and millions and trees." She ran to the door and looked at the round-topped elm in the middle of the grass plot. "That's it—that must be it—that tree with the heart of cement just like J. B. B.'s. It has a weird name; he gabbled it over and over." She stood on her toes, thrust up her head as though crowing and achieved a passable imitation of the hoot of an owl. "Oo-hoo-hoo." She spun on her heel. "It was all jerky and disconnected and German and French and any old language," she said; "but I got the idea that money was hidden in some tree, somewhere, that had a name like the cry of an owl. There it is, Stella; there is the tree. It must be. You didn't by any chance in any school you were in, learn how to dig out cement, did you? Think it out, Stella. How are we to manage our young tree doctor? We have simply got to have him, you see. Come along."

They drove up the rough road to the farm, with eyes closed to the beauty of their surroundings. They rounded the corner of a little hill and found themselves looking over a small rich valley crowned by a long low house, thatched, vine covered, surrounded by unfamiliar shrubs and trees. Fields, small and hedged, contained cross-bred cattle carrying some unknown strain. Three swarthy foreigners were working here and there, and the gate was opened to them by a bent and wizened old man who bowed deeply and in German begged "the well-born ladies" to enter.

Stella waved a hand to Mrs. Holt, who came forward with a wide cordial smile and led them to a raftered sitting room overcrowded with the bright and attractive knickknacks dear to Viennese hearts. Mrs. Burnleigh talked continuously, recklessly raining lies about the adored absent father, who was reported as well, jolly, successful as usual. Within five minutes, they were sipping rich chocolate served with real cream, and eating fresh rolls, delicately crusted.

Mrs. Burnleigh's roving eyes seemed to be taking an inventory of the cheerfully jumbled room, and presently she rose and inspected the plaques and pictures on the wall, pouring out compliments. She paused before a framed document, deciphering the German script with difficulty, for she would not take to much-needed glasses.

"I see that your father and Gertrud Brück were married in Vienna," she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Burnleigh, in 1878."

"And that your mother's father was a confectioner."

Mrs. Holt laughed. "My father married beneath him," she said in frank acceptance of caste, "and so they came to the United States. This broke up his career, so my mother was glad to start a Vienna bakery in New York."

"Brück, Incorporated?" Mrs. Burnleigh exclaimed.

"Of course you would know it. Everybody in Europe knew my grandfather's restaurant. All New Yorkers know my mother's. It was a great success. When I was a young girl I have waited on my father when he came with a splendid party. It was wonderful to see him, and I would look at the ladies in their silks and diamonds and think how wonderful that it was my father who was like a king among them."

"And did you never wish to sit down among them?" asked the astonished Stella.

"I was born in New York," was the answer, "but I was brought up with the ideas of Vienna."

"And I suppose," Mrs. Burnleigh said, "that your dear father had much money from the restaurant?"

"But of course. My mother started the business for that. Then in time he made great successes and much money himself. He bought this place. It is mine now. My mother came here to live about twenty years ago. We sold the bakery, but I have many shares still."

"And do you like it here?"

Mrs. Holt shrugged her plump shoulders. "So long as my father lives I stay. Perhaps you will not tell him that you know about the bakery? If you had not seen the marriage certificate ——"

"It does not matter. We are such old friends, your father and I. When he spoke of you, and of little Gustav and Etelka ——"

"Ach! He told you of them? They are at school, but one afternoon I will bring them to you. May I?"

"I should love to see them."

Mrs. Holt laughed. "They are little Americans," she said. "Holzapfel was too big a mouthful and when their father died I became just Mrs. Holt."

"Bring them," Mrs. Burnleigh repeated as she rose. "I will tell them of their grandfather."

The mother was radiantly grateful. "Gracious ladies," she said at parting, "all shall be ready for you after lunch." She thanked them for coming, and was proudly elate that her father had at last in his old age brought her in touch with the rim of his great world.

"Oh," Mrs. Burnleigh cried, "I forgot! Herr von Bintzen ——"

"I have not heard that 'von' in years," interrupted her delighted listener.

"He asked me to look after his pet trees. Do you mind?"

"His wish and yours are only spoken to be obeyed."

They drove away to a bow from the old man that was almost a salaam.

"Genius; nothing short of it," Mrs. Burnleigh exclaimed. "The great world! The aristocratic father! Some day I'll tell you about him, Stella. He has put back the clock of time. He has created Austria up here in Vermont; the Austria of 1850. In nearly every generation, Stella, there's one great scientist who is also mountebank and charlatan. J. B. B. went them all one better; he was man of the world besides."

The girl tried to look cheerful, wondering whom her mother was quoting. Billy Holder; that was it. It sounded like him.

Mrs. Burnleigh laughed. "A hut amid the green granite. Sounds simple, doesn't it? But there was a slave to wait on him: a deluded daughter trained in Brück, Incorporated. That chocolate! Heavenly! Stella, we must choke that woman off. How can we search a house if she's waiting on us hand and foot?"

They passed a rough road and the sound of their auto came faintly to a yawning young man, just waking on his million-dollar bed of spruce boughs and Liberty Bonds. He jumped up and built a fire, but slowly, mechanically, absorbed in thought. Impossible secretly to dig away or blast concrete in a tree without leaving signs; two pairs of eyes would watch his every movement; one pair, for all the drawling softness of the owner, sharp and suspicious; the other, kindly, trusting, but not easily to be deceived. He shook his head as he recalled the alert penetrating quality of those brilliant blue eyes. If only the mother had come alone; but why should he worry about the girl, who lost nothing, gained nothing, whatever happened?

As he stripped and stood beneath the nipping waterfall he saw that he had all the trumps in the pack. If luck was with him he would find nothing for Mrs. Burnleigh; if against him he had only to say that he would put the discovered bonds in a bank until a court decided to whom they belonged. She could not afford that; she had now no legal claim. She must come to his terms. He wondered what kind of proposition she would put up to a supposed tree doctor, in reality engaged to find wealth for her in a concreted elm. As he toasted bacon and made coffee for his afternoon breakfast, he reflected that even a lady of her hardihood might well hesitate to propose to a stranger to discover a fortune for her and help her to steal it.

Out came the razor now. He had intended to come and go as a grubby workman, careless of his appearance, attracting no attention. He had thought it impossible to meet in the future anybody who might have seen him performing surgical operations on trees. Conditions were different now. He had a million dollars, and a pair of blue eyes had looked into his a pair of eyes which might search him through and through on some coming day and show wonder and suspicion at the difference in his appearance. It was likely that he should meet Stella Burnleigh; he could now afford to move in her world. He must account for himself, must somehow convince her now, today, that he had means and standing.

Ten minutes of intense thought brought the way to do this.

He packed his wealth in a suitcase and hid the latter in a hole in the quarry wall. He stole through the woods to his village appointment with Mrs. Burnleigh. Passing Wolf's Lair, he heard the clang of a hammer on stone. He crept cautiously to the roadside and saw Miss Burnleigh vigorously sounding the cement in the elm. With each stroke she twisted her head on one side and listened. The watcher grinned as he thought that concrete gives up no secrets to the ear. The setting sun shone on her hair and neck; he frowned and turned his eyes away; he feared her charm. In his simple and narrow life he had never come in contact with a girl like this, vivid, serene, friendly, tacitly saying that she could manage all situations and feared none. He had his job to finish; he had plenty to do without having to fight down an interest in a girl; she was a cipher in this game—such she must continue to be. He stepped into the road, crossed and entered the garden. She turned and bowed to this stranger.

"They said at the hotel I might find Mrs. Burnleigh here," he lied. Her recognition of the voice was not immediate. A swift glance swept him from head to foot. "The tree doctor," he explained.

"Mr. Neale," she exclaimed. "Pardon. You've changed a lot, you know." She smiled companionably, evidently readjusting her attitude toward this young man. "My mother is having a nap," she ran on. "You don't mind waiting a few minutes, do you? Quaint place, isn't it? A woodman's cottage from the lower end of the Bohemian Forest that dips into Upper Austria. The trees and shrubs that belong, too; they were brought over; and the spirit of the country. We are treated as superior persons and overwhelmed with attentions. We had only to hint that we should like to stay here for a time. Well, here we are."

"A lovely place. May I look about?"

"Do come," she said. They sauntered, sniffing resinous fragrance in the warm afternoon; the girl talking with an eager animation, the youth apparently a shy listener. A pretty picture it seemed to be: a young hostess determined to put a self-conscious companion at ease; but he was defending secrets and she was probing, not for secrets, the existence of which she had no reason to suspect, but to know what kind of man he was. His moment came when she stopped before a small flowering tree and questioned him. He knew it vaguely, so dared not pronounce it an importation from Austria.

"Don't you know the mountain ash?" she asked.

"It doesn't grow in Montana," he said calmly. "You see, Miss Burnleigh, I studied there. I know every tree on my ranch."

(Continued on Page 113)

New Car Owners—

OF ALL THE FREE advice you get with your new car, there is one thing that you must not forget. That one thing is lubrication. Above all else choose your motor oil with the utmost care.

Meet the "Film of Protection"
your motor's most steadfast defender

A NEW motor is quite like a brand new baby. It should be nursed along with the greatest care and surrounded with every protection. It must be prevented from going too fast at first, and, most of all, its diet should be closely watched. And motor oil is just as important to a new motor as milk is to a new baby. Many engineers, and others who know, say that Veedol, with its "film of protection," is the safest motor oil on which to raise a young motor. The reasons follow.

* * *

The parts of a new motor have scarcely become acquainted. There are rough spots that must be smoothed out by mutual contact. They must work together until they get along with as little friction as old friends. But that smoothing-out process, that mutual adjustment of parts, is a dangerous age. It needs all the help that the very finest motor-oil can give.

The films of many motor-oils fail

A MOTOR-OIL does its work by forming a thin *film* between all the whirling, flying motor surfaces. As long as the film remains unbroken the vital parts of your motor are protected from the deadly heat and friction to which they are constantly subjected every mile you drive. But there is a vast difference in the character of oil-films.

The oil-film itself is subjected to terrific punishment. It must withstand the lash of searing, scorching heat, the threat of tearing, grinding friction. Under that two-fold punishment ordinary motor-oil quits.

The film breaks and burns. Through the broken, shattered film vital motor-parts are exposed to the fierce attacks of heat. Insidious friction begins its work of destruction.

Often before you even know your oil has failed, you have a burned-out bearing, a seized piston, or a scored cylinder. Then a dismal trip to a repair shop and big, unnecessary repair bills to pay. You are disappointed in your new car when you should blame your motor-oil.

The "film of protection"

Because the answer to the whole problem of correct lubrication lies in the protective film of oil, Tide Water spent years studying oil films. Finally they perfected the Veedol "film of protection"—*thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.* A film that offers the utmost resistance to heat and friction.

With such a "film of protection," it is easy to see why a multitude of car-owners use nothing but Veedol in their new motors.

WHEREVER cars are driven there are dealers who display the orange and black Veedol sign. There you will receive expert attention.

Have your crankcase drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil for your particular make of car. The dealer has a chart, the Veedol Motor Protection Guide, which specifies the correct oil.

Then, you can be sure that during the critical breaking-in miles, your motor will have the added safeguard of the "film of protection." And you can be sure that it will grow up to be a faithful, economical motor.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

NOTE—*There is a dealer near you who specializes in complete Veedol Lubrication. That means the "film of protection" for every part of your car. It is the greatest safeguard you can give your new car.*

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Beauty, style, good taste—power, acceleration, inside spaciousness, equipment—the incredibly low-cost of running it, the negligible cost of keeping it running . . . Measure it as you will—in this big, luxurious, extra-powerful Overland Six you will discover an absolutely new order of value!

Check up on every other car in the $1000 price-group. Then, point for point, contrast them with this one . . . Observe the lines of it—long, symmetrical, low-running . . . Note the color-combination—distinctive, different. A lower-deck done in a tastefully-blended duo-tone grey, an upper-deck of flashing jet-black, with a wide double-beading encircling the entire waist-line . . . A beautiful automobile. A *quality* car . . .

From the gracefully-designed radiator to the smoothly round on the rear-quarter of the body, is *smart*. Not in a day's driving meet with anything more str attractive! . . .

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For thirty years America's most distinguished men and women returned his welcoming smile

—at the famous old hotel in Nashville

What notable men, what beautiful women he has bowed to in that doorway! What a stirring and brilliant chapter from the history of the South lives in his memory!

Gray-haired, long since retired, Willis Banks loves most of all to tell of the long, picturesque years when he was head-waiter at the old Maxwell House in Nashville.

Beaux and belles, soldiers and statesmen, generals and presidents—they all came to be welcomed by him. For it was at the Maxwell House that the South did honor to its most illustrious visitors.

There Banks met and knew three Presidents of the United States. And there he served them the food and the coffee which made the Maxwell House the most famous hotel in all the southern states.

"The news of it spread far and wide

"One of my greatest pleasures," says Banks, "was to hear the praise from our guests for our dishes, especially for the coffee."

For many years at the Maxwell House it was the coffee which remained as the most vivid memory of its departing guests. A special blend was served there, so rich, so wonderfully mellow that they could not forget it.

In the old South the news of good things to eat and drink spread rapidly and soon this coffee was known and used throughout all that land of good living. In distant states those who had tasted it or heard of it, secured it for their own tables.

Today this same blend of fine coffees with all its rare goodness is famous from coast to coast. It has become America's largest selling high grade coffee. And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected it years ago, still blend and roast it today.

The rich fragrance, the smooth, full flavor of this celebrated coffee are now offered to you and to your family. Until you taste it, until the first breath of its aroma reaches you, you cannot realize how different it is from other coffees. It will delight you just as it delighted the old South years ago. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles

"Good to the last drop"

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

TODAY—*America's largest selling high grade coffee*

(Continued from Page 108)

"Your ranch?" A note of dismay in this exclamation.

"Why not?" he rushed on. "A tinker of trees, learning, studying, seeing what I can plant out there. Ready for a job any time if I know enough to do it right. I shall put ten thousand balsams out in my most sheltered valley. This afforestation business grips you, Miss Burnleigh." He smiled, pleased with himself. He felt the change in the girl's manner as he pressed his services. He wanted to do anything he could for Mrs. Burnleigh, he told her earnestly. He might be an amateur, but he was a good one. He worked for and with farmers sometimes, he said, and was out to learn everything, all the time; but Stella, eying him, considering him, absently shook her head in a sudden touch of panic. No poor man, this, to be bought to her mother's needs and wishes, nor to be hoodwinked into blindly siding; how was he to be managed now? What lay hidden in the character of this masquerading stranger?

"Are you what they call legal-minded?" she asked suddenly, twisting her head a little just as she had when listening for the hollow ring in the cement. Her engaging smile changed this abrupt query into half a joke.

"In Montana," was the prompt reply, "they think more of the spirit than the letter. Why?"

"Curiosity," she laughed. "You don't look the breezy Western mountaineer, you know."

"The New York clothes," he explained.

"In sombrero and chaps, on the back of a bucking broncho, I think you must look different."

"You've never been there," he charged, "but you go to the movies."

"That's true. In the movies every man west of the Mississippi is the mirror of chivalry. He breaks all laws, every law, to help the heroine ——"

"Or her mother—that's right."

They retraced their steps. It was he who did the talking now. He had suddenly gained an immense confidence in himself. A millionaire now; that knowledge had brought the ready tongue, the quick apt story. He perceived, without analyzing, the subtle difference in relations; an equal, a solid rancher, entitled to be met as man to man, not employed but doing a favor, performing a service. He could fearlessly meet this girl in her own world without exciting suspicion as to the source of his wealth.

His elation was that of an untested man who jumps to do the right thing at a fire or a shipwreck.

Stella paused as they neared the house. "My mother," she said gravely, "has an odd way of saying things."

"Sure," he agreed with emphasis.

"She doesn't mean it, but I fear she offends you."

"Oh, no," he denied, but she shook her head anxiously.

"Everything is changed," she said. "A well-paid man who wants the money will put up with a lot, but you—why should you put up with anything?"

"Nonsense. I don't mind."

"Do you know," she said, "you're a wonderful actor?"

"What, me?"

"Yes. When you said you were working for wages you acted just as though it was true. Now—well, you're—you're different."

She spoke as one who has dropped a burden. She trusted him now. Her relief was profound. She was henceforth dealing with a responsible man of her own sort and class, not with a poor wage earner who had nothing to lose and might resort to extortion, and afterward, perhaps, to blackmail. The two entered the house, each with the conviction that that little accidental stroll had had important results.

Mrs. Burnleigh, told his name, eyed him, incredulous. "No," she cried, "you can't be the man who gives pellets to palms and puts poultices on peppers. I am disappointed. I need a workman. Some men grow trees to look at, some to sit under and others to thrust papers in. Mr. Bintzen laid a corner stone in a tree. Some ducks do that, you know—lay eggs in trees. Well, he did. He put documents and papers in concrete and now he wants them back. I promised him I'd get them if I could while I was up here." She stood in the open door and pointed. "Silly, wasn't it? But there they are." She tapped her forehead significantly.

Neale eyed the round-topped elm as though it was strange to him.

"I'd have to blast," he said.

"Any old way, so long as you don't blow us or the papers up. Family records, certified pedigree. Count von Bintzen must have them to claim this title which has just fallen to him."

So that was the tale! Ingenious, easy to be believed. He glanced up. Miss Burnleigh, framed in the doorway, had heard. Their eyes met; she looked away.

"The count married beneath him," Mrs. Burnleigh ran on. "You know what that meant in Austria before the war. It means the same to him now. The count's daughter lives here on a farm and knows nothing of the distinguished position of her father. He does not wish her to know; so be a tree doctor, please, and that only, and say no word of search for family trees. She's a wonderful cook and might strike if she knew her little son may one day be a count."

He declined all invitations from this couple who were so cordial to him because he was a necessary tool. He hurried down the road, slipped back to his camp through the trees, eyed his dynamite parcel with a frown, and fell to reading his book on explosives. He had never handled a drill or a fuse, never fired a shot, and now he must do these things, under suspicious eyes, as an expert. Printed directions were clear; he began to experiment, but the first blow on the drill echoed through the quarry like a peal of thunder. He dared not go on; he could not afford to do one act which might arouse suspicion. He dreamed several times that night that he heard the sound of an explosion, and half awake, pictured a toppling tree, a shattered house and three mangled bodies; but at seven the next morning he stood beside the round-topped elm.

III

THE tree doctor, with the careful hand of inexperience, gently deposited two sticks of dynamite beside the supposed-to-be-ailing elm, put drills and hammer beside them, then crouched among the shrubs and watched for two minutes the upper story of the house. Wishing to avoid any hint of furtive or secret movement, he had not been too carefully quiet, but no slat or shutter moved, nor did any head appear at the one wide-open window.

He took a saw with him, passed with averted eyes the white tomb in the circle of silver firs, and sawed a small limb from the nearest tree, which happened to be a black birch. As he sawed he glanced from silver firs to oaks, and frowned. A girl, there to seek what he had found, flying distraught from a mother's wild words, had stubbed her toe against a million dollars on the surface, and passed over half a million which he believed lay somewhere beneath the knife he had dropped from the oak. Would she remember those canisters? They had lain in the light of the moon. He flung himself down at full length on the dew-covered grass and felt this way and that with quick, nervous fingers for his knife. At the sound of his name he stiffened as a frightened hare stiffens. He lifted his eyes and saw a pair of rubber-soled shoes wet with dew, above them a lot of silk stocking, then a blue dress crowned by the head of a girl. Absorbed in his search, taken by surprise, he acted as do the guilty who are discovered prone; only his head moved, and that went mechanically up, as though pulled from behind. Stella's blue eyes dissolved fear; they betrayed no more than amused interest. He scrambled to his feet. Behind her he saw Mrs. Holt, who gave him kindly good morning.

"You are wet through," Stella said as she looked at his overalls.

"The *galeruca scanthomelaeno*," he cried. "This minute and voracious insect has attacked the black birch."

"*Himmel!*" cried the alarmed Mrs. Holt as she passed on her way.

Stella glanced about, and her eyes drooped. He knew that she was thinking of the night before. "Breakfast is waiting," she said. "Come, Mr. Neale."

He refused, glancing down at his sodden overalls and at his dirty hands. Walking by her side, he heard her sniff two or three times and saw her looking covertly at him.

In the doorway stood the mother, enveloped in fleecy camel's hair. She stood on tiptoe and achieved that ludicrous rooster's call with which the day before she had saluted the elm. The solemn Neale had to laugh; the lady looked charming and was ridiculously funny; but the daughter could no more than force a smile at the undignified action.

"That's the summons of the elm," Mrs. Burnleigh cried. "I don't know why, but it is so. It calls me up at this outlandish hour."

"Oo-Hoosk-Ah," Neale explained. "It's the Indian name for the elm."

"Oh!" Mrs. Burnleigh was silent for ten full seconds; this was conclusive proof that she had found the right tree.

She sniffed, as her daughter had done, when Neale came near. "I can't decide," she cried, "are you a walking tube of toothpaste or an animated stick of chewing gum?"

"Wintergreen, Mrs. Burnleigh, from a black birch. A doctor must have his rounds, you know, or people will think him a quack."

"You are very clever," she commended. "I am glad Mrs. Holt found you barking up the wrong tree."

"Please come," Stella said. "Homemade sausages, homemade maple sirup, Viennese things like waffles ——"

But he would not. He hammered at his drill while they sat at table inside the open door. Highly keyed up by the thought of a cylinder of bonds almost certainly in this tree, to be blasted out uninjured and got away unseen, he speculated on that open door. Was that a sign of the beginning of a vigil? Would they watch him all the time? As he hammered and watered and cleared the little hole, he was preparing in advance, as he prepared for every contingency, for an ugly scene. If the canister should be exposed he would be expected to hand it over unopened. This meant its loss. He foresaw almost a fight when he should demand an inspection of the contents. It was not hard to feel in anticipation Mrs. Burnleigh's finger nails scratching at his eyes. What a row—in the presence of the girl too—not to be settled until he proved Mrs. Burnleigh a liar by showing her, not documents, but bonds. Then she would come fawning, all right; but until then—whoop! Did he dare to tell Stella—he thought of her as Stella now—in advance, of his intention? Had he the nerve? He had drunk deep of success; he was not the Paul Neale who had left New York less than a week ago. His drilling was absurdly slow. Inexperience, aching muscles, a hand which became one raw blister held him back. With all this the charge could have been tamped down before lunchtime had he not malingered in a vain effort to get a secret talk with the girl. She appeared at length, telling him with grave, sweet courtesy that a picnic lunch would be ready in half an hour and that a room in which to wash himself was at his service. She saw his hand.

"Mr. Neale!" she cried in sympathetic protest. "Come," she commanded. He followed without a word into the red-tiled oak-beamed kitchen. "You should have stopped long ago," she chided as she hustled away for her first-aid kit. "We are not so mad about finding things as all that." She washed the hand, applied iodine,

"Don't blame your razor blades—blame yourself," said Sherwood. "It's up to you, old man."

"What do you mean, it's up to me?" snapped Mason.

"Why! you can have keen blades if you want them. A few turns in a Twinplex Stropper and those same blades you swear at will shave like a dream."

"But it's *new* blades I'm kicking about," said Mason. "Why should I strop a *new* blade?"

"Why shouldn't you?" asked Sherwood. "Razor blades have delicate, sensitive edges, easily affected by temperature changes and other conditions after they leave the factory. You've got to give them a good stropping just before you shave."

"Never thought of that," replied Mason. "Will Twinplex smooth them out to their original keenness?"

"You bet it will—just a few turns will do the trick," said Sherwood enthusiastically. "Just shave once with a new blade stropped on Twinplex and you'll never again shave with an unstropped blade."

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bandaged it. Her fingers, cool, quick, precise, soothed him; the burning pain was allayed.

"You must not work this afternoon," she said. "Rest. Here if you like, or is your camp comfortable? Settled in? Where is it?"

He answered her kindly questions as she worked over him, resenting her interest, her actions, nerving himself to an unpleasant task.

At last he asked her abruptly if her mother had any written instructions from Count von Bintzen.

Stella sat up straight. "My mother's word ——" she began with a dignity far from justified by the facts.

"Accepted, of course," he interrupted; "so she won't mind doing business in a business way. What I find, I'm bound to open and examine ——"

Hot anger so fiercely flamed in Stella's eyes that he was scorched to abrupt silence.

"Why?" she asked, choking over the word.

"I am digging into a man's trees without his orders. It's all straight enough and innocent, no doubt, but I've got to know that of my own knowledge."

"The documents are confidential."

"I shan't read them. I shall glance over them, no more. Then I shall be fixed up to swear in any court of law——"

"Court of law?"

"That's business," this young man said with the air of an oracle. "Take every step so that you'll be right if the matter comes to court."

"What an adventurous life you must lead." Her eyes shot a glacial ray that congealed him. He rose.

"Wait, wait." She swung herself on her two arms and landed on her feet a yard from the table. She walked up and down with bent head, thinking. She stopped in front of him at last. "Mother will say such things ——"

"What she says——" His unconscious emphasis on the pronoun brought an instant question.

"What I say—does that matter?"

"Oh, that's different," he admitted, not seeing what was coming.

"Then," she flashed, "I tell you that they are documents—only documents." She came close. She was very pale, and disappearing tan showed over her white cheeks. "I know what's there," she said slowly, looking straight into his eyes. "I can swear it in a court of law. Documents. I guarantee it. Is my word enough?"

"It is enough." He had not meant to say it, but he did. He bent his head. He heard her deep-drawn sigh of relief. He turned and went out. In the sitting room he found Mrs. Burnleigh standing with her back against the paneling which hid the safe which he had rifled. His crowbar lay on the table.

"I borrowed it for a poker," said Mrs. Burnleigh. "I hope your hand is not painful."

"Miss Burnleigh has cured it," he said, picking up the crowbar. He carried this and his other tools to the woodshed. These people stopped at nothing, was his thought as he went on his way to his camp. The mother rummaged the house and forced the wooden door that hid the safe: the daughter lied, guaranteed her lie, all but swore to it. He had been a fool. After winning, he had been hypnotized into surrender. To find openly was now to lose; he must secretly retrieve the entombed bonds.

As he turned in among the sun-flecked spruces he heard his name called. He wheeled, to see Stella Burnleigh, hatless, racing along. He turned to meet her. Breathless, she stood for an instant, looking an appeal from the troubled blue eyes.

"Mr. Neale," she said, "our wish is to be friendly. Why not? You are doing us a great favor. We are grateful. I have told my mother about Montana. It seemed fairer. You will be resting all the afternoon, won't you? Then, do come to dinner with us at seven, and afterward I can dress your hand. It will need it again."

He looked at her and thought of that great lie, so calmly told by her. "I—I——" he began, shaking his head. He feared some further trap.

"Please come," she pleaded. "Why should you do us a great service and act well—almost as though you felt enmity toward us?"

"Oh, no, no. But ——"

She broke in. Her voice was low and she glanced about, though there were only trees to hear. "I have something to say—something very important. The chance must come tonight."

"Why not now?" he asked.

"Lunch is waiting. Afterward we are driving. We are going for mail, and then for a spin. Mother must not know of our talk tonight."

"Yes; at seven."

Her face brightened. She thanked him with her eyes. She smiled as she turned and sped away.

His plans were instantly changed. He followed slowly and hid in the bushes until his ears told him that the automobile had gone; then he ran for his tools. He increased by half his intended charge, worked fast but with precision in tamping it down, adjusted his fuse, and sheltered behind the corner of the house. The sound was less than he had feared, the scattered fragments fewer. Fifteen minutes' fast work with the crowbar disclosed the expected cylinder—apparently uninjured; but as he tried it out the top came off. Bonds; not documents; he ran with his prize to his camp. His plans had ended there; but now he had a new idea. With infinite patience, listening for the sound of an auto at intervals he drew out the tightly packed bonds and replaced them with some of the documents which he had found in the safe. He hid his added wealth with the other bonds, then rushed to the tree. Replacing the canister, he put back the broken concrete as best he could, collecting all fragments from the grass. They would know, of course, if they came to the south side of the tree; but why should they come? Luck was so entirely with him that rain began to fall. Ladies and cats dislike to wet their feet; why should either lady cross the grass? He hurried back to camp, patiently built a fire with wood damp from the little shower, heated water, dressed his aching hand and changed his clothes. He heard the automobile return and was impatient that he had an hour to wait before going to the house for dinner; he had had nothing to eat since breakfast. He added wood to the fire, spread a blanket before it and flung himself down wearily. Perhaps they knew already, he thought. "Yes," he would say, "I fired a shot. Now, let's search." They would find just what they had said they would find. Where was any kick coming from anybody? Then he fell into dreamless slumber. He awoke to resent the attack of a persistent insect on his cheek, to the smell of coffee and the sound of sizzling bacon.

"You had no dinner, I suppose," said a voice. "Overslept, of course. Well, it's three o'clock in the morning and breakfast's ready. No. Lie still. I'll wait on you."

Mock-threatening, Stella lifted the twig of spruce with which she had waked him.

"Mother could not sleep," she said, "and I had to wait. I had to talk to you tonight. Milk and sugar? How many lumps?"

"Two, please." He rubbed his eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Remington—*The Official Typewriter of the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition*

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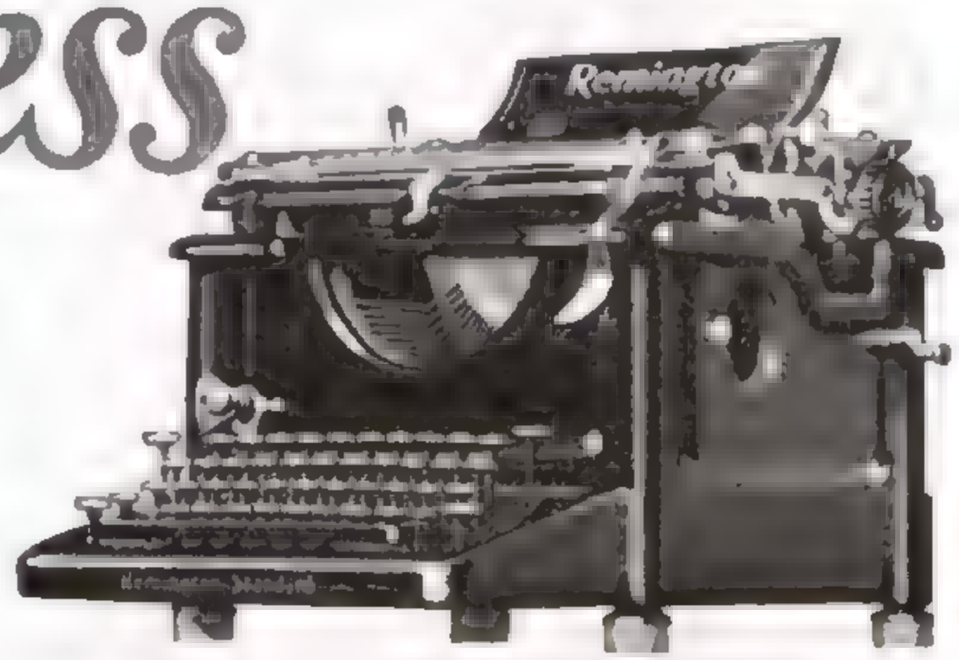

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SUNRISE

(Continued from Page 29)

Venus, the great feast, the supreme magic to win the sun to rise again—could it be that she was leaving him for that?

The opera was over. The curtain fell. He was obliged to get up and go. As he went out he found the crowd had swept Woodfield to his side. The secretary and he now rarely met—the young man bowed but was always in a hurry. Now, however, they were held side by side for a few seconds, and the diplomat felt himself obliged to speak.

"An interesting account of your work in the Tiempo this evening," he said.

Mayne's heart stood still, and then he said to himself she might as well see it that way as any other.

"Is that the paper everyone reads?"

"Oh, yes; yes, indeed—quite the most favorable auspices," said Woodfield, and dived into an opening in the crowd like a rabbit into its burrow.

Mayne walked slowly back to the hotel. In the bar, men were sitting about at little marble tables, shaking dice and drinking colored sirups diluted from deep-blue glass siphons. He went straight to his room on the third floor.

A man may have fallen in love disastrously, or robbed a bank, or received a death sentence, but he will proceed nevertheless to dress or undress according to his accustomed routine. Mayne's routine was to take everything out of the pockets of his coat and take it off, to take his watch out of his waistcoat pocket and wind it up, to lay it on his dressing table and take off his waistcoat. He had just reached this point when he became aware that something outside in the patio was different from what it had been a moment before. He turned out the one relentless bulb that swung in the exact center of the room and stepped out on his balcony. Everything was perfectly still. The peak of the volcano, thrusting itself up above the roofs of the town, stood dark against the fine bright pattern of the stars. Then he realized that it was the stillness he had heard—the palms in the patio had suddenly stopped whispering, the wind had dropped.

He stood a moment leaning on the iron rail of the balcony. Over his head, in the open attic of the hotel, he could hear rats—large gray Chinese rats—running to and fro and squeaking; farther off in the hills a dog barked, and then a cock crew, not sleepily, but in a loud, determined crescendo. Mayne thought it queer, for dawn was still a long way off. A few seconds later he felt the house give a faint shiver. Oh, that was it, was it—an earthquake—a very little one, almost undetectable to one accustomed to the vibrations of New York streets. How clever animals were! They had felt it first or known it beforehand. Mayne had been through a good many small shocks in various countries. He did not like them.

Everything was quiet—even Erata, from which probably all the trouble had come. Mayne took a chair and set it on the balcony.

He felt all a man's rebellion at being in love, at finding his poise and his happiness dependent on the conduct of another, all the scientist's repugnance to breaking the ordered progress of his life. He, too, he thought, was dedicated as sacredly as she. Love, which he had never permitted to approach him before except in moments of idleness between his bursts of hard work, had always seemed to him a sort of madness, which, passing, was certain to leave him once more himself. But he felt now that when this passed he would himself be different—be done for, he said—and leaned his chin down on his folded arms.

A dim light began to spread over the sky, lighting the sandy patches on the peak of Erata. A waning moon must be rising on the other side of the hotel where he could not yet see it.

In the shadow along the balcony on his left he heard something moving, someone coming nearer. A dim outline and a smooth blond head told him it was Antonia. He thought, "She has relented—she is coming to me." He stood up and held out his hands to her, his heart thumping thick and loud. She waved his hands away.

"Listen to me!" she said. "Never, never come to the hacienda!"

"Then come back to me quickly, for I cannot live without you," he answered, and he said it as simply as if the phrase had never been used before.

"I have not come to hear you talk of love," she went on; "I have come to give you a warning. I know now what it is you want, but you cannot do it." He saw that El Tiempo had fallen into her hands.

"My dear," he said, "I have not intended to deceive you."

"Deceive me!" she returned, rather contemptuously. "What does it matter? Let us speak only of essentials. You are an arch—— I cannot say the word—but those men who violate the sacred shrines of other people."

"That is not the way my profession is usually described," he said.

"It is the truth about it. Well, let me tell you, Mr. Mayne, if you come prying down to the Rio Azul you will die."

"Listen to me, Antonia," he said, and he took hold of her wrist and moved it up and down in emphasis. "If you think I have made love to you for the sake of getting to your rock temples, you are wrong. It is true, I came here for them, but I did not know you when I first spoke to you, and I loved you before I knew your name. It is a coincidence hard to believe, but ——"

"All that does not matter," she interrupted. She made a motion to free her wrist from his grasp, but finding he resisted her she left it. "The point is that I am trying to tell you that you have embarked on something that, if you follow it out, means death."

He smiled. "We hear that a great deal in my profession. I don't suppose any tomb was ever opened or any temple ever explored without the natives threatening us with death. Indeed, there's a fellow in the British Museum who has a most awe-inspiring list of the catastrophes that have overtaken those who violate tombs, but fortunately I am not superstitious."

He felt that she stamped her foot. "This is not superstition," she insisted. "I told you the rays of my star could kill—they have killed. There was another man who came—he was warned—he, too, said he was not superstitious. He died—horribly."

"And your father, Antonia?"

"I do not know. I cannot be sure. He, too, wanted to go too far into the forest. But not you," she added gently; "not you, dear Don Luis."

"Antonia," he said, "those two men were murdered."

She snatched her arm out of his grasp. "No!" she answered, with a passion that told him this was not the first time the thought had occurred to her. "That is not true; that is what people like you think."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm thinking," said Mayne—"that anywhere where gods or men kill so easily and conveniently is no safe place for you, and you shall never go back there."

"I!" she said, and her tone was icy. She drew herself up. "I am protected."

"By what, if I may ask?"

"Ah, you will not believe it, but I will tell you just the same—by the same divine emanations that threaten you. I have the blood of those old gods—those priests, if you prefer to call them so—in my veins. It was with a princess, a daughter of the gods, that my first Spanish ancestor married, when she found him starving on the beach."

"You don't—you can't believe such nonsense!" he exclaimed.

"I am protected," she reiterated. "It has always been so. The first time they noticed it was when I was a baby playing on the veranda. The workmen had brought in a broken stone image of a god that they had dug up in planting a new field, and they left it standing there on the steps. Suddenly it fell with a terrible crash, breaking all the boards. Everybody rushed to me, for they feared it might have fallen on me. But no, it had not touched me. But when they raised it they found it had crushed a coral snake—most poisonous—creeping to sting me. Since then it has happened again and again. The gods will not let me die—yet. Sometimes I wish they would, for, oh, Don Luis, I am not happy!"

This was too much for him. Her voice always moved him, for it had that tone at once high and husky that the voices of children singing have, rending the heart-strings of those who hear. He put out his arms blindly and drew her to him.

"No," she said, but he was stronger than she. She did not struggle, but he did not misunderstand her. Struggling was not her method. She did not yield.

"Antonia," he said, "we can get a steamer tomorrow. Come with me, let me take you out of all this horror—this dirty magic that has taken hold of you. If you don't love me enough to marry me I'll take you to your father's people in England, or I'll protect you anywhere you want to live. I think you do love me—I think you do."

"Love is not for me, Don Luis."

"Don't be too sure," he said, and bending her long throat backward, he kissed her. Her attitude, so calm, so permissive and so utterly unresponsive, maddened him. He wanted to make her either repulse him or yield to him. She did neither as seconds—minutes elapsed.

Then suddenly the whole earth rolled as a ship rolls when a heavy sea passes under it. There was no sound except the flurried rustle of the palms as they waved madly in a breathless air. The line of the roof against the faint sky crawled like a snake; he staggered back, and heard Antonia draw a long sobbing breath.

"You see—you see?" she cried. "They do protect me."

She was gone, running rapidly along the balcony in the direction from which she had come. He remained leaning against the wall. Something like awe was on him. Nothing else, he said to himself, would have saved her—nothing else. An earthquake shakes even a scientist's faith in his universe.

And now the city began to give out sounds of alarm; lights went up, windows opened, and, most terrifying of all, there was the sound of human voices raised in prayer.

Mayne went back to his room and turned on his light, put on his coat, and had picked up his watch and his money from the dressing table, when the next shock came—not a gentle rolling wave motion this time, but a violent continuous shaking. Just as it seemed about to stop it began again. The bells in all the churches sounded, low and tremulous, as if they, too, were frightened; the crash of tiles falling from roofs—a louder crash—the lights went out and long shrilling screams came from the streets.

Mayne ran for the stairs. He felt now not panic-stricken, but hopeless and slightly sick. The lights throughout the city had gone out; but as he opened his door, the dim unnatural waning moon was shining in at the windows on the other side of the hotel, so that he could see his way. The halls and stairs were full of frightened people running for the open spaces of the town.

In the streets people were on their knees praying at the street corners, or sobbing in one another's arms. There was a long crack in the front wall of the hotel, and someone said that one of the towers of the cathedral had fallen.

Mayne made his way toward the park with the rest, keeping under the eaves of the

(Continued on Page 119)

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(Continued from Page 116)

houses, for the tiles were still slipping. He wanted passionately to find Antonia, but strangely enough he had no doubt as to her safety; it was as if he had become convinced that she was, indeed, specially protected.

In the park there were strange sights to be seen—ladies dressed as they had come from the opera, kneeling and beating their foreheads against the damp ground; a tall Jamaican negress, wrapped in a blanket and praying in a loud wild scream, according to the English prayer book, to the God of the established church; the bishop with his favorite macaw on his shoulder, for it was true the left tower had fallen, and the palace was in danger. But to Mayne the most significant sight was young Mr. Woodfield in a very short overcoat over his striped pajamas, quite oblivious of his personal appearance.

Mayne searched the park carefully for Antonia in her maroon shawl, but she was not there. Perhaps she knew of some other refuge. Many had crowded into the church for protection, in spite of the protest of the bishop and the police. Perhaps, he thought rather bitterly, Antonia had fled to her gods, those gods who protected her from him by shaking the underpinnings of the world. He laughed to himself. Well, they were right—nothing else would have done it, nothing else.

He looked up toward the peak of the volcano and saw with a shock that it was lit up by a pale, unnatural gray light—yes, as he looked about he saw that he could now see the faces of his fellow refugees. Here, for instance, was Don Mario, leaning against the stem of a royal palm. All about him were his daughters, some praying, some concerned in guarding their little possessions, some sitting back blank and round-faced on a park bench.

"What in heaven's name is happening, Don Mario?" said Mayne. "What is this new thing—this queer illumination? Is the world being consumed in a white fire?"

Don Mario was just as calm and mocking as he had been on the deck of the Sierra Blanca. "This strange illumination is the dawn, Mr. Mayne. . . . I think you know my daughters. No? Permit me to have the pleasure of introducing you—Dolores, Mariquita, Ascénsion, Amalia, Inez—Don Luis Mayne."

Mayne bowed and bowed again. The daughter who was kneeling in prayer rolled eyes in his direction, but her lips never ceased moving. He had thought himself calm, but Don Mario's formality astonished him.

"You take an earthquake quite in your stride, don't you, Don Mario?" he said.

Don Mario flaunted his long hand in the air. "Ah, Mr. Mayne, I observe that a fatalistic philosophy is reached by all dwellers in earthquake countries. What can we do but smile and wait, or else—like my little daughter Amalia here—pray?" He patted her head without interrupting her devotions. "We lose, however, fewer people by our earthquakes than you do by your northern thunderstorms. On the other hand, some day we shall undoubtedly be wiped out by an eruption from that cool, sandy peak up there. Some people pray to that—some of your friends—so it is rumored, Don Luis." Then, as he saw Mayne's face stiffen, he added courteously, "And to my mind one god is quite as good as another—oh, quite, I assure you."

It was growing light, for in the tropics the sun rushes up at dawn and falls at night with a rapidity that seems almost supernatural to northern eyes. Mayne, bowing to Don Mario and the young ladies, withdrew. He wished to search once more for Antonia.

He could not find her, but seeing Woodfield still in his odd dress, walking quickly to and fro, he stopped him.

"Woodfield, have you seen anything of Miss Mannering?" he asked, but Woodfield did not even hear him.

"I can't stop now, Mayne," he said. "You know, in these crises they look to us—they look to the United States." And he hurried on again, quite without purpose.

Now the early bugles began to sound in the armories, far off in the distant corners of the town. Presently two young priests came out of the cathedral carrying a table. Evidently they were going to say mass in the square. Mayne decided to go back to the hotel. As he went, he passed the band, playing as its regiment marched out to early mass.

The hotel was deserted except for two young men playing dice at a marble-topped table and drinking brandy from small glasses—brandy which Mayne felt would never be paid for. He went to the third story and searched it thoroughly. It was entirely deserted, except for one room, where a huge bronze-mustached German was sound asleep. Mayne knew him by sight. He owned the wholesale dry-goods shop. He opened his eyes as Mayne entered.

"I beg your pardon," said Mayne. "I was looking for some of my friends. You don't seem to mind earthquakes much, do you?"

The man grunted. "It is as good to have the building fall with you as on you," he said, and turned over and went to sleep again.

Of Antonia, Mayne found no trace. He guessed about where her room must have been, but all the rooms were empty, and of her and her belongings there was no sign at all.

A train left for the coast at half-past seven, and he went to the railroad station in the hope of seeing her. He asked the conductor, a smart young mulatto in a bright brown suit and a conductor's cap worn at a rakish angle, if the train was going out as usual, and received the universal reply of the Spanish-American: "*Cómo no?*" Railroad men, Mayne reflected, were the same the whole world over.

When he returned to the hotel, breakfast was being served, the park had been deserted as he passed; there seemed to be a general agreement that the earthquake was to be considered a thing of the past.

In Coronada there had been little damage and no loss of life, but a village farther up the slopes of the volcano had been utterly destroyed. Mayne offered his services for work here. He was glad of hard physical labor, for he knew that if he had been idle he would have followed Antonia the next day, and he wanted to give her time—to come back to him—at least to write.

The work of relief brought him into daily contact with the bishop, who came not only to minister to the spiritual needs of the sufferers—to pray with the injured and give the last rites to the dying, to comfort the bereaved and bury the dead—but also to join in the work of excavating the ruins and erecting temporary shelters and hospitals.

Almost every day he and Mayne ate their midday meals together—bread and hard-boiled eggs and oranges; or, if they happened to be in luck, frijoles and tortillas from some kitchen that had survived the shock.

Mayne had been surprised and impressed, as those outside the church often are, at the peace that came to the dying with the last rites of the church. That very morning two men—a young lad frenzied with the fear of death, an older man who had been shocking the ears of all listeners by his blasphemies—had both died in perfect content after receiving extreme unction.

"What is it, Don Pablo?" he said, using, as all Coronada did, the Spanish form of the bishop's first name.

The bishop smiled rather wearily. "I am so tired of telling you heretics what it is," he replied. "It is faith, man, it is faith."

"I wish I had it," said Mayne.

"It does not come with just wishing," replied the bishop.

He was peeling an orange so ripe that the skin came away without any effort and allowed him to divide the pulp without losing a drop of juice. Mayne's wish was founded on the belief that if he had any form of faith it would help him to understand Antonia's remoteness, to feel less bitter toward her decision, and for fear the bishop might misunderstand him he went on:

"I suppose it seems natural to you that religious faith should be stronger than human love."

The bishop did not look up from his orange. "It seems to me possible," he replied; and added, with a smile that always had a tendency to lapse into a chuckle, "But I must own it has been rare in my experience."

Mayne did not answer. The thing was clear enough without the bishop's testimony—if she loved him she would have flung the whole thing away and gone away with him the night of the earthquake. She had not loved him—and yet he felt sure she did. His mind went round and round in this circle.

He felt a strong desire to confide his situation to the bishop; there was no reason why he shouldn't, he kept telling himself, and yet the manners and customs of his race kept him silent.

"I was told by my servant the other day," said the bishop, very busy with his orange and in so conversational a tone that Mayne, coming out of his reverie, supposed the subject was about to be changed—"I was told by my good old Elena that it is well-known that you have been enchanted by a *bruja*."

They were speaking Spanish, a language with which Mayne was fairly familiar, but the word "*bruja*" had not come his way and he boggled at it; whereupon the bishop, who had a reading knowledge of English, substituted the English word "witch," and added in Spanish, "A beautiful blond witch."

Mayne stared at him open-mouthed, and the bishop went on: "Now, now, do not ask me how she knew that. This is a little country; and you, a conspicuous visitor, make yourself conspicuous by your attentions to this mysterious young lady—and then you are astonished and a little angry that my good Elena comments on it."

"I am very unhappy," said Mayne simply.

The bishop had put rather more of the orange into his mouth at one time than would be considered good manners in a drawing-room.

He waved his hand, and then said, with some difficulty, "It is known to be the fate of those who love witches."

"Ah, my friend, do not laugh at me," said Mayne, "for to me it seems very tragic."

"To me, too," answered the bishop—"the tragedy of a pagan and a heretic."

The gentle contempt of the attitude made Mayne suddenly angry. He had noticed it once or twice before—a spiritual smugness, he had called it in his own mind. It was the only aspect of Don Pablo's nature that was not entirely sympathetic to him, and now it suddenly maddened him.

"And why is she a pagan? Why has she been permitted to grow up utterly neglected by the church of which her mother was a member?" he demanded.

"Her father——" began the bishop, but Mayne interrupted roughly.

"Her father died seven years ago and she has been left to the influence of Indians ever since."

"Not entirely," said the bishop. "Not altogether." He paused and then began in a narrative vein: "Some years ago a lady of Coronada came to me in great distress because her only son had fallen in love with an English girl, not, she said, of our faith. It was soon after Mannering's death, and the daughter was obliged to be in Coronada a great deal, for matters in connection with his estate."

"But," exclaimed Mayne, "she was a child then—not fifteen."

"*L'âge de Juliette*," murmured the bishop, betraying a knowledge of a somewhat irreligious French poet. "You must

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not interpret our Latin emotions in terms of your cold northern rational ——"

Mayne laughed bitterly. "None of that, please, bishop," he said. "If you knew how little any of those adjectives applied to me at the present time ——"

"Perhaps," replied the bishop, looking at him with that chuckling smile—"perhaps love is like the other diseases; it ravages those most who are most unaccustomed to it, whose systems have not, as it were, developed the proper antidotes. This poor young fellow had not talked with her or danced with her, you understand. He had merely looked up and seen her behind the grille of her window—a lovely blonde in deep mourning—had followed her in the street and fixed his black melancholy eyes upon her. He was sick with love; he could neither eat nor sleep. Our youth is like that, you know. His mother would have given him anything in the world that he desired—except a heretic wife. And as it seemed hopeless to change his love, we decided to change the girl's faith. We found that Father Gregorio, an old priest—a saint if ever there was one—living in a monastery in the hills on the other side of Erata, had been long ago her mother's confessor. We sent him to her here and they had one interview. He reported a nature deeply religious—utterly uninstructed, but capable of the highest devotion. In fact, he told me that his only fear was that she would choose a conventual life for herself before the church should be ready to receive her. For, contrary to the popular opinion, Don Luis, the church is very slow to believe in the vocation for a monastic life—very slow."

"You mean she wanted to become a nun?" Mayne asked.

"Wanted? Ah, I am not sure—it was some years ago. My recollection is that Father Gregorio saw, from his vast experience, that this was the tendency of her nature—mystical, shrinking from the material world, proud, and with the compelling need to sacrifice herself. I doubt if she herself knew it. In any case, the old man followed her to the farm, as she had invited him to do. And that, Don Luis, was the last ever heard of him. At that time the bridge across the Rio Azul was under construction. The trains stopped on this side of the river, which, as you know perhaps, runs along the Mannering property. Father Gregorio was seen to get out of the train—and that is all. He never, according to all testimony, arrived at the hacienda. The theory is that he fell into the river attempting to cross the half-built bridge."

"His body ——" Mayne began.

" was never recovered, but that is not inexplicable. The bridge is near the mouth of the river, and he might easily have been washed out to sea, if," the bishop added mildly—"if he did, indeed, fall from the bridge." Then, as Mayne sat silent, he continued: "And the boy—you do not ask after the fate of the boy."

"What happened to him?" Mayne inquired mechanically.

"He died of love—or I think they called it fever. You would not die of love, Mr. Mayne."

"No," said Mayne, and he got up. "No, I shall not die of love, for the reason that I have something to accomplish. I shall not send a mother or a priest I shall go myself." He paused. "If I bring her to you will you still receive her, bishop?"

"You know very little of the church," answered the bishop, "if you need to ask such a question."

All that day, at work, Mayne thought it over and became more and more convinced that the bishop was the solution of Antonia's problems. Why, he wondered, had he never thought of it before? He would bring her to the bishop.

With her departure, Coronada had again begun to take notice of his existence. The president complimented him on his relief work and invited him to hear Norma from the presidential box. Don Mario asked him to tea, at three o'clock in the afternoon that is to say, midway between the second breakfast and dinner. They were kind and made no reference to his late infatuation. He felt he knew what in the Middle Ages it must have been like to be suspected of being in love with a witch—there would have been people to condemn you and people to envy you, and people to doubt if witchcraft really existed; but most of your friends would just have ignored it. He bore it for a week; and then, rather to his own surprise, when Woodfield said to him, "Of course, the minister expects you to dine at the legation on Christmas Day," he heard himself answering that he would not be in Coronada on Christmas.

The following morning he took the train for the coast. He traveled all morning, reached the port at one o'clock, and there transferred to another line, which, running back along the beach, stopped at all of the farms which occupied the fertile strip of land between the mountains and the sea. The Mannering hacienda was the very last—the most remote of all of these. The conductor, the clever, talkative mulatto, expressed surprise at having a passenger for El Mirasol. Yes, it was supposed to be one of their regular stops, but they seldom crossed the Rio Azul to make it—never any passengers or mail or freight, except the days when the fruit was shipped out—excellent fruit, the best on the line; they coined money at that farm. Imagine staying in this God-forsaken country if you had the price of a trip away!

About three o'clock they crossed the Rio Azul -a broad muddy stream. As they crossed, Mayne could see out of one window the sandy bar and the sea, with great white sea birds hovering on wide wings above the breakers, and on the other, the deeply fringed green alley of the river, every leaf, every flower, every branch turning with relief to that space of light and air, just as sunflowers at home turn to the sun.

They thundered over the bridge, and a quarter mile farther on the train stopped. Mayne stepped off on the empty wooden platform, built for the shipping of bananas, but today it was empty. The fruit had been shipped two days before.

El Mirasol, unlike all the other farms on the line, was surrounded by a high fence of wire, impassably overgrown with vines. There was a solid double gate of green boards, arched by a splendid purple vine in full flower. Two pink hibiscus bushes grew on each side. There was a large bell, like a church bell, over the gate, which Mayne proceeded to ring.

"Well, 'slong," said the conductor, waving his arms to the engineer. He stepped aboard, and the train, jangling and creaking, backed away. "I don't like this place," he called.

Nothing happened. Mayne sat down on the edge of the platform and lit a cigarette. Not very far away, he could hear the sea mildly breaking on the beach. He leaned his elbows on his knees and stared at the ground. Tiny insects, bearing bright bits of leaves like tiny flags, were moving to and fro, and lizards would stop and turn their crested heads haughtily over their backs to watch what he was doing.

He finished his cigarette and ground the stump into the earth. He examined the gate. It was stout and well barred on the inside. He rang again—a longer, louder jangle. Presently, without any sound, the gate opened and a tall heavy figure came out with a slow step.

"*Que quiere?*" he said, but his tone had none of the suavity of the language he used.

Mayne had no doubt that he was in the presence of Molpili—murderer and high priest. There was something enormously calm and stern and blank about the broad copper-colored Oriental face.

He was dressed as any workman would have been—in white cotton shirt and trousers, his machete, in a leather case, stuck through a broad leather belt. This dangerous weapon, however, serves not only to kill an enemy but to cut up food, open a tin or lop off a tempting bunch of bananas. No, there was nothing remarkable about the man, except that his lower lip was pierced for an amulet—and only an expert would have noticed that. Yet the instant Mayne saw him he felt the man's power, and a silent struggle for mastery rose between them.

Mayne remembered a story a friend of his had told him of an Arctic expedition. His friend and another man had gone away from the main party, and while away had picked up a stray dog, extraordinarily intelligent and faithful. They had worried about this dog, for alone with them he had been absolute master, and yet if they brought him back to the rest of the pack he would be obliged to submit himself to the leader of the pack or die in the resultant struggle. On the other hand, to leave him to starve was impossible. So they brought him back with them and watched his first meeting with the head dog. The head dog came hurrying down to the water's edge to meet them, bristling at the idea of the stranger.

The stranger stepped ashore, the noses of the two dogs touched for an instant, and then the older leader lay down and the stranger from that instant became leader of the pack.

So many human relations, it had always seemed to Mayne, were settled like that without a word, in the first few seconds of contact. If this were so settled he wanted it to be settled right.

"I am here to see *la patróna*," he answered.

"Impossible."

"That is for her to say," said Mayne.

A little Indian boy was peeping out of the gate, and turning to him, Mayne told him to tell *la patróna* that Don Luis was there. He knew that she would come to him if she ever got the message, if for no other purpose than to send him away. Molpili made no motion to prevent the boy going, but let him run away, leaving the gate ajar, so that Mayne could see the corner of a gray wooden house. He could feel, although he pretended to ignore it, that Molpili's eyes never left him. The two men did not speak to each other.

There was little delay before Antonia came running out with a face like smooth white marble.

"I told you not—I begged of you not to come," she said.

He never afterward could remember just the phrase he used to indicate that something stronger than himself had brought him; but whatever it was he said, she misinterpreted it, for she cried out, "You mean he sent for you?" And she pointed to Molpili, still standing blank and bland at her side.

"Hardly. What put that in your head?"

"Nothing. It was a black thought that came to me." She pulled herself together after her instant of extreme terror. "You would not understand," she said; but though at the moment he did not understand, a little later an explanation presented itself to his mind. It was the tradition in old days, he knew, to give the victim of the coming sacrifice every earthly joy—feasts and gifts and the love of his heart. Was that the black thought that had flitted through her mind?

"Antonia," he said, stepping closer to her, "you are not so safe here as you said you were."

She moved away quickly, closer to the silent Indian.

"Do not come near me," she answered. "I do not fear death."

"Tell this man to leave us," said Mayne.

"It is by my orders he stays."

Mayne looked about hopelessly. The only road to the farm was the railroad track—everyone rode or walked along it; and when, as here, a bridge intervened, horsemen swam their horses and pedestrians sprang from tie to tie with the flowing river below them. Even if Antonia had been willing to go, departure would not have been easy.

"Antonia," he said, "I cannot go away and leave you here in what seems to me to be terrible immediate danger. Have pity on me, and let me stay and share it." At first he had felt hampered by the possibility that Molpili understood English, but now he didn't care.

She turned and spoke to Molpili. It is a curious thing—what causes hope to die in the human heart. Mayne's hopes died when he learned from her next sentence that she had been assuring herself that the old German at the next hacienda down the line would put Mayne up for the night.

"Do you understand, Antonia," he said, "that I know why you are sending me away? And it is so horrible, so repugnant to me that I will go away and forget you, even if I have to cut my throat to do it. If you don't come with me now, you will never see me again."

"We shall never meet again, dear Don Luis," she answered gently. It was extraordinary that any woman could be at once so sweet and so cold. It was a combination particularly maddening to a lover.

Mayne stooped and picked up his saddlebags from the platform and prepared to go.

"Very well," he said, "good-by—go to your feast of the Renewal of Fire."

At this the point was settled whether or not Molpili understood English; the words startled him out of his calm. He gave Mayne a look of malignity, said a few words to Antonia, and the next second they were gone and the gate bolted on the inside.

He flung his saddlebags over his shoulder and strode away, down the track and over the bridge, all unconscious of the open ties and the flowing river.

"Over and done with," he kept repeating to himself; "a cold, perverted woman—an icy, superstitious pagan." He did not merely hate her, she was to him an object of repugnance. . . . The feast of the Renewal of Fire—there would be human sacrifice—not hers—she would be there consenting.

He had gone a mile or so, absorbed in such churning thoughts, when suddenly he stopped short as if jerked back by a rope. Go away—leave the country without having accomplished his purpose—go when he was so near the caves? Not much! He would see the caves and the ceremony too. That would complete his cure—that would wipe his memory clean of her forever.

He stood still—a tall figure on the track, his legs in riding breeches and high boots, a crash coat, a wide panama hat and his straw saddlebags on his shoulder. He thought the thing out clearly, more clearly perhaps than if he had been calm.

It was after three o'clock, and the sun shone down hotly on the steaming jungle; he had hardly three hours before dark. He knew now pretty well where the caves must be. Culbertson had described them as near the river, and the maps had shown two rocky terraces on the back of the Mannering property, which made the falls of the river and the cliff faces for the builders of the temples. He had therefore only to follow the river up to the falls and turn in at that point and cut his way back into the jungle. He took his machete out of the saddlebags and stuck it in his belt on his left hip; his revolver was already on his right.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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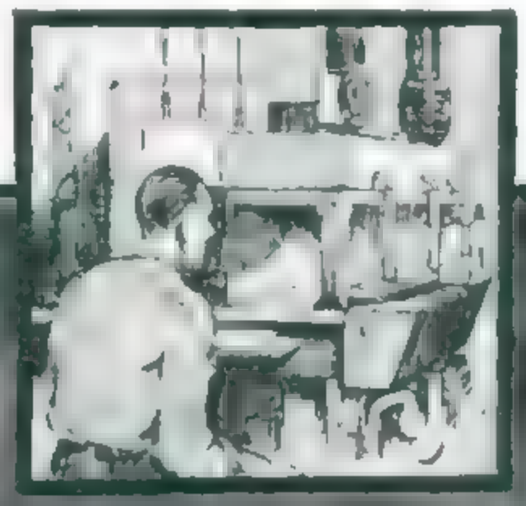

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BURBANK IN YOUR GARDEN

Continued from Page 11

fogy, mooning along, I would be sure that he had the earmarks of a horticulturist. I would be quick to take a little while off and go into his garden with him, to see if I could help him any there, or give him, maybe, a few new ideas about plant life.

"Now I don't mean that knowledge of the technical science of plant life is essential to the man who simply wants a garden. Not at all! The truth is that you can take a seed-and-bulb catalogue today and find enough information there to enable you to plant foxglove or Shasta daisy seed or rose plants and bring them to blossom. But if you want your garden to mean something to you beyond a pretty little patch where you can rest and delight the eye, you will find in yourself somewhere an interest in all the marvelous chemistry and biology and magic of what lies behind all plants—their history, their development, their evolution and how they grow and how they have been changed by the work of man. I would like to arouse that interest in people; I would like to be able to say something that might induce a good many to start a garden, whether it were an elaborate ten-acre affair, with greenhouses and imported varieties and rare bulbs and exotics, or only a window box in some city tenement."

World Fame in a Potato

"With me, of course, the life and needs and habits and peculiarities of plants is a passion; because I was born with that interest, I devoted myself to it to the exclusion of everything else. I have done things with plants, flowers, trees, vines, that people are fond of calling mysterious, and all that. They speak of me as a wizard."

Luther Burbank laughed heartily.

"Why, I'm no wizard! I work from daylight to dark, and have for sixty years, and after dark I study and contrive and plan."

"But there are a good many gardeners who do that much, Mr. Burbank. You must have had some gift ——"

He put up a hand.

"Yes, I see. I was inquisitive and willing to learn from Nature and from the plants themselves, and I had a definite ambition."

"Not to become famous?"

"Never thought of that! In the beginning I was anxious only to find a way to make more and better potatoes grow in each hill. When I had accomplished that ——" He broke off and led the way into the house. "Here's something interesting—at least it interests me."

He displayed a magazine clipping, illustrated with a mogul engine attached to a string of freight cars that stretched off into infinity. The caption read:

"If all the Burbank potatoes produced from the wizard's first perfect specimen were in transit at once, today they would require a train of cars 14,000 miles long!"

"I started with the potato. When some country newspaper back in New England got hold of that story a preacher invited me to come and hear his sermon, and I went. The usher gave me a front seat and for a long hour the good pastor flayed me alive from the pulpit for the impiety of trying to better God's handiwork. Funny idea! Bigotry! The sort of narrowness that holds the world back." He smiled thoughtfully. "I don't believe that minister would be much account as a spiritual adviser, and I know he'd be no hand at all making a garden."

He sat in a little old-fashioned chair, rocking himself gently. Burbank has a great faculty for relaxing. When he sits down, or occasionally drops full length to a couch or a bench in the garden, or quite often to the ground itself, mellow and warm in the California sunshine, he is instantly resting every muscle and nerve. Only his mind keeps on working—smoothly, without hurry, without stress. Probably one reason why, at the three-quarter-century mark, he can still tire out most of his brawny young helpers and outthink most of his callers.

He rocked a while, ruminating. Then he said:

"My mind keeps going to first causes—principles. I can't think of a garden without thinking of whys. Everyone knows that a plant must have water, but there is a lot of bother made over how much and when. A simple trial—the same plants in the same soil home, one flooded and the other starved for water—that will soon teach you about water. But do you know why water is so important—most important, next to air and sunshine?

"We know that nitrogen makes up four-fifths of the air we breathe; but plants don't take their nitrogen altogether through their leaves—mainly through their roots. Therefore the nitrogen must be in liquid form—nitrates. The water makes that process possible. It is the same with the other food properties the plant reaches by way of its roots; they must be soluble and dissolved before the plant can absorb them. Folks talk about giving their plants a drink. That's extravagant. They are really dissolving the plant's meal for it. There must be water in the soil to dissolve out and transfer its elements—to bring the food materials in the soil into a state of solution.

"The essential basis of life is protoplasm, a gelatinous liquid composed largely of water. Normally, no solid matter can penetrate to the cells; they must have liquid food. The other properties besides nitrogen that come through the soil are all subject to the same rule. Nitrates and potash cause the plant to spread a lot of leaves; they build the factory. The other ingredients taken up are necessary to the chemical and physical processes that take place.

"I've said that plants require air and sunshine; people usually think of them as the same thing, in a garden; but they have entirely different functions. The air, with its oxygen and hydrogen, works on the underside of the leaves—on what are called stomata, or pores. The plant breathes through these.

"The sun's rays, on the other hand, work on the upper, or exposed, side of the leaves, and those rays make possible the chemical transformation that goes on within. Notice that I don't say sunshine, because many plants grow where there is no sunshine. But light from the sun has rays that will pierce any cloud or fog bank—it has just been discovered that there are rays that can be sent through nine feet of lead. You see? You have flowering plants in places where the sun itself is almost never seen."

Plant Food From the Air

"Another interesting fact that few people know, even garden lovers, is that comparatively little plant nourishment comes from the soil—from the roots. Nine-tenths of all a plant's structure is created by what comes in from the air. Burn a tree. How much ash is left? Relatively very little; most of the structure is carried off as gas. The ash represents that part of the tree that has come into it through the roots. Fact!

"Then why is the soil so important a factor in the making of a good garden? Because what the plant does take in from the ground is vital to its development. As a matter of fact, you could grow a large rosebush in a very small pot if you had a method of putting into the handful of soil around the roots all the essential elements the plant needs, and could keep the earth loosened up to make it possible for the air to circulate there. Maybe I've overlooked that point. The truth is that water is not sufficient for dissolving—breaking up—the elements the plant takes from the soil; the air plays a part here, and that is the reason for cultivation, mulches and a loose and easily worked topsoil.

"There are very few really bad soils—sour or alkaline or too sandy or too shallow or too clayey. Generally speaking, there is no such thing as a soil that can't be made tillable if you use the proper judgment; and when I want to help an amateur garden grower or flower lover, I can't help going to fundamentals. If you know what plants require, you can use your judgment and horse sense, with a little mixture of reading and asking questions, and presently you just automatically do the right thing.

"You work by principle and not by learning a book of directions."

The One Safe Rule for Pruning

"See how simple it is! You find a soil that is all clay; that means that it will pack or become water-logged, and the roots will starve for lack of air or rot from lying in water. Knowing what the plant must have, you don't fertilize that soil; you break up the pack with sand or loam, digging deep, aerating the ground, loosening it up and compounding it so that it will stay loose. Again, you find a soil that is too sandy. The water runs on by the roots; also there is a lack of many of the necessary ingredients. You mix the sand with stable manure, rich in plant foods, and give it some form of leaf mold that will blend with it and make, eventually, a fine soil. And so on. Learn the principles, then work out your own solutions to your problems. That's good gardening. Fun too! More fun! Any dolt can put a package of seeds into good soil and water them night and day. That isn't gardening; it's a chore!"

Luther Burbank sat forward suddenly.

"I can't give you the rules, you see," he said with a quick gesture. "I haven't time; you haven't space. There are plenty of rules in my books. The farm journals and the garden magazines are full of rules—mostly good ones. A seed catalogue will give you valuable hints. But, in the long run, there are no rules that will give you any satisfactory results with your garden unless you are interested enough to go farther back—to look for first causes. There are more exceptions than there are rules.

"I suppose, for instance, that I have as many questions asked me about pruning as any other one thing. But that's something that can't be taught except by object lessons. You might as well ask me for a rule about trimming a little girl's hair. It would depend on the girl and the hair, but mostly it would depend on what you were trying to do by the trimming.

"The one safe rule about pruning is: Never cut off any twig or branch unless you have some good reason for doing it. The average gardener isn't to be trusted with a sharp pair of shears. Never cut off —— Why, a man might as well look himself over and suddenly decide to lop off a few fingers and toes!

"Pinching back, thinning and training plants can be learned only by experience. The wild plant knows what it is doing and needs no help. Our domesticated plants know pretty well, if they have been fixed in a given variety long enough so that their heredity is established and dominates them. But our training of them and our demands on them have made them unnatural. For instance, what we have been teaching them to do they may suddenly overdo, like a child prodigy. You want the chrysanthemum to bear big, gorgeous, full-colored, perfect blooms and not to bother about seeds or leaves. The chrysanthemum, having a single-track mind, tries to fill your order with a wagonload of perfect blossoms. Leave it alone and it will come out with a truckload of small, sickly, worthless flowers that you wouldn't send to a friend's sick cat. But pinch off the buds—keep the chrysanthemum on its new, highly specialized job—and you will win blue ribbons.

"This tendency of plants to overdo—to run to extremes—makes me think of another phenomenon in the world of the domesticated plant. A strange thing! Somewhere in it a great moral lesson, if you can find it.

"In their wild state plants have to fight for their place in the sun—for room, for existence. That is the most interesting and absorbing phase of my work to me—to learn of that struggle of growing things. They were made into certain forms and given certain characteristics and habits by heredity, but their environments were constantly altering and their great task has always been to adapt themselves to these changing conditions.

"All right. We remove those wild things to our gardens and train them to do certain things. We fix new characteristics in them, and as long as we watch and tend them they will do what they are asked to do, faithfully. But here is the remarkable thing: Leave the best of these finely trained and highly developed plants alone and presently they will be back almost to their wild, original state again. The dog back to wolf, the civilized man back —— But there, maybe we'd better not say very much about that. We don't want anyone to think we're getting personal!"

Artists of the Flower Garden

The afternoon mail arrived about then—Burbank receives upward of two thousand letters a week, and probably half these pass under his eye and have a moment of personal attention from him—and the session was adjourned for the time being. To make this article complete, however, he had opened his house, his library and his archives, so that it was possible not only to see everything he has written and all the interviews he has given out but to see him as he is, as he lives every day, as he works, as he rests, as he thinks and reflects. It was possible, too, to catch him in a talkative mood often.

He had a fashion of opening up spontaneously, without preface or introduction, suddenly, when something came to his mind that he thought might be of interest to Americans who love gardens and make them or to those others he would still rather reach—the men and women and children who have the instinct for growing things but have never made the attempt.

He began speaking with this abruptness of his, one afternoon, of some of the companions of the flowers—of some of the visitors to the garden.

"Until man took a hand," he said, "all the colors of all the flowers were fixed by bees. Oh, insects, yes other insects. But mainly by bees. Yes, indeed, the bees were the artists!

"Did you know that bees have a color sense? It's true. Bees actually know colors and have their color preferences The flowers reciprocate for the interest bees take in them and their costuming by giving up a sip of honey to each caller. Each helps the other. We call that cooperative scheme in Nature symbiosis.

"There is not an attractive or highly and pleasantly scented flower but is visited by the bees. Going from one to another, of course, they carry pollen. Nature, working very slowly, took years, centuries, perhaps ages, to complete some of her improvement processes, using the insects as workmen. Of course the wind carries the pollen of some flowers, but it is only a haphazard, hit-or-miss agency. Birds, too, have done a great deal. But birds only put in their sharp, shiny little bills, and those horny tools aren't made to pick up and hold pollen like the furry, tiny legs and hairy jaws and fine-mesh wings of the insects. Humming birds, however, must have the exclusive credit for one great piece of flower

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Name

Address

painting in Nature—orchids. The orchid is so formed that the bees can't take the pollen, but the humming bird, with his long needlelike bill and the furry crown of his little head, dived in all over, and as he was fond of orchid honey and loved its color, he specialized in orchids—and orchid lovers will assure you that he earned a Beaux Arts medal too.

"Years ago they tried to introduce red clover into Australia. It grew well, but it didn't bear seeds. They had to send back each year for fresh seed. They couldn't understand it, and when they did, they didn't know what to do about it. The trouble was that there was no agency for carrying the pollen from one tiny blossom to another, and therefore the embryonic seed cells weren't fertilized. Some lunatic said that bumblebees were fond of red clover; they laughed when he suggested that bumblebees would do the trick, but then they looked around and discovered that there were no bumblebees in Australia. Lunatic or not, the man with the idea imported a few bumblebees—and his clover bore seeds. So Australia sent to this country for bumblebees, and they were shipped over in swarms, and Australia began to raise plenty of red-clover seed.

"Marvelous? It is marvelous! Everything is marvelous in Nature, only we don't go deep enough to see how wonderful and surpassing and incredible the simplest processes are. Those bumblebees! I want to say right here, by the way, that in time Nature would have pollinized those red-clover seeds in Australia. She would have done it. She always does. But it would have taken her a long time. I've calculated that it would have taken her a thousand million years to do what birds, bees and insects do in one hundred years. It is said that when birds and insects came into being on this old round ball of ours, ages and æons after plant life had been flourishing, there was a sudden change in plants; in a brief span one hundred and eighty-six thousand new varieties of shrubs and weeds and flowers and trees—growing things—came into being. If there were any gardeners operating then, it must have been quite an event to go to one of their monthly meetings and hear the buzz of excitement." Burbank chuckled amusedly. "I'd like to have been there, hiding behind a stump somewhere and hearing those old fellows exclaiming and poohpoohing and arguing and calling each other names in their furor."

Educating the Poppy

"One of the most interesting things I ever did was to produce what I call the Shasta daisy, a new kind of daisy. I took the simple little New England daisy from near my old home in New England, because it was an early and persistent bloomer; I took a Japanese daisy for its pure and waxlike white; I took a common English daisy for its vigorous constitution. These were the three parents, and it was a lot of fun. By repeated hybridization and selection I got the best qualities of all three fixed and definite, and now the Shasta daisy is a thing of wonderful beauty and grace.

"You know, crossbreeding flowers is not a new thing. I didn't discover it. At most, I only applied it more persistently, perhaps, and learned more about it than the rest of them had taken time to learn. The fact is that plant improvement was a sort of fad among the rich in England and France years ago, where they worked with roses and bulb plants. Then the Dutch took it up and there was a great craze over new varieties of tulips. You can read how a certain king offered a large reward for a black tulip. As far as I know, the reward was never claimed, though today, with our better knowledge, we could produce a tulip so dark and dull as to be called black. If you hear of any king offering rewards for one, we'll turn in and try for the prize

"We don't work always for a new variety, you know; more often we are trying to get new characteristics. Take the poppy. The old annual bloomed from two to three weeks and then died. The perennial bloomed a little longer and then just shut up shop. The poppy I finally got blooms practically every day in the year. It was not absolutely a new variety achieved; it was a new characteristic—a new ability in the poppy."

Improving Fragrance and Flavors

"Another variation: I found, one day, a poppy umbrosum with a narrow white stripe across each petal between the usual black-and-red stripes, and I saved the seed from that flower. That first seed grew a poppy with a wider white stripe and in the third generation it was wider still. By selection I worked toward the white influence year after year, until finally one morning there was my poppy umbrosum in bloom and a most singular and beautiful result—a flower all crimson on the outside, but inside a silvery white. We called it the Silver Lining. Not a new variety, you see, or a new ability in the poppy, but a new garment for it."

Unexpectedly, Mr. Burbank knelt down on the floor, rested his weight on knees and elbows, and lowered his head till it was only a few inches from the rug. He looked up gravely, like a child illustrating something he had seen.

"I'm seventy-seven," he said, "and I guess I've spent half my life in this position. You can't work with plants—with the fine, delicate, particular task of pollinization—and sit in a mahogany rocking-chair!" He rose with a peculiar little shrug that settled his coat about his shoulders and neck again—a shrug that is habitual to him. "You notice that I have a miniature camel's hump on my back." He laughed. "That's not from going without water; it's from working with my plants."

A side light on the man's character was thrown by an incident that came when this article was being edited. He objected to the use of the first person singular—wanted to find a way to avoid it. He gave up, in the end, with a little grimace.

"I've cut out a million capital I's in my life, I guess," he remarked. "It's harder than weeding a garden.

"I wanted to do Nature's work, and do it within the time of my life," he said, coming in one day with a new apple he has just brought to perfection. "For instance, I was interested in flavors in fruit and in the fragrances of flowers. Everyone said it couldn't be done; but it was. I followed Nature; I hurried her processes.

"I think that, in fruit, flavor is more than half the valuable consideration. In flowers fragrance may be less. To the rose it is perhaps a third; but in a carnation it is fully one-half. Working at that was interesting and something entirely new. The combination of two wild roses, for instance, may produce a most delightful fragrance. Sometimes, in combining flowers for the qualities of fragrance, you get something that you cannot stand at all; again you find you can take a strong odor and dilute it so that it becomes very pleasing.

"You know what a fine dish comes from combining corned beef and cabbage. There are certain tones in odors and flavors just as there are in painting and music. If you get a wrong combination it is harsh and unpleasant; but if you find the right combination it is harmonic and pleasing. It is a matter of harmonious vibration."

Asked whether the amateur could get results in crossing and developing plants, Mr. Burbank replied:

"Yes, certainly; if he has patience and will take one thing at a time. Begin with something hardy and with a strong heredity, like the coreopsis. There are many tools made and sold for hybridization of flowers, but a reading glass and clean fingers are about all you need.

"When you have selected your flower, you must see that there is no pollen in it; blow it off or wash it off with water, and use your reading glass to be sure that the pistils are clean. Now take the coreopsis you want to mix with the first and transfer its pollen to the cleaned flower by rubbing them gently together or by using your finger. Mark the pollinized flower and repeat the process very carefully for several successive days, to be certain that the transfer of pollen has been made.

"Watch that flower until the petals have dropped and the seed pod has formed; that seed, planted the following spring, is the basis for all that comes afterward. In the second generation you are certain to find some plants with a variation inclining toward the qualities of the flower you crossed with your chosen individual. Now selection comes in—the choice of the plants that show the most marked tendency toward the new order you are working for. The pollinization transfer is made only once, and thereafter you develop your experiment by selecting the plants that have been affected by your work. Eventually, if you are wise in your selection—and that can be learned only by experience—you will be able to fix a new characteristic in your coreopsis.

"But the secret is repetition, repetition, repetition. The environmental changes or developments in the plant must be insisted on for generations, until they have become traits and are hereditary—passed on without change to the seedlings."

A New Cure for Crime

Mr. Burbank himself chose the quotation that appears at the head of this article. He brought it out with his eyes shining.

"Read that!" he said. "Wonderful! You can't understand how he stumbled on that truth!"

"What do you mean?"

"Emerson was no scientist, no gardener. And yet long before most of us had gone into the thing at all—Darwin had hinted at it and others had discussed it, but there was no law—long before anything had been done to prove it, this thinker evolved the rule!"

In his most whimsical vein he closed the interviews.

"Someone said once," he observed, "that the Battle of Waterloo, I believe it was, was won on the playing fields of Eton. I'd like to add a saying of my own to that: The greatness of England was born in English gardens. Taken as a whole, there is no people that love their gardens, universally, as the English do. Not for the love of show or display or pride, but because they love growing things and the beauty they can get from them. And a race that gardens is a race that will live!

"I know of nothing that will build character, bring health, add zest to life and improve the strain of family blood more surely than working with flowers and trees. It is quiet, restful work; it is creative work; it is instructive; it brings beauty into your life. It teaches you patience and a love of Nature—and Nature is a wonderful teacher and a wonderful friend. More than anything else nowadays, when, for some reason or other, the human family seems determined to crowd into cities and pile up in narrow streets, gardening is necessary to save us from materialism and a complete loss of touch with the best thing in life—the great out-of-doors.

"Do you know, I'd like some statistical sharp to look up for me the data on these questions:

"How many men with gardens, who understood plants and loved them, have gone to the insane asylum or the poorhouse?

"Was a flower grower ever hanged for murder?

"Did a devoted garden lover ever rob a bank or embezzle the district-school funds or beat his wife?

"I believe I could prove a whole lot of things, in this money-mad, struggling, pleasure-chasing age of ours, if I could just lay my hand on a few tables like that."

When you stop to consider the matter, the plant wizard of Santa Rosa, the sage of the garden, probably said something there! Even the hint he gives us furnishes food for thought—a possible basis for action!

Editor's Note—This is the first of three interviews with Mr. Burbank. The next will appear in an early issue.

The Personal Car that is Shaping the New Trend of the Industry

$2700

INTRODUCED scarcely a year ago, this superb Franklin Coupé has already revolutionized personal closed car design. Its narrow steel front pillars, eliminating the "blind spot," have spread through the industry like wild-fire. Its broad, easy, 3-passenger seat has shown owners and makers how to combine comfort with intimacy. Its soft leather trim has given new impetus to the vogue for leather upholstery in closed cars. Even its extra wide doors and extra large luggage spaces have attracted close study. But only Franklin style and Franklin construction principles can weave these details into a whole so perfect in design and performance. Only Franklin is copper-radiation air-cooled—free from trouble, powerful, economical. Only Franklin is flexibly built—easy-riding, easy to handle, confidence-inspiring. And only Franklin can cover so many miles in a day. If you want the finest, most advanced and most popular 1926 personal closed car, you will choose the Franklin Coupé.

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FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Ernest Haas

FRANKLIN

OPEN SESAME

Continued from Page 22

during those five years had fattened their value about $3800.

"I have one suggestion to make, Mrs. Goodwin," said the manager as he tucked away about thirty dollars' worth of the coupons, representing the box rental for the years the securities had been locked up. "But for the fortunate circumstance that your husband made you joint tenant of the box I should not have been so free about recognizing your claim for entrance. Because he is clearly incompetent I should have hesitated to allow him to exercise that right. If he should die, you know, I should have to seal the box until the estate could be probated. If I may, I should like to suggest that you put them in a box held solely in your name, but this time inform someone that you trust absolutely where you keep your valuables."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the woman; "but I'm not likely to forget. I don't think, mister, you can know what this means to us. My husband's besetting horror has been that he would die away from me in some place like that asylum. Now we can go upstate, even though we don't stay there together—long."

That particular safe-deposit company is not far from the brightest of New York's bright lights. It is the subsidiary of a bank that is the depository of many theaters, of affluent actors and actresses, of race-track gamblers, of gorgeous women with the shallow background that in some environments would be called a past. The prosperous strutters of Tin Pan Alley, where America's temporary anthems are constructed, the merchants of entertainment in many guises, all write checks against money they store in this institution.

In the basement safety-deposit vault they secrete their more substantial fortunes. There, in strong boxes, are kept their Liberty Bonds, their shares in a multitude of enterprises they hope will be more enduring than those that employ their energies and talents; also their jewels and valuable keepsakes.

If there is no pirate treasure here, at least you may be sure there is plenty that belongs to rum runners and bootleggers as tough and desperate as any pirate who ever scuttled a ship.

Making it Safe to Save

Just how much of America's wealth is stored in safety-deposit vaults, none can say; but the total, if it could be expressed in dollars, certainly would be a fabulous sum. Besides such a total there should be noted, however, something about the tons of material, intrinsically valueless, that is tucked away in these places to be kept as savage Indians kept in their sacred bundles charms they were afraid to lose. If there are billions in Liberty Bonds represented, there also are freight-train loads of mementoes of dead romances, pressed flowers, photographs, newspaper clippings, flattened lead slugs that once were bullets, things impossible to catalogue, but which must somehow serve as souvenirs of pivotal episodes in the lives of those who cherish them.

It is possible to say with accuracy when it was first made safe for Americans to dig up the family plate from the hole out behind the barn, to fill the cavity beneath the loose brick on the hearth that had contained the mortgage on the gristmill and to sew up the slit in the corn-shuck mattress where the government bonds were stored. The year was 1861, at a time when Lincoln's cabinet was still hoping to put down the rebellion within a few months.

Francis H. Jenks, who originated the safe-deposit idea, was a New York merchant. Shortly before Fort Sumter was fired on, Mr. Jenks, while in London on a business mission, visited a large London bank, where he saw employes of the institution removing a quantity of silver plate from an old dry well in the rear of the bank. That well was the bank's treasure vault.

Mr. Jenks vented a snort of Yankee contempt and returned to New York determined to see if he could not develop a better instrument than then existed for the safekeeping of treasure. He succeeded in interesting several financiers and with them formed a company, which was given a charter by the New York Legislature in April, 1861. Mr. Jenks was the president of that first safe-deposit company. The secretary was Frederick Fosters. On the board of directors were Courtlandt Palmer, James R. Whiting, Alexander Holland, treasurer of the American Express Company; David Ogden, Charles L. Tiffany, Jacob Russel, cashier of the United States Subtreasury; A. D. Hope, I. C. Babcock, cashier of the Adams Express Company; George A. McLean; John A. Pulle, manager of the National Express Company, and W. C. Sheldon.

Safety à la Cafeteria

The four vaults of that company were on the ground floor at 140–146 Broadway, at the corner of Liberty Street, in what, it was asserted, was the first fireproof building in the city. One of those vaults was used for the safe-keeping of such articles as wills, mortgages, coin, jewelry, silver plate, bonds and other securities. This wealth was kept in guaranteed security for a price that ranged from $1.50 to $2.50 for every $1000 of value represented. The other vaults were filled with safe-deposit boxes rented chiefly to bankers and merchants at from thirty to forty dollars annually.

The idea had a strong appeal for bankers and lawyers. Other cities soon had their safe-deposit companies, and there was a steady growth of the business until America entered the war with Germany, when the issuance of huge volumes of government securities created a great host of bondholders who prior to that time never, perhaps, had realized the need of a place outside their homes for keeping their valuables. By the end of the war the safe-deposit business in the United States, it is estimated, had doubled. Now there are few villages in the country that do not boast of at least one deposit vault. Baltimore has more than 70,000 boxes, and a single company in Chicago has more than 25,000 boxes and serves its customers in the manner of a cafeteria.

Some of the rich men of medieval times in Europe had stone towers within the walls of their yards. These were piled at the top with big rocks conveniently placed to hurl down upon anyone whose lust for those riches overcame his morals and his prudence. They also kept kettles of pitch and oil ready for boiling at the top of those strong rooms, and there were slits commanding the stairways down which the scalding fluids could be thrown. If one of those rich men could stand today beside the line of box holders in the Chicago safe-deposit company's vaults and see an unending line of men and women putting and taking from a single store greater than the combined wealth of all the kings of Europe in the Middle Ages, it might make him cluck with astonishment.

The really amazing thing about the machinery is, however, that its security depends not so much on the skill of modern architects and engineers, with their materials of heat-resisting steel, concrete, railroad iron and locks and keys, as upon the integrity of the men who work for these community strong boxes. Were it not for them, the carelessness of the patrons would soon defeat all the precautions that science and inventive skill have devised for the protection of compact wealth.

A lawyer, the executor of a great estate in New York, was packing his bags for a vacation trip recently. He had been hurrying all day. As he rammed the last pair of golf hose into the last open suitcase, he was informed that a gentleman had arrived who wished to see him.

"A gentleman," the butler explained with scorn, "on a bicycle."

The slightly bald, smiling man who stood in the lawyer's living room was still panting from the exertion of his ride. Thin bands of steel clamped his trousers cuffs to his ankles, out of the way of a sprocket-wheel hazard that ceased to be of concern for most of us years and years ago.

"What is it?" The executor was thinking of his vacation. He was not in a mood to be courteous to book agents.

"I'm from the bank," explained the visitor. "I'm in charge of the safety-deposit vault. I thought you would know me. I live near here."

"Of course, certainly," exclaimed the executor with a heartiness designed to cover his failure to recognize the man.

"You were in the vault today," explained the safety-deposit man, "and I think you neglected to put everything back in your box."

"Impossible," objected the executor. "I'm very careful. I was in there to put up the silverware—going away."

"Well," persisted the visitor, "I feel sure you left something in the coupon room. I knew you were putting the silver away—heard it rattle."

The lawyer's wife walked into the room just then.

"Uh-huh," she said, having overheard a few sentences, "so he is beginning to treat bonds as carelessly as he does everything that belongs to him around the house. What did he leave out?" She addressed herself to the visitor.

"We always look into the coupon rooms after each customer to guard against mistakes, and when you left today," he said to the lawyer, "I found a large manila envelope with the name of the estate of which I know you are executor. It contained $100,000 in Liberty Bonds of the second loan."

"Oh, my soul!" gasped the lawyer.

"Just suppose," exclaimed his wife, "I'd done anything like that! Remember what you said the time I forgot to have water put in the automobile battery? Remember how you carried on when I left my rings in the lavatory at the country club? Oh, yes, I was a dumb-bell all right! But you never catch me leaving fortunes belonging to other people lying around here and there. A business man, eh? Well, well! I guess you need a vacation."

She did not leave the room then. No, indeed. She stayed for the last embarrassing word of the conversation.

Inadequate Thanks

"I can give you a receipt for the bonds," said the deposit-company man, "so you won't have to delay your vacation. Until you return, they will be in the custody of the vice president of the bank, in one of the bank's own safes."

"Have a cigar," urged the lawyer. "I say, how about a little game of golf some day soon as I get back? I won't forget this in a hurry." In his shame, which was complicated with a great sense of relief, he was fairly spouting friendly words. "If they gave Congressional Medals for fools, I've certainly earned one; but I'm a thousand times obliged to you, old man."

"Make it one hundred thousand times," suggested his wife sweetly. Then the door closed on the safe-deposit company's employe, who mounted his bicycle and rode on to his home.

One of the largest safe-deposit companies tells its employes never to apologize for being careful. If a customer chafes because a new employe compels him to identify himself by murmuring his password, signing his name and telling the first name of his Latin professor at college, the manager usually has little difficulty in soothing him by a simple reminder that it is all being done for his own security. That same company stimulates the watchfulness of its vault employes by paying them a dollar each for everything they find in the coupon rooms or the vault. That is, they pay a dollar for nearly everything—envelopes containing important papers, jewelry, spectacle cases, coupons, and any documents are rated worthy of this small reward.

There was a time when office boys performed most of the minor duties in this company's basement strong room. The secretary of the company was a nearsighted old man who kept a tight rein over the boys. They used to slip out and buy a brand of molasses-coated pop corn that contained as prizes cheap brass jewelry, rings and tin pins. The boys then would "discover" these trinkets in the coupon rooms, bear them in triumph to the secretary and receive their rewards. That practice caused a slight modification in the reward system. Nowadays the find must have some value; but even so, the clientele is sufficiently careless to make it worth the while of the employes to keep a sharp watch.

Snap Suspicion

One of these men found $90,000 worth of negotiable securities in one of the coupon rooms not long ago. The owner gave him $100 and a promise to do something more handsome a little later. A financier who rents a box from another company is said to keep a non-interest-bearing fortune in his small safe against a day of panic. Some time ago the clerk who straightened up the coupon room this man had occupied during a séance with his safe found there a glass jar that had been made as a container for library paste. The tin lid was screwed in place. When the employe removed the lid he found that it was filled to the top with unset diamonds, literally a double handful of stones that made of a few captured rays of electric light a glittering iridescence.

The gray-uniformed man might have dropped that glass jar into his pocket, carried it to his coat locker and when the day's work was done carried it off to some cache of his own. He might have done that and got away with it, but he did not. Almost as casually as if he had found a day-old newspaper, he took it to the manager of the vault.

When the owner was informed he grunted "Thanks," came back to the safe deposit, took out his box, restored the mislaid jewels and then returned to his office. He was not sufficiently disturbed by the incident to reward the man who had picked up his property.

"The customers seem to take that sort of thing as a matter of course," one manager said. "We are glad to have them feel that way about it. It shows they have confidence in us."

Not all of them have such confidence. This was illustrated by a wealthy woman of Westchester County whose fortune came to her from her father. There is a colored maid in charge of the frosted-glass-walled coupon rooms assigned to women at the vaults where this woman stores the bulk of her riches. One day the colored maid came breathlessly to the manager with word that the rich client was carrying on in the booth to which she had carried her box. The manager went to the room at once and was greeted by the woman with the accusation that someone had entered her safe.

"A block of bonds is gone," she declared. Then she added, "Get them back and I won't say a word. I think it was the uniformed man; but if you get them back I'll say nothing."

The implication, of course, was that if he did not get them back she would say a great deal. In spite of his resentment and his complete confidence that none but the

(Continued on Page 133)

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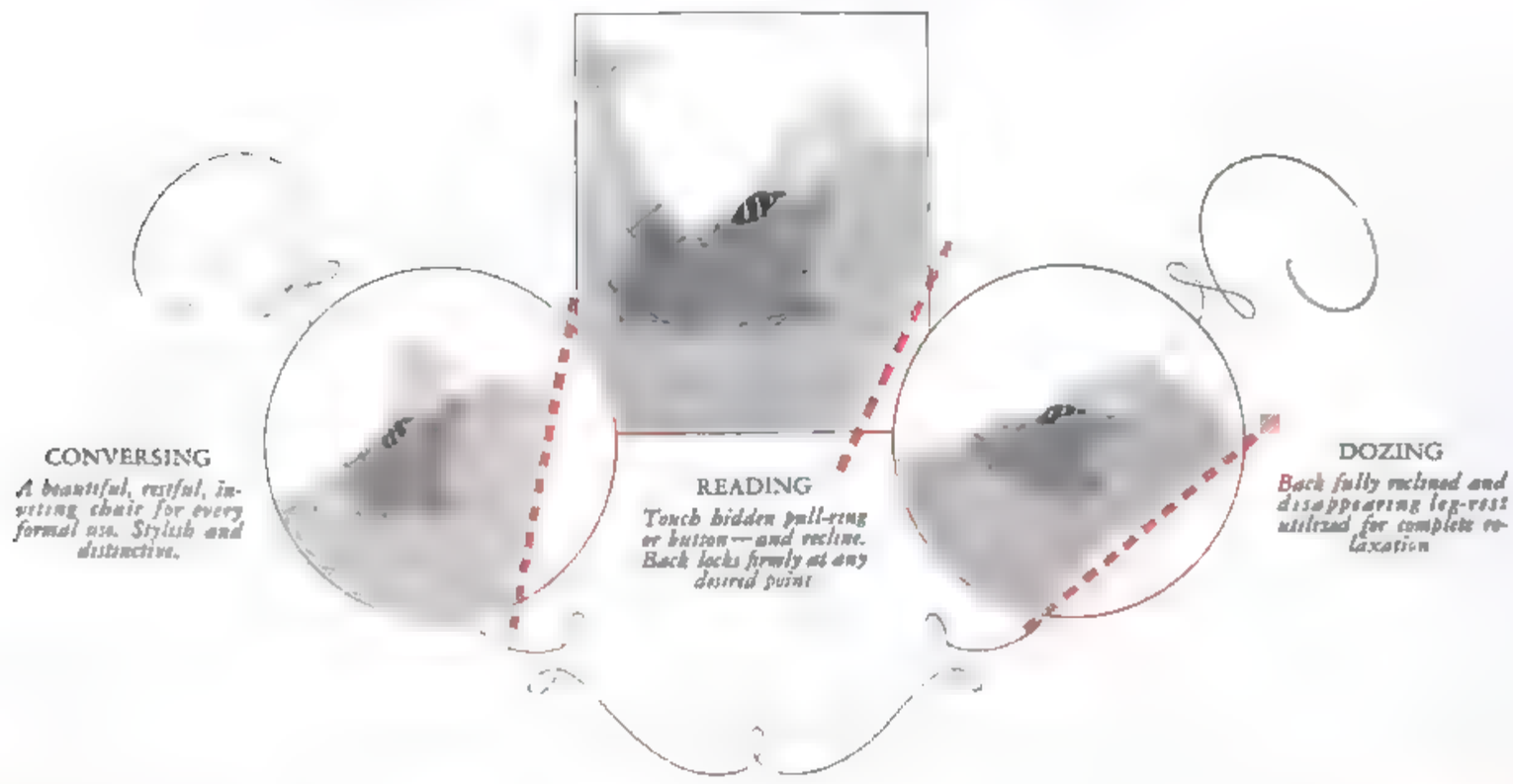
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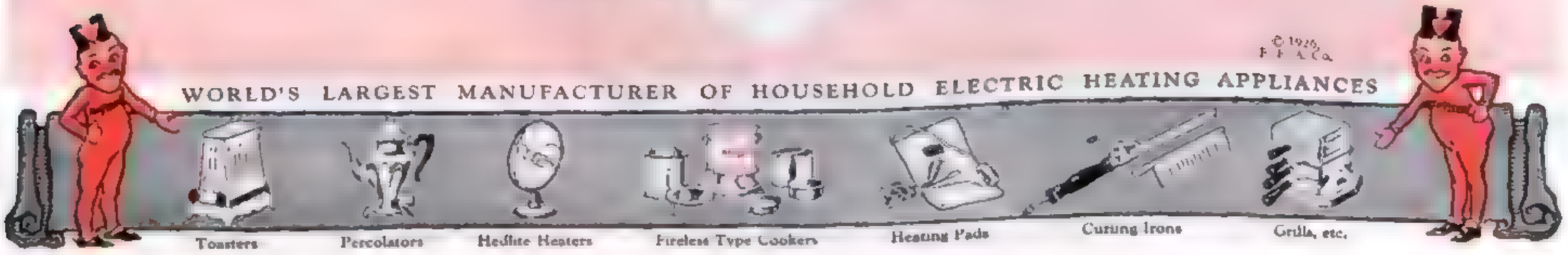

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woman herself could have taken anything from her safe, the manager was able to be polite and kept his own tones level.

The woman was sailing for Europe the following day and she was rich enough not to feel that the loss of the bonds should interfere with her trip. When she had been gone about a week her husband came to see the manager.

"I found my wife's missing securities," he said apologetically. "She had placed them by mistake with some old and worthless German bonds she had intended throwing away. She snapped a rubber band about the lot and left them on her writing desk at home."

A few weeks later there arrived a contrite feminine note from Paris.

Carelessness in the handling of their valuables seems to be a trait that afflicts all classes, both sexes and all ages of the deposit companies' customers. A moving-picture producer whose wealth is enormous went out of the vault where he has a safe, leaving the box unlocked. The manager of the company hurriedly telephoned him at his office as soon as the discovery was made; but it was two months before he came back to the vault, and even then he refused to inventory the contents of his box, which in the meantime had been in the custody of the president of the bank that owned the company.

"I won't even lift the lid of my box," declared this millionaire. "If I did not have complete faith in you fellows I would not have rented a safe from you."

Another millionaire who had always been rather careful about handling his box brought a friend with him on one occasion, explaining to the manager that his escort had come along to make sure that he left nothing out. When they had gone, the manager found twelve $1000 bonds in the wastebasket, into which they had slipped from the man's lap. Sometimes a customer surrenders the keys to a box believing it to be empty, when, as a matter of fact, valuable papers are still in it.

All the deposit-company managers have had experiences with customers who swear by all the saints in the calendar that they have missed something from their boxes. It is no use to tell them they must have mislaid the article themselves. "Someone has got into my safe," they say. They stick to that story heatedly, humanly inventing details to support it until they discover their mistake or it is shown to them.

There was a young girl from Texas who was rapidly turning the last of her dad's beef steers into musical culture.

Woman's Prerogative

"My diamond bracelet's gone," she exclaimed to the manager of the safety-deposit company's branch where she rented a box. She said it as only a frequent attendant of grand opera could. "It's been stolen from my box."

"Impossible," objected the manager, secure in his knowledge of the physical barriers designed to stop safe blowers with oxyacetylene torches, sneak thieves, confidence men and even dishonest employes. "You must have taken it out yourself and forgotten to put it back."

"My memory is too good for that," retorted the girl. "I memorize everything I have to play at the conservatory. I do not forget."

"There has got to be a first time."

"No such thing." She did not flounce out. Her skirts were too short for such an old-fashioned gesture of scorn. Nevertheless, her departure expressed scorn. She slammed the heavy steel grille.

That afternoon she was back with the bracelet.

She had given it to a sister to keep for her the last time she had worn it.

It is a common occurrence for men and women all over the country to die without having informed any of their heirs or friends where they kept a considerable portion of their wealth. Every day in New York the managers of the big vaults receive a circular from some lawyer, or else a telephone call or personal visit from someone trying to trace the missing will, the mortgages and Liberty Bonds of some wealthy soul who in life had been close-mouthed about this important matter.

If the inquirer is the attorney for the estate in question, the managers scan their indexes and tell him whether the decedent had been a box renter. If the inquirer is not a person with authority to make such a search, they look anyway, but if they discover the dead man's treasure box they notify his executor.

An Empty Threat

For a year or more a certain widow has been canvassing the vaults of the New York safe-deposit companies. Lately she has extended her search into New Jersey. She is hunting for a safe-deposit box she has reason to believe was rented by her husband before his death. She is firmly persuaded that someone who was more deeply in his confidence when he died than she was is withholding vital information from her. She knows that the New York law is that if the rental of a box remains unpaid for two years the safe-deposit company, after complying with certain requirements, may force open the box, remove the contents, sell enough to satisfy its claim for rental, and then hold the remainder for a possible claimant. It is her belief that her husband's business partners are paying the rental so as to postpone that day of reckoning.

She also believes that because she and her husband had contemplated divorce he might have deemed it shrewd to rent a deposit box under an assumed name. Most companies take precautions to prevent that, but it can be done. She fears some other woman may know where and under what name that box is held. This lends energy to her ceaseless hunt, a treasure search as desperate and as hurried as ever was prosecuted on any pirate island in the most lurid fiction. It is desperate because the widow's needs are pressing, and as time goes on her beliefs are fusing into something like an insane obsession. She demands information in shrill tones. Safe-deposit managers are beginning to grow a little afraid of her. They are, all of them, more afraid of cranks than of crooks.

A spectacled, high-chested man carrying a black walrus-hide suitcase entered one of the vaults in New York while most of the city's police were parading. He tapped a heavy cane impatiently on the stone floor.

"A million dollars, please," he said, faulty artificial teeth causing his sibilants to make a whistling sound. "And quickly, before I drop this." He lifted three bony fingers from the handle of the suitcase so that it was held suspended only by his thumb and index finger.

"At once," promised an accommodating manager. "Will you allow me to get it for you?"

"Thank you." The visitor again closed his fingers about the leather handle of his menacing burden.

When the manager returned he had two policemen, and as they hove in sight a nervy clerk threw himself between the tile flooring and the suitcase. Then they grabbed him.

The suitcase was empty.

"Merely to carry the money in," laughed the crazy man.

The thought that turns safe-deposit company managers' hair prematurely gray is of what may happen some day when that trick is employed with a suitcase that is not empty.

They are exercising every precaution human ingenuity can devise against burglars. In one of the oldest and strongest the vault is in the basement of a steel building. The laminated floor consists of a two-inch layer of concrete beneath which is four inches of steel, resting on cement six feet thick, in which is embedded a solid layer of steel rails laid one flange up and one down so as to present an unbroken surface of steel. The round door, so shaped because it offers no joint in which an explosive fluid could be poured, is eighteen inches thick. It weighs as much as a small tugboat and yet is so delicately balanced that a child could close it with the pressure of a single finger; but when closed and locked, a dozen giants could not open it without the combination unless they should use one of those electric torches which cut steel as a knife cuts cheese. Even there the metallurgists believe they have conquered with an alloy designed to resist the greenish breath of the oxyacetylene torch.

The interior of the vault, with its thousands of safes, is a mirrorlike surface of steel, so great a surface that one man spends all his days oiling and polishing it. Outside the vault there are two heavy grilles to be passed before the vault is reached, and electrical connections that sound a buzzer operate every time the weight of a foot falls on the flooring at the first grille.

The safes in the vault cannot be opened without the use of two keys, one of which is always in the possession of the safe-deposit company and the other—supposedly—always in the possession of the box renter. Many safe-deposit companies make it a strict practice never to touch those keys after they are bought from the lock company, giving the customer his two in a sealed envelope received from the manufacturer.

So it always requires the presence of a representative of the company and of the box holder to unlock a box.

Watching Watchmen

Besides these precautions, watchmen are necessary during those hours when the vaults are closed, particularly during the period between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning. One of the most cautious of the big companies keeps two watchmen on duty all night, with a third one locked outside the grille. The two circle the vault every half hour and there are clocks to be punched behind the vault to insure faithfulness on the part of these sentries. Each time they draw a ticket from the clock, stamped with the time, walk to the grille and pass it out to the third watchman, who exchanges for it a time slip from his own mechanical conscience. Besides this, they are required to turn a handle at half-hour intervals that rings a signal in the office of a downtown watchmen's service that is retained by the bank. If that signal fails to come—and sometimes it does fail because of a failure of the wiring—watchmen are sent by this outside service to stand guard outside the door and permit none to leave or enter until the company manager himself, awakened by telephone, comes to the bank to investigate. Half a dozen times a year he is brought to the bank on a false alarm, but he insists he does not mind much because it keeps alive his faith in the system he has worked out.

All the employes in the well-conducted companies are trained in the handling of firearms and pistols, and riot guns—automatic shotguns filled with buckshot shells—are kept in convenient racks.

One of those weapons was fired not so long ago just as the vaults were being closed for the day. The man whose duty it is to clean them thought he had emptied one of the riot guns and sighted along the barrel and pulled the trigger. There was a roar in the stone chamber that all but burst the eardrums of everyone there. The shot pattern bitten into the wall showed that no man could have stood in the corridor or hung from the ceiling without being hit. It was a scatter gun all right. No one was hit, fortunately, but there is a rule there now that the guns are to be cleaned only when the vaults are closed and there are no paying customers about.

Short of a breakdown of society, most of the managers do not worry much about their vaults being forced, unless they are in charge of some of the smaller safe-deposit

(Continued on Page 135)

It's Always Springtime *in the* Heart *of an* Endura

The most significant Easter Greeting you can give to man, woman, or child is a Conklin Endura, the beautiful fountain pen that is repaired or replaced free as often as it is broken or worn out. Ask your stationer, jeweler, druggist, or dealer about the *unconditional* and *perpetual* Endura guarantee. In black, mahogany, red, and sapphire blue—$5., $6., $7., and $8.

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Let your Easter greetings include Whitman's, doubly welcome after Lent.

The spirit of Spring is expressed in these fragrant, dainty sweets—in packages that please the eye.

Catering to the wide demand for special recognition of the Easter season we have provided timely artistic bands of greeting on the Sampler, the Standard and the Fussy Packages.

The Sampler with its wide range of candies appealing to all tastes.

The Fussy Package for those who lean toward nuts and firm-center chocolates.

The Standard Package—the original Whitman's, descended from the famous assortment of 1842.

Whitman's Chocolates

Examine these at the near-by store that is agent for Whitman's. There you can also get the new Pink of Perfection assortment, Pleasure Island, Salmagundi, Fruits & Nuts, and other favorites.

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companies in the smallest towns, and even then only when they lack the modern safeguards.

The chief concern of the guardians of the vaults is to see that only authorized persons are given access to the boxes. That is why they are extraordinarily careful about compelling customers with whom they are not familiar to identify themselves with passwords and other secret data. Generally, when a new box renter asks their advice, they suggest the selection of some word associated with anything that may be uppermost in the mind of the individual who is adopting this countersign. Frequently, as happened to Cassim, brother of Ali Baba, they forget the password, but their failure does not bar them from access. It simply causes them to go to a little more trouble in order to identify themselves.

The box holders who fail to return, who disappear without claiming their treasure, cause all the companies considerable annoyance. In the first place, there is the matter of lost rent. In the second place, there is the expense of breaking open the box. That alone costs about ten dollars every time it happens, even to the smallest boxes, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred there is nothing in the box of value.

The law varies considerably in the states, but in New York it is the law that after the rental of a safe-deposit box has been unpaid for two years the company may force the box if it is unsuccessful in reaching the owner through sending a letter to his last-known address. In practice, they rarely force a box so soon, but some of them break open twenty or thirty every year. One company that has been in existence for sixty years has found in boxes thus opened a total valued at less than $30,000. Some $10,000 of this was ten-dollar gold pieces in one small box. After eight years the owner returned to claim it and was given all his money except that part the company had a right to reserve for the payment of its bill.

After a box has been forced and this must be done in the presence of a notary who is not an employe of the company—and after the company has sold or abstracted sufficient to meet its claim, the balance must be held under seal or surrendered to the city chamberlain or the county treasurer. Those officials, after holding the material for a term of years, may sell it and transfer the proceeds to the general funds of the city or county. Even private papers of no value must be held for at least ten years and then be destroyed in the presence of a notary.

Soon after the meeting of Grant and Lee at Appomatox Court House a surgeon of the Union Army rented a box of one of the older New York companies. Into it he tucked a heavy leather case. Fifteen years elapsed before that box was forced open by the bank. A rental claim, what with interest charges, began to swell. Almost sixty years after that box was rented a man with a key designed for one of the company's first nest of boxes presented himself at the vault and asked how he could go about getting some material his grandfather had deposited. Records were scanned after the man had identified himself. Then, far back in an old storage vault, the leather case was found. Opened, they discovered it contained a set of silver surgical instruments, including the heavy saws and knives that were used in amputation cases in the field hospitals of the Civil War. As silver, they were worth not more than seventy-five dollars. The deposit company's bill for storage was $1100, but it was willing to compromise that claim for a check equal to the actual value of the instruments.

"Why didn't your grandfather ever come for these?" the purchaser was asked.

"They represented something, likely enough, that he wanted to forget."

"Well," said the vault manager, "it would have been cheaper for us if he had chucked them into the river."

Pawn tickets, old newspapers and worthless trinkets form the bulk of the material taken from unclaimed boxes, and when something of really great value is found it usually suggests that the cache of a dead man has been opened. In a city the size of St. Paul, Minnesota, about 500 boxes a year are forced open.

The death of a box holder always means additional work for the manager of a safe-deposit company. When the widow presents herself with the keys, even when she is the joint tenant, she usually gets a shock.

Naturally she tells the vault manager of the loss she has suffered. After sympathizing, he has to tell her that he cannot permit her to get into the box until she has been given that right by the surrogate or the probate court. More than that, in some states the safe-deposit company then is obligated to inform the state tax commissioner of the fact that the dead man had a safe-deposit box, and it is against the law to allow anyone to have access until the tax commissioner's representative has arrived. That provision is in effect in most of the states that have inheritance-tax laws.

The large stock-brokerage companies in New York all rent huge safes, vastly greater in size than the slender little five-dollar boxes that serve the needs of most. Some of these firms pay as much as $3600 a year rental for their strong boxes, twice as big as telephone booths.

Each day the market is open, Wall and Broad Streets, morning and evening, are a-jostle with clerks and guards escorting trunkloads of securities, sufficient if turned into cash to ransom a regiment of kings. Bucket shops posing as legitimate brokerage houses have been known to swank in the procession. One, during the months before it crashed into a scandalous bankruptcy, used to send a squad of clerks and riflemen each day to one of the largest of the safe-deposit companies. There they hauled out a treasure chest that would have kindled the eye of Captain Kidd. Then, as solemnly as the robbers paraded in Chu Chin Chow, they marched back to their employer's bucket shop. There was never a day when the chest contained anything besides bricks wrapped in newspapers. But it took the district attorney to find that out. His password into their vault was a potent open sesame. It was a search warrant.

PRESENT-DAY PIONEERS

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had heard the call of the land, had dreamed of the time when he would be a great physician and had taken a year or so of a medical education. A real doctor had been out of the question. It was thirty miles to town and thirty miles back, with the city doctor charging a dollar a mile a visit. Rather the chance—in a homesteader's eyes—to be crippled for life than to dig so deeply into a slender store of finances, the harboring of which was necessary to the acquisition of a coveted thing.

In fact, it is the winter, and especially the first winter, that a homesteader dreads worst of all; especially in those districts of the West which lie in the mountainous regions, where the winter begins much earlier than in lower districts and lingers far after the time when less altitudinous regions are breathing the perfume of the flowers that bloom in the spring. When the snows pile up until the landscape is a mass of hummocks, necessitating the packing of trails to the feedlots and a disheartening outpouring of fodder that his stock may survive until summer again brings greenery to take the place of the seemingly everlasting whiteness. For that reason the wise homesteader usually travels light during his first year; there are so many things to do, so little to do them with, so many foundations which must be laid before ever a structure can be erected.

In truth, pioneering conditions change very little with the passage of years. There still remains the necessity for one to adapt himself to new conditions and to build from the ground up—usually with little money or aid by which to accomplish this result. When the Government gives a man a homestead it gives him just that and nothing more. It isn't cultivated land. It isn't even cleared land. It is land which has lain for years fallow, perhaps included in some reserve or public domain at last to be opened for settlement—and the settler is glad enough of a chance for a free home to risk a few years of his life in the attempt to turn it into a worthwhile investment.

Not that the land is poor. It is usually the opposite. But there are certain rules of the game which must be followed if that land is to become really his. If it is obtained under the Desert Act, then there must be a certain amount of irrigation. If it is an agricultural grant, then there must be the percentage of cultivated acreage for every 160 granted. If it is a 640 under the Stock-Raising Act—and this is a popular one among homesteaders—there must be the fencing and the improvements of $1.25 an acre, which doesn't sound like much when one acre is concerned, but amounts to a good deal when a man is poor and when his eagerness has caused him to shoulder the responsibility of 640 acres, each with its necessity of improvement, especially when the beginning is a wilderness.

In fact, when one travels through a homestead country he often finds himself wondering how it all comes to pass; how there can be success when so much is to be done and so little gained for a great part of the time occupied in the first accomplishments. That primary year, for instance.

It is only a space of land at the beginning; not even a road or a fence or a clearing, except that made by Nature. If it is in the brush country, there is nothing but the sagebrush and the adobe soil, stretching endlessly. And to this comes the covered wagon.

Perhaps that forms the home for the first few months. Or perhaps what is known in the homestead country as a box-car house, merely an oblong affair of one or two tiny rooms, built of supports to which is nailed a board covering if the pocketbook warrants it, or roofing paper if the exchequer is weak. Often, if the homesteader has left his family behind with the folks while he carves out a home in the wilderness, the abode is even less ornate than this. I've seen more than one man fighting away the frigidity of a zero-filled winter in nothing more than a light tent, with a tiny sheet-iron stove for the cooking, and a sort of burrow at one end where a hole has been dug into the earth, the loose dirt piled around it, the cavity filled with straw and covered with a blanket to form a bed; or a cellarlike aperture dug into a side of a hill and protected by a careening door.

There are so many other things of necessary importance, so many preparations imperative before one can look after bodily comfort. The building of the lawful fence, which, incidentally, is seldom lawful in the strict interpretation; the building of a ramshackle barn and a more ramshackle corral; the maintenance of a water supply; the clearing of land—the tasks seem to stretch forth endlessly before there can be even a hope of a return. Horses, for instance, eat all winter; horses form the blood and bone and sinew of a homesteader's chances. And in that first winter there is no homestead-raised hay with which to support them. So the slender store of savings goes down as hay is purchased, sometimes twenty-five, even fifty miles away, and hauled to the home place that there may be the motive

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PHOENIX

PHOENIX
HOSIERY

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power to skid logs over the snow for the building of a real house or for the outbuildings so necessary to a ranchman; that wire may be stretched from post to post, young brush pulled up by the roots when the earth softens in the spring, and the ground made ready for planting.

Nor is this condition always confined to the first year. Sometimes it happens after that primary twelvemonth has been weathered successfully, and even a second year's crop grown. A homesteader in Northwestern Colorado had survived the first year and had put up a fair amount of hay during the summer; enough, he believed, to carry him and his few head of Shorthorn stock through the Arcticlike months to follow. But that winter had been of the kind which often occurs in mountainous country—late March had found the blizzards swirling with an intensity which seemed to heighten instead of lessen. And the hay was gone.

A Tragic Ending

He now possessed fifteen dollars and no hay, while six head of horses and twenty-four head of cattle shivered in the empty feedlot, dumbly awaiting aid. The homesteader hitched a four-horse team to a hayrack and with his every remaining cent started toward the nearest ranch which possessed feed in excess, a distance of twenty miles. It was a fight every step of the way, but it was a struggle for his every possession. At last, his horses weakened from a twenty-mile succession of drifted roads, he reached the ranch, told his story and with his fifteen dollars bought a comparatively light load of hay—about 1200 pounds. It would not last long, he knew, but hope always blazes for the homesteader. Perhaps the weather would clear and spring descend earlier than it ever before had done; perhaps he could get into town and borrow enough on his cattle to pull him through. The future must always hold its dreams for men like this; the present must always be paramount. He started forth, four plunging horses fighting the drifted white and gradually growing weaker. Night came, and he slept in his load of hay, to awaken at dawn and find that one of his horses had dropped from exhaustion during the night, now to lie sprawled and frozen beside the wagon. Adversity had marked up its first score.

The homesteader could not depend upon only one horse to make the homeward journey, so he left one tied beside the wagon, mounted a second, and leading the third, made the trip back to his ranch for a fresh team. Tragedy greeted him; several head of his cattle already were dead; others were staggering from weakness and from the exhausting effects of the terrific cold. About the empty stockyard others were gathered, bawling dolorously—their food still fifteen miles away.

It was no time to think of rest; the homesteader bridled his fresh team, and this time leading two horses, started anew for his load. The ferocity of the blizzard had increased; night caught him far from his precious hay. But there was nothing to do but to make a snow camp and stamp about through the long hours of darkness to escape freezing. With the coming of dawn he once more pushed forward, at last to reach the object of his endeavors—and to find there a new difficulty. Beside the corpse of the first horse was that of the second.

Homesteaders are not loquacious, nor have they often a knowledge of the dramatic. The week of horrors which followed was never adequately described by the gaunt, half-starved man who, having braved days and nights of shrieking, snow-breasted gales, at last gained his goal with enough of his load left to afford but one night's feeding—only to find that his heroic effort had been in vain. All but seven of his cattle were dead. The rest so nearly approached that condition that they could gain no nourishment from the food which he had risked his life to bring them. The horses which had brought him home had given practically their last ounce of strength to the task; now they were stumbling, weaving things which wandered the corral in blank, dazed fashion; a homesteader's dream was over. When the snowflowers finally popped from the ground with the sudden arrival of spring, a ramshackle little house was empty, while the hides of a herd of cattle hung upon a corral fence awaiting the time when that homesteader should return for the momentary job of collecting them—all that he possessed in repayment for two years of labor and investment.

Life Wrung From the Soil

True, such a happening is not upon the daily calendar of the homesteader's existence. Nor, by the same token, is it an altogether unusual occurrence. It is a part of the risk that one takes when one goes into strange country to carve a home from the wilderness—a country where he does not know the soil, rich though it may be; where he does not know which water hole contains alkali and which does not; where he may hope to find a pure well only a few feet beneath the surface of the earth and not discover it in 200—I know more than one family that hauls its water for a distance of six miles and where a bath a month is considered a luxury; where every condition is different from that to which he has been accustomed and where fortitude and courage and determination are the three prime things of life, because they are needed so often; especially until the beginnings can be made and the first crop grown. Nor is everything so genial then.

For, after the first autumn and the first winter, with the waiting, the innumerable tasks of preparation, the burning of sage areas in the fall, the grubbing and piling and incineration of scrub oak and service brush, the pulling or dynamiting of stumps

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which might otherwise mean havoc to a plow—after all this is accomplished and a crop planted—a homesteader must by necessity be a farmer no matter under what regulation he obtains his land—after the first few head of cattle have been purchased and put on range, the first fodder peeping above the ground—after all this, come the pests!

A balance of Nature has been disturbed. A country which has run according to a certain schedule from time immemorial suddenly has changed. Where there has been a certain amount of natural food for insect and animal life scattered over wide areas, there now arise spots of abundance—and there the pests flock. Ground squirrels invade the land, burrowing from one field to another. Porcupines suddenly discover that alfalfa is much tastier than the bark of trees upon which they have been feeding, with the result that the crop is overrun by them and every moonlight night finds from a dozen to a score wandering along the runways or wallowing down the stand of hay with almost as much devastation as that of a herd of cattle. Rabbits of the jack variety congregate—and when a rabbit convention is held in the sparsely settled districts of the West, it is a host worth reckoning with!

It is usually the first big snow which brings the rabbits. Before that time they have been fairly content to forage upon a program of everyone for himself, taking what food arises in the realms of daily excursions which, though they are damaging, are not ruinous. But with the first big snow the word seems to go about by some strange form of animal telegraph that this is the right and proper time of year to eat some poor homesteader out of his house and home. The pilgrimage begins, rabbits coming from every direction. The starting point may be a few hundred yards away, it may run into the miles, with new recruits joining the band at every draw and gully or high-piled rock slide, as though in obedience to a command, and the march continues onward to the nearest haystack.

Snowplow Rabbits

By what instinct, by what memory or previous arrangement, that stack is found forms a matter of animal knowledge which a homesteader cannot explain. The fact remains, however, that those jack rabbits know exactly where they are going and the quickest way to get there, working toward their object with the determination of a human army upon the march. These pilgrimages are usually in from one to three feet of snow, in which a lone jack rabbit would do well to struggle 100 yards. But with the accumulation of a sort of Coxey's army of rabbits, which is reënforced by other bands using the same methods, a mile or two is of comparatively easy accomplishment, for it is done by the simple expedient of a relay system.

A jack rabbit takes the lead and bucks the solid bulwark of snow before him. He breaks it down and struggles on, the single file of rabbits, stretching out in sharp relief against the snow often as far as the eye can see, moving forward with the every progress of the leader. As soon as that leader is fatigued he hops to one side and his place is taken by a fresh snowplow in the form of the second rabbit, whose place as a second man in the snow-padding line is filled by the rabbit which before this was third in the column. So the work progresses as though some weird, animated machine of serpentine proportions were moving along during the night—moonlight is the time that a jack rabbit likes best—the rabbits behind the first few leaders having a comparatively easy time of it until they gradually move forward into a position in the van. Thus a trail is made, hard packed and ready for use during the winter, and unless a ranchman guards well what remains of his stack after the first assault there'll be as much hay fed to the rabbits during the bleak months as to his cattle. It is not at all unusual during the winter in jack-rabbit country to see a homesteader sitting in the moonlight atop a jealously guarded haystack, knocking over from three to five jack rabbits with every booming of his ten-bore shotgun, and cussing the fact that for every one he kills there seem to be a dozen to take its place.

When Food Was Short

When his vigil is over he sacks his kill and carries it homeward for canning. Jack rabbits, bent on the destruction of a homesteader's haystack, have more than once given that homesteader the food by which to live through a winter. Sometimes the rule has even applied to a whole community.

Conditions were not so good in a certain district near the Wyoming line a few years ago. Crops had been poor that summer, necessitating a greater cutting down of homesteader's herds than usual, so that an appropriation might be made for the buying of hay from a distance with which to feed the remaining stock through the winter. This naturally cut down the food supply, as cattle which ordinarily might have been butchered had been sent to market, as well as the hogs which heretofore had formed the hams and other smoked meat by which a homesteader often survives the winter. Then, just at the time for the deer to come down from the higher hills, affording a shot now and then as they did so, a terrific blizzard set in, lasting for three days, allowing the animals to escape to their winter grazing fields unmolested. That meant another meat shortage, but it was speedily remedied.

A cow-puncher, riding home from a community-house shindig about one o'clock in the morning of a moonlight night following the storm, saw a slowly moving line stretching across the landscape. Rabbits,

(Continued on Page 141)

A Ranch House. The Wing on the Right is the Kitchen

"Mum" saves Silk Hosiery

Save your silk stockings from the destructive acids of perspiration

"Mum" is the word!

For years women, and men, have been using "Mum"—the personal deodorant—as a means of preventing the unpleasant odor of perspiration. These particular, well-bred people are grateful to "Mum" for the sense of well-being and personal cleanliness it assures them.

And now comes an important announcement that will make "Mum" even more welcome to its millions of present users and to many new users. *For "Mum"—applied to the foot—has been found to greatly prolong the life of silk hosiery and fine shoes by neutralizing the destructive acids of perspiration*—without interfering with perspiration itself.

What perspiration is and how it acts

Perspiration is Nature's way of keeping the body at an even temperature and of eliminating waste matter. Through 2,000,000 tiny glands the body pours out perspiration at the average rate of about one quart a day.

These perspiration glands differ in number and size. For instance there are as many as 2,500 glands per square inch on the foot, and only 400 per square inch on the back. In the armpits there are more glands than in most parts of the body and they are larger.

This greater perspiration in the armpits and on the feet is something to be reckoned with, not only for its unpleasant odor, but also for the damage that the perspiration acids do to wearing apparel.

Perspiration, as it evaporates, leaves various strong acids: for instance, acetic acid and butyric and valerianic acids. These acids, besides creating an unpleasant odor, immediately attack and weaken the silk fibres of stockings and the linings and leathers of shoes.

Hosiery manufacturers have done their best to find some method of safeguarding stockings themselves against the ravages of perspiration acids—but it is not possible. All they can do is recommend that hosiery be washed immediately after it is taken off. But this does not prevent the damage that is done while the stockings are being worn. The acids must be neutralized *as they occur*. They must be neutralized *right at the point* where they do their greatest destruction.

"Mum" is the word!

Just after the bath, apply "Mum"—the dainty deodorant cream—to your feet, like a cold cream. It prevents the *acid action* of foot perspiration and definitely prolongs the life of silk stockings and fine shoes. It soothes and comforts the feet. It destroys any sign or trace of unpleasant odor. "Mum" does all this, and does it *without interfering with healthful perspiration*. The acids and odors are simply neutralized. That is all.

Try "Mum" for the feet for just *one week*. After that you would not think of omitting this practice from your everyday toilette.

"Mum" is entirely safe to dainty apparel and tender skins. It may be used on the underarm immediately after removing superfluous hair. Physicians also recommend the use of "Mum" with the sanitary napkin.

Your own drug and department store has "Mum"—in 25c and 50c sizes. Or send Trial Offer Coupon.

Read what these manufacturers say—

"If anything can be devised that would neutralize the acids of the foot without stopping the healthy perspiration, it would certainly mean increased wear in hosiery."

VAN RAALTE COMPANY

"There is no doubt that perspiration does impair the wearing qualities of leather."

HANAN & SONS

"Acids caused by perspiration have a great deal to do with the wearing out of hosiery, particularly in the feet. Were it not for perspiration, hosiery—both cotton and silk—would give much better wear."

DAVENPORT HOSIERY MILLS

"It has been our experience in observing worn shoes that excessive perspiration causes a decided hardening and burning of the innersole."

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY

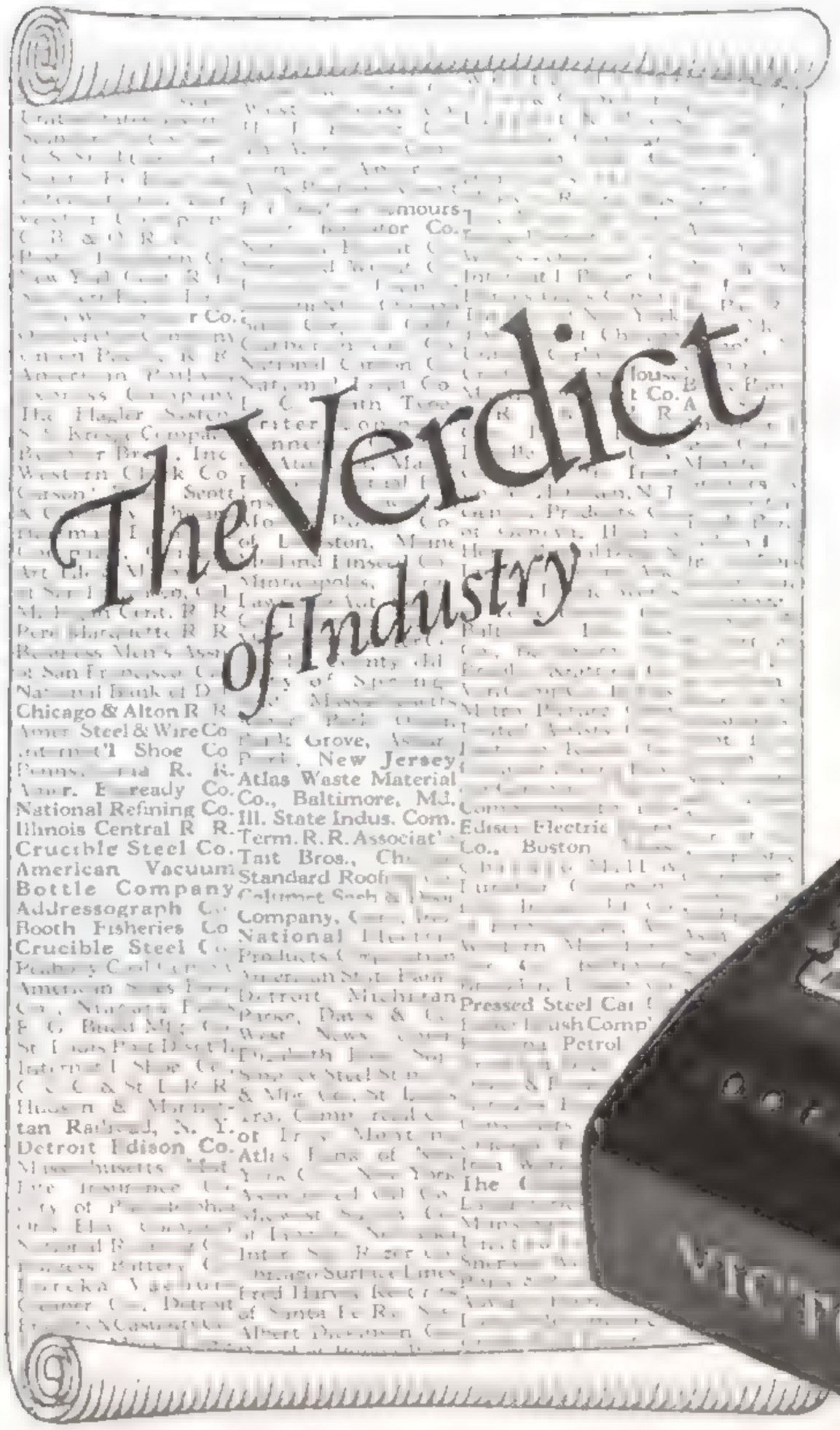
"Mum"

it neutralizes the acids and odors of perspiration

Trial Offer Coupon

Mum Mfg. Co., 1126 Chestnut St., Philadelphia April 3, 1926
I enclose_____for size of "Mum" checked
☐ "Mum" 50c postpaid ☐ "Mum" 25c postpaid ☐ **Trial size,** 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing a generous trial size of "Mum."

Name _____
Address _____
Dealer's Name _____
Dealer's Address _____



Acknowledged Leader In Its Field

$100

f. o. b. Chicago

VICTOR

Standard Adding Machine

WHAT do *you* know about the Victor Standard Adding Machine? You have seen our advertisements in The Saturday Evening Post. You have noticed the Victor in other offices. You may know how it is today outselling other machines. But have you ever *added* with one? Have you ever operated the Victor?

. . . You'll admit there must be merit to this machine when internationally-known organizations such as those shown above have bought and re-bought the Victor. You'll admit Victor must have advantages or we would never have sold the nearly 100,000 now in use, and Victor would not now be selling faster than ever. . . Then why don't you *test* the Victor—*now*?

American industry today is on the alert for better business methods and sensible business economy. Victor answers both demands. One-model manufacture—based on the Herbert Hoover principle of concentrated production—is responsible for Victor's $100 price, and its remarkable efficiency.

Study the Victor features. Be sure that *all* these essentials are embodied in the adding machine you buy. Don't fail to get visible adding dials, triple visibility, red totals, separate color for subtotals and all the rest. Victor alone combines these essentials at a price of $100.

Free Trial

Phone your Office Equipment merchant today for a Free Trial of the Victor Adding Machine. Or write your name and address on the margin of this page, tear off and mail to Victor Adding Machine Co., 3900 No. Rockwell St., Chicago, Ill.

SOLD THROUGH THE OFFICE EQUIPMENT MERCHANT

(Continued from Page 138)

thousands upon thousands of them, were engaged upon their first haystack pilgrimage of the winter, and the cow-puncher turned his horse.

"Jack rabbits!" he shouted as he reached the first house, and a sleepy voice answered his yells. "Get clubs and go up by Shorty's place!"

Then onward he went, a Paul Revere of the homesteader section, summoning people from as far as fifteen miles away.

The killing which ensued that night and the next morning still lives in the annals of that country.

So it goes with one form of pest. And with another—that of the sage hen, which, once placed in the way of alfalfa or of other growing greenery, suddenly develops a seeming aversion for its natural food. Out toward the Utah line in Colorado a newly opened district went into development about nine years ago. With the first growing crops the sage hens appeared in such numbers that when an airplane—the first to fly over the district—passed above the country one day, the birds rose in such numbers as to cause the pilot difficulties in getting above them that their numbers, killed by his propeller, might not cause the machine to crash.

There are not so many sage hens in that country now. But there are more proved homesteads, where, out in the corrals, one may find the barrels in which sage hens were salted down to provide food for the winter months—an expedient, of course, which bent the game laws; but then, in the homestead country one often finds such laws to be elastic affairs. More than one game warden, stopping in at a homesteader's cabin for a bite of food, downs the "rabbit" placed before him without ever a question as to how it got its taste of venison. He knows that his job is to protect human life as well as that of the animal, and it sometimes happens that a buck shot out of season is the turning point of a homesteader's existence.

Bending the Game Laws

"I was just about to quit the whole thing," said a former doctor, now prideful in the possession of a proved piece of land, as we passed a little reservoir, high in the Elkhorn range of the Rockies near the Wyoming line, a few summers ago. "Things had got down to pretty hard sledding. There hadn't been any game around; we'd used up our last can of food and the kids were out of shoes. It isn't the fact so much, in times like that, of actually being hungry. It's the moral angle. Naturally, a fellow could go to a neighbor and borrow enough to get along on until he could find some work or bring down a bear or a few rabbits or hens—anything to keep a person from starving. But there's the moral angle—a fellow begins to think that he's made a fool of himself and that there isn't any end to the suffering that he's cut out for himself, and that he owes it to his family to get back to civilization and find some comforts for them. So I was feeling pretty blue, and had gone out for a walk with my old ten-bore shotgun, loaded with buckshot. I was looking for ducks and wasn't taking any chances; if they flew up a long way off I wanted to be able to bring them down.

"So when I came to this reservoir I sneaked along pretty cautiously. Thought I'd seen something stir just before I got to the brush beside the water, but I was disappointed—in birds, at least. There wasn't one. But just as I walked into the open that something stirred again and I saw a six-point deer standing right across the water staring at me. I let him have both barrels at once. The concussion of that old cannon knocked me down. It did the same for the buck and it saved our homestead. It meant food and grease and tallow for candles, to say nothing of buckskin moccasins for the kids and a general strengthening of morale that allowed us to pull through."

So, for that reason, it behooves a game warden in the homestead district to be a two-sided individual—Argus-eyed when it comes to the sportsman from the city, defying laws for the mere gratification of his pleasure of hunting; a bit tired and sleepy and dull of eye when a homesteader has made a kill which affects his very livelihood. And to the credit of those game wardens, let it be said that they seem to know instinctively when a homesteader kills from necessity and when from mere selfishness, with the results gauged accordingly.

Cannibal Crickets

Those results, however, are usually on the side of leniency, for a homesteader kills what he needs and little more. Unless, of course, the game be coyotes, where he is backed by every state and government aid, or any one of the dozen or more varieties of pests which dog his tracks, pests which he finds some way to use in the promotion of his fight against the wilderness. But sometimes there arises one which he cannot fight, something beyond him, which wipes out his every hope after years of effort—such things, for instance, as the Mormon cricket.

Whether the name is rightly applied or not doesn't matter. It came about through the fact that someone remembered the story of a terrific cricket invasion of the Mormon settlements directly after Utah had been colonized years ago, with a consequent deliverance in the shape of hordes of sea gulls which ate the crickets, thereby leading to the erection of the sea gull monument which stands in Tabernacle Square in Salt Lake City. The new invaders are coming from the direction of Utah. Old-timers say they resemble the plague of years ago. Hence, in the vernacular of the homesteader, they are the Mormon cricket; whatever they may rightfully be, they are the strangest pest that has plagued a homesteader for years.

They are immense, for crickets—nearly an inch and a half long and almost black. For years now they have been moving as if by the compass, east by north, as if under the command of a general and upon a previously designed schedule which seems to be handed down from one generation to another.

Millions of them hatch from the ground in the spring, and with the first strength sufficient to moving they start forward—east by north, east by north, day in and day out, week following week. Equal to their determination to keep moving is their determination to eat. A field lies before them resplendent in its growing grain; when they have passed, there is nothing but the bare earth; a crop is gone.

A pest peculiar in a number of ways, this migratory cricket. A vegetarian by preference when it comes to the ordinary food, he is highly carnivorous when his own kind is concerned—much to the disgust of motorists. An automobile road is reached and a leader starts across, followed by a few thousand others. A machine passes, killing some of the marchers. Immediately those nearest halt to devour the fallen comrades. Another machine goes by, killing greater numbers. Once more the halt, and again a killing—until the sudden coagulation of the tremendous mass in its feasting blackens the road, and the unlucky motorist who must pass that way does so with every nerve a-tingle as he fights to keep his wheels aligned. The crushing of that carpeting of insects has turned an otherwise safe highway into a slime as dangerous as the most slippery dobe. For the motorist, there is nothing worse.

But in spite of automobiles and wholesale deaths, the march goes on, east by north, east by north. A literal sort of march. If a telegraph pole rises before a certain section of the horde, it is not avoided; that section marches up the telegraph pole to the top and then down the other side. If a house is in the way, a fence, or any other obstruction, the same process is followed. A crop is regarded in the same fashion, except that it is eaten as the march progresses. Poison fails to halt the pest. Even rivers do not form a blockade. Once a stream is reached, the leaders edge into the waters, while those behind come steadily forward, clinging to those in front. Gradually the black, living bridge is pushed forward, a wriggling, writhing scum on the face of the water, to be sent out, out, until at last the current washes the leaders against an opposite bank, the bridge is completed—like the endless chain of a caterpillar engine—and the pilgrimage starts anew.

Cold weather comes. The march suddenly ends, eggs are laid in the ground and millions of dead crickets dot the earth. But when spring arrives, as though a heritage of command had been buried with those eggs, the newly hatched insects are up and away again, east by north. And nothing can turn them from their course except one thing—they don't like noise!

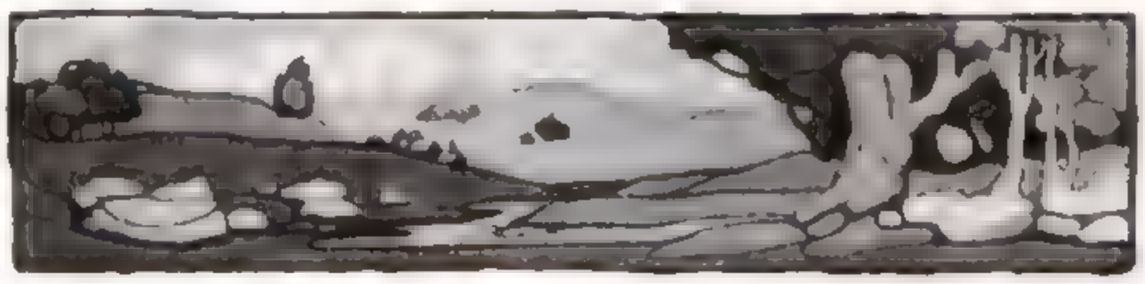
The result is that the homestead districts through which the pilgrimage is progressing east and north of the Utah line are alive with varied noises during the summer months—men, women and children in the fields ringing bells, beating on tin pans, shouting, jangling chains, anything for discordant sound—that the pilgrimage may be turned from fertile fields to those uncultivated and the devastating army sent through sagebrush instead of through crops. A slow process, for the army moves at a snail's pace. However, it is the only hope.

Many Pilgrims' Progress

And when pests and food shortages are endured or escaped, it doesn't mean that the early troubles of a homesteader are over. There is, for instance, wandering range cattle which break down his fences and eat his crops. All without recompense, for the simple reason that the average homesteader, anxious to see results and to save as much money as possible, often does not erect the sort of fence prescribed by government regulations—an affair of four strands of barbed wire between posts not more than twenty feet apart and secured by three stays of barbed wire between the posts. Such a fence is expensive; the homesteader often neglects it, with the result that when strays do break in he is without hope of collecting for the damage. Unless, of course, he kills that stray and feeds off him, being fortunate enough in the meanwhile to evade the members of a cattlemen's association who may ride by and inquire why the hide of a butchered cow critter isn't hanging on the fence according to custom, so that everyone can see the brand and know that it hasn't been rustled. Even if this doesn't happen, and a faint suspicion exists that a homesteader may have rustled a steer—too faint even for prosecution—cattlemen have their own cheerful little methods of retribution. They merely pass the word about, from one to another:

"Better run his horses to hell. He's a bad one."

That approaches a death sentence for a homesteader; without horses he can do nothing, and one morning he awakens to catastrophe. A pasture fence is down at one corner where a few men on foot have run the horses into the open. Then, mounting, those men have "fogged" the animals some twenty or twenty-five miles into a district where finding them will be practically impossible, and a homesteader is without the bone and sinew to continue his operations. Often, too, this is done for a more ulterior purpose. Cattle and horse rustling may have changed in methods in the West, but it has not ceased by any means.



Of course there is no longer the old-time rustling on a wholesale scale, nor the changing of brands by the score. Brand inspection and more rigid methods of investigation at stockyards have halted that. But there is nothing to prevent a man with rustling proclivities from cutting out a bearing cow, holding her until a calf is born and is strong enough to forage for himself, fogging the branded mother out of contact with her young and then putting his own brand upon the stolen calf. It happens particularly in a district where cattlemen have had the run of things for years, only to see their free range opened up to nesters, and thereby feeling that anything done against them is fair retaliation for their intrusion, or where the tables are reversed by a homesteader himself.

Where the Poor Man Often Wins

But compared to a newer method, this scheme is slow and out of date. The present-day high-powered cattle rustler works with an automobile and does very well by himself. A ranch-owner friend of mine one morning walked into a meadow, to find there signs of slaughter. Investigation showed that a flivver rustler was working in the district and doing it according to the methods of present-day efficiency. Instead of using the old and dangerous system of taking the beast on the hoof, he merely drove into the meadow, sneaked up to a half-asleep steer, felled it with a blow of an ax, butchered it on the spot, wrapped the meat well in canvas, threw it into his car and then drove across the state line into Wyoming, where he had made a contract with a confederate in the restaurant business to supply him with cheap beef. So go the changes of the world.

From all this the impression might be gathered that the average life of the homesteader during his days of proving up is no bed of roses. When one undertakes to beat a plowshare out of the iron of endeavor, he needs plenty of strength in his shoulders and more in his mind. But it is by no means an impossible existence, even for the man who goes at it with a lean pocketbook.

Naturally, he must have the fortitude to endure much; but then the homesteader usually realizes that fact. Getting something for nothing never was done upon a wholesale scale, and never will be done. And being a pioneer today is no different from being a pioneer yesterday or the day before that. Suffering, privation, loneliness, disappointment—all these things must be taken into consideration as a part of the game when a man starts to make for himself a home in a land that is far from conveniences, from centers of population, from railroads and often from highways. It is all a part of the rules of the contest. As for the difference between the man with a fair amount of money and the one with a small amount of it—success depends entirely upon the man himself, upon the conditions which arise and not upon the amount of cash that has been placed in the bank to carry him through.

Sometimes the poor man wins where the one with money fails.

"The reason is simple enough," said a homesteader who had come through his three years of proving up without an oversupply of cash. "The man who starts in on the homesteading racket with plenty of money and not much knowledge of what he is going to be up against is a lot worse off than the fellow who has the knowledge and not so much financial backing; because the first fellow doesn't know how to conserve,

(Continued on Page 145)

Marion Talley, *Victor Artist*

19-year-old Kansas City girl, who thrilled Metropolitan Opera House in her debut as prima donna, makes records exclusively for Victor. Hear her first recordings today

WITH a soprano voice of exquisite beauty and flawless intonation, Marion Talley, youngest American girl ever to face the far-famed diamond horseshoe, scored a tremendous success in the role of *Gilda* in Verdi's *Rigoletto* at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

In line with the Victor policy of presenting the finest musical talent of all the world, Miss Talley's name has been added to the brilliant list of artists who record exclusively for the Victor Talking Machine Company.

Go to the nearest Victor dealer today and have him play for you Marion Talley's first record—*Caro Nome* (*Dearest Name*) from Verdi's *Rigoletto*, sung in Italian. When you hear it, you will understand why people paid as high as $100 for a seat at her debut and considered it worth the price.

On the reverse side, Miss Talley sings *Una Voce Poco Fa* (*A Little Voice I Hear*), from Rossini's *Barbiere di Siviglia*, also in Italian. This is Victor Record No. 6580, 12-inch, $2.00.

For good measure, Marion Talley sings two other numbers in English—*Home, Sweet Home* and *Comin' Thro' the Rye*. The young prima donna has invested these two old favorites with new charm. Be sure to hear them, Victor Record No. 1146, 10-inch, $1.50.

The Talley numbers are but four of the many selections which your dealer will be glad to play for you—dance music, popular songs, symphonies—all made and played in the incomparable Victor manner.

You will be amazed by the *playing quality* of the new Victor Records. They have a rich, round resonance that falls pleasantly upon the critical ear. They have that beauty and power that make you exclaim, "Let's have that again!" There's a thrill awaiting you at the nearest dealer's.

New Victor

New Victor Records, April 1st

Here are just a few selections from the brilliant list of April releases. All new—all superbly executed. Your dealer will gladly play them for you.

Irving Berlin's new heart-song

"ALWAYS"

Always—Tenor Solo - - - - - HENRY BURR

When Autumn Leaves are Falling
Baritone Solo - - - - - - - JACK SMITH

Henry Burr sings "Always" in its original song form, with a sprightly love-ditty on the other side by the popular Jack Smith.

No. 19959, 10-inch, 75c

Always—Fox Trot - - - - - INTERNATIONAL NOVELTY ORCHESTRA
Pretty Little Baby—Fox Trot - INTERNATIONAL NOVELTY ORCHESTRA

"Always" in still another form for dancing, with a very melodious companion piece.

No. 19970, 10-inch, 75c

Hear these classics

Le Cygne (The Swan) (Saint-Saens) *'Cello* - - - - - PABLO CASALS
Moment Musical (Schubert) *'Cello* - - - - - - - - PABLO CASALS

For the violoncello. Pure, exquisite melody, played by a master.

No. 1143, 10-inch, $1.50

Song of India (Rimsky-Korsakow)
GANZ-ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Minuet (Bolzoni) - - - - - GANZ-ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The weirdest melody that ever stole out of Russia, and a modern minuet.

No. 45531, 10-inch, $1.00

Four favorite Easter numbers

Messiah—Hallelujah Chorus (Handel)
With Pipe Organ - - - - - TRINITY CHOIR
Gloria from "Twelfth Mass" (Mozart)
With Pipe Organ - - - - - TRINITY CHOIR

Jubilant choir numbers, appropriate to the Easter season.

No. 35768, 12-inch, $1.25

TRINITY CHOIR

The Palms (Faure) *Pipe Organ* - - - - - - - - - MARK ANDREWS
Stabat Mater—Cujus Animam (Rossini) *Pipe Organ* MARK ANDREWS

Organ records of world-known numbers, appropriate to Passion Week.

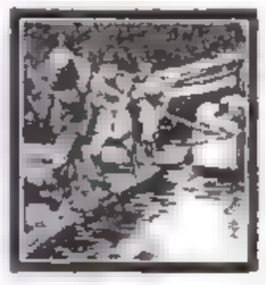
No. 19967, 10-inch, 75c

An echo from the ancient Volga

Song of the Volga Boatmen
Shining Moon
KIRILLOFF'S RUSSIAN BALALAIKA ORCHESTRA

Mandolin-like instruments. The world-song of toil, and a dashing, spirited Russian dance.

No. 19960, 10-inch, 75c



"YO, HEAVE HO!"

Six thousand voices on one record!

Prayer of Thanksgiving (Arr. Kremser)
Swing Low Sweet Chariot - ASSOCIATED GLEE CLUBS OF AMERICA

1000 glee-club singers, the only organization of its kind. The audience of 5000 joins in with them on the first number.

No. 35770, 12-inch, $1.25

Six songs sure to please

Don't Wait Too Long *With Piano* - - - - - - - THE REVELERS
Where is My Rose of Waikiki? *With Ukulele and Piano* THE REVELERS

Close harmony of the heart-disturbing kind.

No. 19949, 10-inch, 75c

Show Me the Way to Go Home *With Ukulele and Piano*
I Wish't I Was in Peoria *With Ukulele and Piano* - FRANK CRUMIT

A genial song of a hilarious pedestrian, and another song of a homesick, yet cheerful, chap.

No. 19937, 10-inch, 75c

Water Boy (Convict Song) *With Piano* - - - - - PAUL ROBESON
Li'l Gal (Dunbar-Johnson) *With Piano* - - - - - PAUL ROBESON

Tenderly sung and superbly recorded songs of humble negro life, by Paul Robeson, famous negro singer.

No. 19824, 10-inch, 75c

"LET'S DANCE"

Tune up your toes, Everybody!

Sweet Child—Fox Trot
I Never Knew How Wonderful You Were—
PAUL WHITEMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Brilliant fox trots; bold, bizarre orchestral color and stimulating rhythm.

No. 19946, 10-inch, 75c

Down by the Winegar Woiks—Waltz - - - THE TROUBADOURS
Sorry and Blue—Waltz *With Vocal Refrain*
JEAN GOLDKETTE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

A grand new East-side waltz, and a sweet one tinged with melancholy.

No. 19962, 10-inch, 75c

Records

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

STYLE

You're sure of being in good style when you wear **PARIS.** And behind their snappy, sparkling, stylish color schemes and dashing designs you'll find **PARIS** quality—enduring, excellent! *Count the moment well spent when you ask for PARIS.*

Super Quality

$1

Others as low as 25c

PARIS
GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Time for a fresh pair?

A. STEIN & COMPANY CHICAGO NEW YORK LOS ANGELES TORONTO

(Continued from Page 141)

and that's nine-tenths of the secret of a homesteader's success.

"Out here we call the fellow who expects money to pull him through a tin canner. He comes into a country where he's got to build from the bottom, and still expects to live off the counters of a store. Everything he eats in the off season comes from a tin can, and he pays for it—in horseflesh to make the long journeys into town, in loss of time when he goes to get his supplies and in the money expended; while the wise homesteader doesn't do anything of the kind.

"You'll find mighty few tin cans around the house of a man who knows his business. But in the root cellar you'll find enough fruit and canning jars to set up a hotel in business. Instead of buying jellies, they're homemade, from wild strawberries or raspberries or service berries. Every time he kills a sage hen, he 'puts it down.' Meats are salted or brined. The garden becomes one of the first things of importance on the place because of the winter supply of vegetables, properly preserved, that it will yield.

"A homesteader, when he is working from eight to twelve hours a day, hasn't a weak appetite and he'll eat a lot in a year. If he's buying everything from a store, maybe thirty miles away, it cuts a big hole in resources over a period of three years—not only in groceries but in everything else, because a homesteader who is on his own takes what is at hand and benefits thereby. Slab wood to him is just as good for building a shed as finished lumber. It may not be so pretty to look at, but it serves its purpose and that's all that counts. The same rule runs through everything. It isn't the man who buys who usually wins. It's the man who makes."

April Fool!

Sometimes, too, that applies to the person who starts upon too big a scale—big enough for the preparations to become unwieldy. A few years ago a man who had sold a Middle Western farm went into the homesteading district of Northwestern Colorado unusually well financed. Coming alone to prospect, he filed upon his land, built his house and corrals and made all other necessary arrangements. Then in the spring he went forth for his family and for every possession that could be shipped.

On April first he arrived with eleven freight, or immigrant, cars, loaded with almost everything conceivable for the beginning of his ranch. There were 200 head of cattle and horses, besides hogs and a large amount of poultry. He had every sort of farming machinery that one could desire, and commodities enough to equip a store; one item alone consisted of thirty barrels of meat!

In as much as this was altitudinous country, winter was not at all abashed by the fact that April, month of softness and showers in lower lands, had arrived, with the result that when the homesteader's train pulled in, it did so in the midst of a blizzard which already had been raging at intervals for nearly three weeks. Of course the railroad wanted its cars as soon as possible, necessitating an immediate unloading, with property being strewed along the tracks for a quarter of a mile.

It was impossible to begin the journey now to the homestead; all the man could do was to conserve his belongings as much as possible, guarding them against weather and theft until the storms should clear and roads get into shape to allow him to travel to his new home. This necessitated the building of a tremendous stockade, into which everything was moved, as well as the purchasing of ton after ton of hay and grain for his stock and poultry, while he and his family stayed at a hotel and paid bills.

At last the weather cleared and the "millionaire homesteader," as he had been dubbed by the natives, hired every available team and wagon and rig in the little town to aid him with his moving, five teams alone being used to carry the feed and grain necessary to the welfare of the stock on the journey. The long train set forth, followed by the stock. Within an hour the cavalcade was wallowing in hub-deep mud, engendered by the melting snows; darkness found them camped less than eight miles from town.

Much of the feed was consumed that night; the wagons which had been emptied being sent on the return journey to town for more, with instructions to overtake the procession the second day. But the blizzard set in again; it was the beginning of disaster. Six miles were covered the second day—and that night saw the disappearance of the last wisp of hay. The wagons which had been sent back for extra feed must surely arrive by the third day. But they didn't. Again a struggle forward—a struggle in vain. Stock broke from the drivers, hired men gave up the task; horses were turned loose to drift in the blinding snow and obtain food where they could. Wagons were abandoned. The family became homesick and hysterical. Nor was this the end.

A Conquest of Stubbornness

The homestead at last was reached—with only a few wagonloads left of the tremendous paraphernalia with which the start had been made. There were no comforts, no conveniences, none of the things to which this family had been accustomed. Morale weakened. Back in the stockade, where some of the farm machinery had been left, there had been a raid of homesteaders looking for parts with which to repair their own implements, with the result that practically all the machinery had been largely denuded of all except the frames. The cattle were gone. Horses had been cut down to only a few teams. Hotel bills had eaten into the man's capital. Disgusted at last, the eldest son returned to his old home. Not so long ago there was a pioneer funeral—the homesteader himself was dead, and the neighbors, who had banded together to aid a family which had arrived in comparative wealth only to find sudden poverty, placed a great part of the blame upon a broken heart.

Yet against such a story as this is the fact that many successes in homesteading are won by those who are popularly called the weaker sex. The West is full of women who not only have homesteaded but have done it after men have failed. This in spite of the fact that a homesteading life is ten times as difficult for a woman as for a man, with its loneliness, its severance of social connections, its necessity for manual labor and for the utter disregard of almost everything feminine. One cannot think about dresses and such when there are fences to build or corrals to nail together from pine slabs, the churning and washing to do, three meals a day to cook, meat to put down, horses and cattle to round up, fields to plow, grain and hay to harvest—yet women have done all these things.

It is not at all unusual to see women in the harvest fields of the homestead districts, handling a pitchfork with as much dexterity as a man, while a twelve-year-old child helps out on the bull rake and another guides the horse which forms the motive power for the stacker. More than that, homesteaders will tell you, it's the women who often furnish the sticking power long after their husbands have become discouraged; the women who refuse to quit and who refuse to allow their husbands to give up that for which they have labored—often going into town while the men stay on the ranch, and working at any position which presents itself, that they may save a little out of their wages with which to buy the feed that will carry the stock and the homestead through the winter.

Naturally there's a reason for it—children. There are almost inevitably members of a second generation in a homesteader's family. There is the mother instinct, fighting for something better in a

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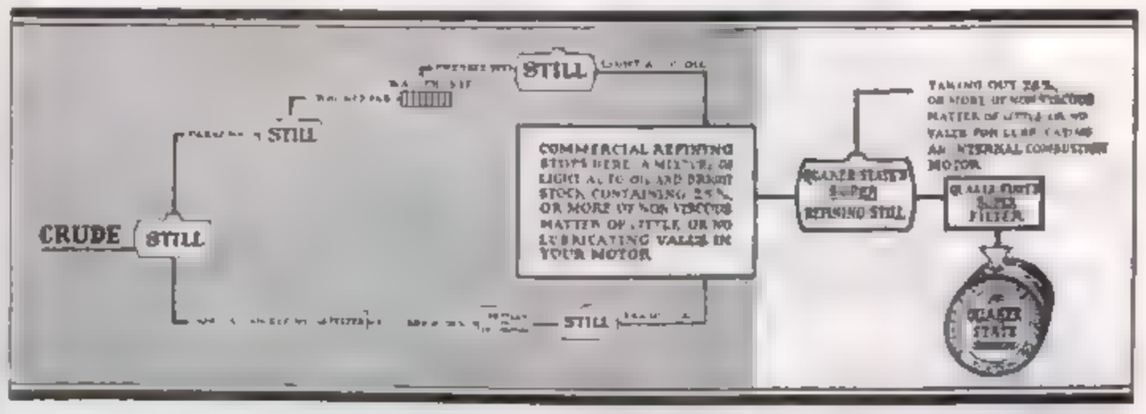

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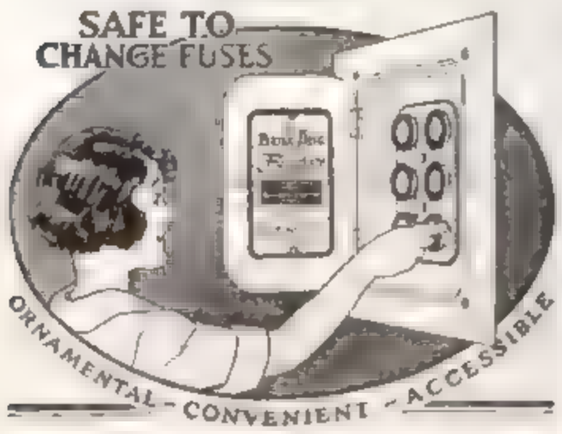

second generation than she has seen in hers; something for those children—a stake, a home, a chance for education.

It is the fetish of the homesteader—that thought of education. Women ride for miles that they may gather at the schoolhouse and fix it up for the winter session. They travel on horseback from one ranch to another that they may discuss the problems of that school and the various benefits to be gained from changing teachers. Education, education! The teacher, the books, the method of instruction, the grades of Willie and Johnnie and Mamie and Bess—these are matters of terrific importance which arise whenever two women meet at the highway stage station or halt to talk to each other from the high-piled tops of wood wagons which they have loaded by their own efforts and are driving down the precipitous roads from the mountains to their homes in the brush country. Nor matters it how much their own education may have been neglected; what was food for the goose evidently must not be food for the gosling.

A Pleasant Time is Had by All

I was in a homesteader's garden one day, buying some green stuff. Beside the tired, tanned homestead wife, her shoulders bent by manual labor, a child prattled and begged, plucking her mother's skirt as she repeated:

"Mawma! Mawma! Can I git some lettuce for the rabbit?"

At last the mother turned, surveying her child with utmost scorn.

"'Git'!" she repeated, using her child's tones. "'Git'! And I'm a-sendin' you to school for that. 'Git'! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, a-pronouncin' it like that? Don't you never say that again! Anyhow," she concluded, "I have got and I have gave the lettuce to the rabbit." That settled the matter. Schooling is not to be lightly regarded in the homesteader sections.

I know one woman who came to what is known as the Moffatt country as a bride, just before the beginning of the war. Her husband was drafted and was numbered among the first of the casualties, leaving her with the job of proving up that homestead and of rearing a baby. Today the homestead is hers, gained by manual labor and by the fact that winter found her on skis, pulling a sled behind her, upon which was bundled her baby, on the way to a schoolhouse five miles away, where she taught the children of the surrounding district, thus allowing a small amount against her homestead expenses. She still teaches, and her child is one of her pupils.

In fact, there's nothing more exciting than the talk of school—unless it should be that of a forthcoming shindig. It is this gathering of the homesteaders that allows pent-up gayety to come to the surface with a headiness that almost approaches intoxication. When one has been cooped up in a cabin for weeks, and the weather breaks, allowing progress here and there, one is likely to take a great deal of interest in the word of a passing neighbor, from perhaps ten miles away:

"Shindig at the Rayburn place tomorrow night. Tell everybody, and bring a cake."

Usually there's no special cause for the celebration. No cause is needed. Sufficient that somebody can play the fiddle or an accordion or a small box organ which can easily be lifted into the loft of the barn—the largest possible space for dancing. Into open mail sacks goes the word by notes. The country telephone, if there is one, buzzes with the information, heralded widespread.

Then, from a district of perhaps twenty miles, the confluence begins, accompanied by the children.

In no place in the world do there seem to be so many assembled babies as there are in the bedrooms of a ranch house on the night of a barbecue or a shindig. They're on the beds in rows, on chairs, even tucked away in corners on the floor, while out in the barn the rafters rock with the dancing above, while below, a second throng waits for the bunch upstairs to conclude and come down the ladder, thus clearing a space for those who are forced, because of the lack of space, to dance second table.

Midnight merely sees a good beginning. Dawn finds the dancing still at a high pitch of endeavor. Eight o'clock is time for farewells and for the homeward journey of sleepy-eyed men and women, going back to the humdrum with a sufficient supply of enjoyment to last them until another shindig happens along. Nor does even the lack of a dance floor wholly halt such an affair. I've seen wonderful terpsichorean efforts displayed upon a canvas stretched upon the uneven ground of a corral, the fence forming the bleachers for the assembled multitude of watchers from twenty miles around. And though this sort of a dance floor may be a bit uneven, it is slightly more convenient. When a shindig holds forth in a barn loft it often is a part of the male guests' duty to help pitch the hay out of that loft to make room for the dancers, and then help pitch it back again when the celebration is over.

Loving and Hating the Life

Besides the talk of the shindig and of the school, of whether Jim is haying yet and what time the men will ride on the fall shove-down, there's another universal topic of conversation in the homestead country. That's the one which deals with the intense hatred which the homesteader has for homesteading. He detests it, he'll tell you. He was dragged into the thing. Somebody made a lot of promises that weren't true; he accepted them, and here he is, stuck away out from civilization, fighting for his very existence. He despises the country; once give him a chance to get away from there and he'll move so far distant that all the railroad trains in the world couldn't bring him back again. The only trouble with such assertions is the fact that the true homesteader never stops. He loves it, even though he hates it; it is his life, his everything.

For he has done something more than merely take the chance of getting something for nothing. Naturally it is true that a certain percentage of people who have homesteaded have given up the ghost quite readily and gone back whence they came. But they were the dreamers, the get-rich-quicks, seeking something for nothing. It's a specific condition, the true desire to homestead—the same condition which endured years ago, and which, no doubt, will continue to endure in various degrees for years to come—the desire to build, the taking of grim joy in the development of a thing from nothingness into a worthwhile object—the settling instinct which made men leave the good farms of Illinois for the bottom lands of Missouri, and the bottom lands of Missouri for the danger of Sioux and Kiowa and Arapahoe upon the plains of Kansas. A mental viewpoint often unexpressed—only once have I heard a true confession of it.

The Heart of a Pioneer

She was fully eighty years old, but still strong of body and vibrant of voice as we stood talking one moonlight night last summer beside her ranch house on the Gunnison. She had come from a country where the presence of Bill Cody had been a welcome affair, because that presaged soldiers in the vicinity and protection against marauding Indians. Her journey to her present home had been accomplished by means of a wagon train; she had seen the district turn from the rush and ribaldry of a collection of mining camps into one of agricultural pursuits. As we talked she told me of the hill a half mile away that was simply full of bear in the fall, and how the deer nearly bothered her to death, as she expressed it, when they came down in the winter and loitered about her back door, hoping that she'd come forth and feed them. And she told something more—how often for weeks at a time she would be alone in winter, this eighty-year-old woman, when the snows got too heavy for travel and when the hired help, tired of loneliness, left her for the softer comforts of the city. Then, gradually, the conversation shifted to pioneering, and the old eyes blazed in the moonlight.

"That's the thing that this country needs!" she exclaimed. "Pioneers! People to get out and do things. But I ain't got any right to talk," she confessed suddenly. "I ain't done so much myself, although I've always wanted to. To get out into a new country, you know, where you can help build it up from the bottom. That's what counts. There ain't anything better. I've wanted to do it all my life—just to start where there ain't anything and make something out of it. What's more," she added with a sudden forgetfulness of eighty years, "I'm going to do it, too, some of these days. You just see if I don't!"

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FOOLS' NICKEL

(Continued from Page 19

"It was Andrew's own notion. He was real worried about leaving the place to John for fear he'd sell out and go to the city. You talked about it some, you know, John, and it fretted your pa a lot. Of course he knew you'd always have a home with me."

John Marr did not answer her. His face turned slowly to the squire.

"You figure it's all right and legal—that there will?"

"I drew this will myself," said Dudley. "Like to see anybody break it. Welcome to try, of course, if you're a mind to, but you can ask Doctor Worrell how he'd testify if it came to court. Your pa was feeling first rate every way the day he made the will."

Marr shook his head. "That there paper Hattie signed to give up ——"

"It don't affect this will, one way or t'other. Mis' Marr, she relinquished her dower rights in consideration of a certain sum of money paid over to her at ——"

"A thousand dollars," Willet broke in. "Andrew told me himself he aimed to leave the place free and clear to Johnny, and he gave Mis' Marr that money to pay off the mortgage on the place she heired off her first husband."

"It don't affect this will, I tell you," snapped Dudley. "Relinquishment of dower rights don't prevent Mis' Marr from inheriting under specific bequests. If you don't think I know the law, you go see Roberts over to Southboro and ask him."

Willet came to his feet. "Guess we'll be leaving anyhow. Like to see you a minute, John, if you got the time to spare before you start milking."

Marr followed them out to the horse block. Emma Willet's indignation found relief in a heated whisper.

"It's a perfect shame, John! She twisted your pa round her little finger when he was too sick to know what he was doing."

"Guess so," said Marr dully. "Do most anything with pa she had a mind to, Hattie could."

Emma's mother sniffed. "She's smart, I'll admit that. Soon's I heard she was going to marry Andrew I knew she'd have the place before she was done."

Her husband turned from the hitching post.

"Look here, John," he said, "first thing tomorrow you go over to Southboro and see Lawyer Roberts. He's smart, he is. Wouldn't put it past him to find some way to break that fool will. You go see him anyhow."

"Guess I will," Marr said. "I don't build on it though. Dudley's smart, and so's Hattie."

"Well, you try it anyway," said Willet. "If there's no help for it, and you lose the place, you come straight to me. Been needing somebody sprier'n myself over yonder, and I'd sooner have you than any other hand I could hire. Get in, ma."

John Marr watched them drive away. Without going back to the parlor, he climbed to his own room under the eaves and changed to his working clothes. When he came out with the milk pails on his arm Curly Teamer was just smoothing the embroidered linen lap robe over his plump knees, and Hattie stood beside the red-wheeled buggy.

Lew Fitch gave morose attention to the story as they milked.

"Ain't no more'n I expected," he sighed dismally. "I declare I don't know what I ever done to ——" He stopped. "What you plan to do, John?"

"Milk," said John Marr.

III

THE trench was half filled with muddy water; it splashed under John Marr's boots and trickled noisily each time he lifted the shovel to the line of mud that kept pace with the edge of the ditch. He straightened as Nathan Willet's rig, with Emma on the seat beside her father, pulled in to the fence. Willet shook his head disapprovingly.

"Tiling, eh? Haven't you got enough to do for your board and clothes without going out of your way to make work for yourself?"

"Ought to be dreened, this low spot," said Marr soberly. "Been plowing around it long enough—raises a heap of weeds too. Thought I might as well 'tend to it, long as Hattie was willing to pay for the tile."

Willet grunted. "I should think she would be! Getting the labor for nothing, ain't she? If you're so stuck on tiling land for other folks, come on over to my place and I'll not only pay for the tile but I'll go so far as to pay you cash wages besides!" He laughed with a note of exasperation. "Darned if I can make you out, John. Beginning to feel as if Curly Teamer had it right when he claims you and Eddie Fitch make a pretty even team. Guess even Eddie'd have better sense, though, than to keep on working for nothing when I'm willing to give you fifty a month and better board for half what you do around here."

Marr grinned good-naturedly.

"Guess it does look kind of foolish. Promised pa I'd ——"

"Andy Marr'd be the first one to tell you to get out," snapped Willet. "Hattie got around him when he was sick abed, but he wouldn't ever've left you make such a dumb fool of yourself if he was here to talk to you. Bad enough when it was only working for Hattie, but since she went and married that loafer ——"

He pulled in a wheezy breath of impatience. "Why, John, it ain't showing decent respect for your pa, you staying on here this way! Looks as if you give your approval to her marrying Teamer less'n three months after your pa died!"

"Guess it does," said Marr. "Kind of glad she married him." He grinned again. "Gives her somebody else besides me to pick on. Get a lot more work done since Curly's been around, I do."

"Yes, for her and him!" Willet snorted. "That's what I'm talking about, John—you act just as if it was your place instead of hers."

"Feel kind of that way," said Marr. "Guess it's foolish, all right. Much obliged for offering me a better job, but I ——"

"We'd be real glad to have you, ma and I would," said Emma. She colored as Marr's glance shifted to meet hers, and added hastily, "Of course, you've got to do what you think is right."

"Much obliged," Marr said. "Like first rate to do it if I hadn't promised pa the ——"

"Shucks!" Nathan Willet broke in. "Told you fifty times your pa wouldn't leave you stay here, giving the whole township a chance to say you and Eddie Fitch got the same kind of brains!"

"Now, pa!" Emma's protest held a gentle heat. "It's terrible the way you keep saying that!"

"Eddie ain't so bad as some folks make out," said Marr mildly. "Knows more'n lots of people that laugh at him, Eddie does."

Nathan Willet stiffened. "All right, if that's all the thanks I get" He slapped the lines smartly, and the buggy jerked forward. John Marr went slowly back to his work. He whistled dismally over it; the ditch lengthened steadily as the shadows reached out from the straggle of trees along the fence. He had nearly finished when Lew Fitch drove in with a load of tile. Curly Teamer, beside him on the spring seat, carried a round parcel on his knees and climbed down carefully, holding the bundle with an affectionate caution that suggested both fragility and worth. Marr grinned at him.

"Better look out, Curly. If she catches you with that bottle ——"

Curly's eyes moved toward the house. His month of honeymoon had not greatly dimmed the luster of his sartorial brilliancy, but a certain diminution of his jaunty self-assurance was visible in that quick, almost apprehensive glance.

"Don't you go blabbing to her, will you, Johnny?" he said. "No need for her to know I've been uptown." He winked. "Hate to have her worry about me."

He moved away, keeping to the shelter of the fence. Marr, already helping Lew Fitch unload the tile, saw him climb discreetly into the orchard and circle through it to the back of the barn. Lew chuckled morosely and pointed to the house. Hattie appeared at the kitchen door and, unseen by her husband, moved decisively toward the stable into which he had disappeared.

"Seen him, all right," said Marr. "Smart, Hattie is."

He nodded appreciatively at the sight of the bridegroom, reappearing under escort at the carriage-room door.

"Guess he heard her in time to hide his bottle. Getting real spry, Curly is."

"Ain't got spry enough to help milk, I notice," said Lew. Marr chuckled.

"Wouldn't wonder if he'd come to it one of these days, Lew. You give her time."

Eddie's head thrust slyly out of the barn door and jerked back again. Lew scowled.

"Don't know what's got into Eddie," he grumbled. "Acts as if he wanted to get pestered, way he tags around after that loafer."

"Ain't pestered Eddie much lately, Curly ain't," said Marr. "He's different since he got married."

He drove to the barn, where Teamer joined them while they unhitched. Teamer took no active part in the farm work, but lately had fallen into the habit of hanging about in its immediate vicinity.

"Don't say nothing about me being uptown," he repeated, sidling close to John Marr. "She's got a notion I borrowed some money out of her purse and "

"Earl! Ear-rul!"

Teamer jumped visibly at the peremptory summons. "Wants me to split stove wood," he said confidentially. "Johnny, we ought to get enough split up ahead so's she wouldn't always be jawing about it."

"Maple splits easiest," said Marr cheerfully. Teamer shuffled reluctantly in the direction of another hail, slightly shriller and more commanding. Later, as he milked, Lew Fitch nodded approval at the intermittent music of the ax.

"Too bad them loafers up to the blacksmith shop can't hear it," he said. "Guess Curly wouldn't do so much talking about you if folks found out how much bossing he does around here." He wagged his head. "All the same, Johnny, I got to give in't you been acting like a dumb fool, leaving her work you half to death for your board. Whole town's laughing at you, and don't blame 'em neither."

"You carry up the milk, Lew." Marr spoke as if he had not heard. He slipped through the barn to the carriage room and stood for a minute in the doorway, his glance moving deliberately around the walls. Curly, sneaking in through the outer door, did not notice him, but went straight to the old buckboard in the corner, pushed the tattered cushion aside and reached into the space under the seat. Dismay and wrath were in the face that turned toward Marr, and Curly's voice was ugly.

"Eddie done it! He seen me hide it in there and stole it the minute my back was turned. I'll fix him!"

He darted out, and Marr followed in time to see him catch Eddie's arm.

"What'd you do with it, dog-gone you? Where'd you put it?" Marr's hand dropped heavily on Teamer's shoulder.

"Leave go of him," he said. "If he hid your bottle, he's forgot where by this time, same's he always does."

"He better remember then!" Teamer was thoroughly angry. "I'll take and wring his neck for him!"

"Guess not," said Marr. "Won't touch him while I'm around."

"You won't be around long yourself, if you don't look out!" said Teamer. "Better not give me any back talk or I'll have you throwed off the place any time it suits me!"

"Guess not," said Marr again. "Might be some other fool working the place for board and clothes if I was kicked off. Try and figure out who would it be, Curly. Hanker to take milking lessons?"

Curly's grip relaxed, and Eddie, twisting free, scurried out of reach. Marr stopped Teamer's movement of pursuit.

"Leave him be. I tell you he's forgot by now, and first thing you know Hattie'll be asking what it was you lost and where you got it. Find that bottle for you myself when I get a chance to hunt."

"Find it now," said Teamer.

But Marr shook his head. "Hadn't better keep supper waiting. Get a chance to hunt tomorrow while she's up to the fair."

Teamer yielded without answering, and they went together to the house. Hattie, as usual, did most of the talking at the table; but this evening Marr escaped with only incidental rebuke, and Teamer, discreetly sympathizing, restored himself to favor. The tenant on Hattie's small farm had crowned a long list of much-discussed misdeeds by abruptly moving out, and the problem of finding another at this time of year was quite enough to ruffle anybody's temper and put a sharper edge on even Hattie Teamer's tongue. John Marr escaped as soon as he could and cut across the field to Nathan Willet's.

There was gruff impatience in Willet's greeting, but the two women made him

An Adirondack Creek

(Continued on Page 183

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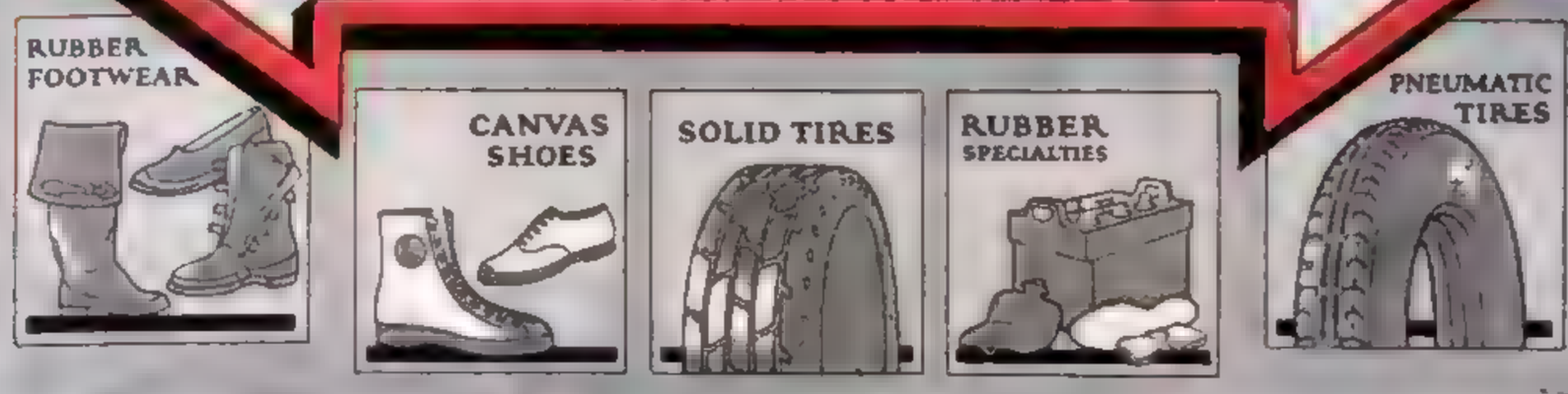

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(Continued from Page 148)

placidly welcome; and Emma, left alone by a deft maneuver on her mother's part, was tactful in her avoidance of unpleasant topics.

She was busy arranging glass jars of fruit for exhibition at the Grange fair opening tomorrow, and took it for granted that Marr would be there too.

"You might drive up with us," she suggested. "We're going in the democrat, so there'll be lots of room."

"Much obliged, but I guess I better stay home and finish that tiling while I can. Come another good rain, it's liable to keep that low spot wet all fall."

Emma drew in an audible breath, but made no other answer. Marr rose.

"Guess you think I'm crazy too," he said slowly.

Emma fumbled with the glass jar containing peaches.

"I wouldn't care if you was," she said.

Marr filled his lungs as if for eloquence, but his shuffling steps had borne him to the door before he found words that seemed adequate to the occasion.

"Much obliged," he said. "G'night, Emma."

IV

JOHN MARR watched the red-wheeled buggy whirl smartly past. Hattie, driving, did not glance in his direction; but Curly Teamer, once more clad in bachelor brilliancy, waved his hand in the direction of the barn, and Marr nodded his understanding of its reminder. He waited till the buggy vanished at the bend in the road, and then, shouldering his spade, plodded across the bog to the barn.

Andrew Marr had been careful of his carriages, and John shook his head now as he looked deliberately around the neatly sheathed walls of the big room. The ancient carryall, long since disused, stood in one corner with its tongue tied high against the rafters so that the old buckboard fitted under it. There were not very many possible hiding places here, so he went on to rummage fruitlessly in the tool shop beyond.

He had returned to the carriage room, after ransacking the stalls and even the haymow overhead, and was fumbling through a pile of folded lap robes in the carryall when Eddie Fitch came up beside him, his head slanting interrogatively, like a watchful bird's. As usual, John Marr answered as if Eddie had managed to put his question into words.

"It's got to be hid in here somewheres, Eddie. That's all there is to it. Didn't have a chance to put it anywheres else."

He went through the motions of search, lifting the cushion of the buckboard and looking into the empty box below the seat, while Eddie watched with his head still bent intently to the side.

Understanding seemed suddenly to come to Eddie. He scuttled to the corner of the room, where he tugged at the end of one of the sheathing boards. It bent back far enough for John Marr to thrust an arm into the space behind it and bring out Curly Teamer's precious bottle, still swathed in its brown-paper wrapping. He set it on the floor while Eddie squirmed and giggled in high glee at his own cleverness.

Marr fetched a hammer from the tool shop and pried off the loose board. From between the sheathing and the wall he brought out more of Eddie's buried treasure—a handful of shriveled buckeyes, bits of string and wire, gay gilt bands from Curly Teamer's cigars, the missing nozzle from the power sprayer, and finally a long, legal-looking envelope.

V

THE ticket taker at the gate of the fairgrounds affected jocular surprise at the half dollar Marr tendered him.

"You come by this here money honest, John?" he asked. "I heard Curly wasn't paying you no wages."

"Shook it out of my missionary bank," said Marr cheerfully. "Squire Dudley around?"

The ticket taker jerked his head. "Over in the main building, judging fried cakes and lace doilies, same's usual. Better keep away from there, though, if you don't want Mis' Teamer to know you're playing hooky."

Marr hitched his horse against the fence, and with Eddie walking importantly at his side, moved deliberately toward the long barnlike structure that housed the perishable exhibits. At the door, Eddie, his appetite evidently stimulated by the sight of a candy booth, twitched at Marr's sleeve and made known by look and gesture an urgent need for money. Marr handed him a quarter, and he scuttled off.

Squire Dudley was in the act of final decision between rival specimens of quince preserves, a group of concerned exhibitors hanging breathlessly upon his verdict. John Marr's entrance, however, created an immediate distraction.

Hattie Teamer's eyebrows narrowed as she saw him, and the corners of her mouth turned sharply down.

Marr handed the envelope to Dudley. The squire opened it and read, amazement, disbelief and anger successively visible in the pink angularity of his face.

"What is it?" Hattie Teamer spoke with sharp impatience. Dudley surveyed her above his glasses, his glance judicially resentful, the high, stern expression of a discreet man who has become suddenly undeceived as to the buttered side of his bread. He cleared his throat.

"This document purports to be the last will and testament of my late client, Andrew Marr, deceased, signed on May twenty-first last." He reflected. "Let's see, that was the same day he died, wasn't it?"

As Hattie's hand reached out imperatively, Squire Dudley gravely withdrew the paper.

"By this testament, you having relinquished dower rights for good and sufficient reasons, my late client appears to leave all his propputy, except a house and three acres bequeathed one Lewis Fitch, to his son, John Marr"—he coughed and a possessive glance shifted to Marr's face—"my present client," he added nimbly.

There was a harsh edge of disbelief in Hattie Teamer's laugh.

"Of all the fool swindles!" she snapped. "If you think I'm going to take any stock in such shenanigan —— You let me see that paper! Why, Andrew was flat on his back the whole week before he died. When would he get a chance to make a new will—even supposing he wanted to?"

Dudley regarded her with the righteous glance of one shamefully browbeaten in the matter of just and moderate fees for legal services duly rendered.

"Judging from the fact that this here testament was drawn up by my brother attorney over to Southboro, it would appear that my late client was over yonder on the day of his demise, appearances to the contrary nevertheless and notwithstanding."

"Pa was over there, all right, that morning," said John Marr. "Seen that soon's I found wet mud under the dust on the buckboard wheels. Looked like he'd been through the ford where the bridge was down, and I went over to see Lawyer Roberts and found out for sure. Pa was unhitching when he had that there stroke, 'stead of hitching up, the way everybody thought."

Hattie Teamer's angry eyes accused him. "If you knew that all the time, why didn't you speak right up and say so, instead of pretending ——"

"This here will was hid somewheres," said Marr placidly. "Didn't want to say nothing till it was found."

"Likely story, ain't it?" Hattie sniffed. "If you'd had any notion there was such a will, why didn't you speak out so's we could all hunt for it?"

"Kind of figured it'd be better if I found it myself," said Marr deliberately. "Didn't want to give you no extry trouble, Hattie. Been hunting for it myself right along, when I could get a chance to do it without bothering you."

Hattie's countenance exhibited the swift operations of her active brain. The anger faded and a look almost of affection endeavored to adapt itself, like a badly fitting garment, to the definite angles of her face. She swallowed visibly.

"Well, I'm real glad it's turned out this way, John," she said. "It won't make a speck of difference, anyhow. I know you'll be just as glad to give me a home as I was to give you one."

"Just about, I reckon," said Marr. "Only I got a notion I'm liable to need the house myself, Hattie, one of these days. It ain't big enough for two families, and long as your tenant's moved out, guess you and Curly'd be more comfortable over to your own place. No hurry, of course. Lew and me'll be real glad to help you move any day next week."

Hattie's lips parted, closed, opened again, her fluency basely forsaking her in the hour of need. John Marr's expression of benevolence seemed to disarm her; she whirled sharply upon Dudley and her tongue regained its normal agility. The attention of the audience centered interestedly on the pith and pungency of her discourse, on the squire's foredoomed endeavors to defend himself.

Marr moved across the wide aisle to where Emma stood beside the table of canned fruit. The stream of Hattie's eloquence lent a background of something like privacy for his low-voiced talk.

"Roberts was bound I shouldn't tell nobody what I was up to, Emma. Throwed me off the place in a minute, Hattie would've, if she got a notion." He told her where and how he had found the will. Emma nodded soberly and he went on: "Way I figured it, pa heard Hattie coming and went to hide the paper under the cushion. Scared of her, pa was—knowed the other will would keep her from pestering him if she didn't find out about this here one."

"I see, and Eddie watched him," said Emma thoughtfully. "Hid it himself afterwards, the same as he did Curly's bottle."

Marr grinned slowly as Curly Teamer appeared in the doorway. Even at the distance, concern was visible in his florid face, and his eyes roved warily over the crowd as if in search of someone he both desired and feared to see.

"Guess somebody's give Curly the bad news already," said Marr, and leaned closer to Emma. "Didn't have the heart to tell Hattie it was his bottle that got the new will found."

Eddie Fitch pushed through the crowd in obvious pursuit of Teamer, and Marr watched him go.

"Guess Eddie's worked that trick for the last time," he said. "On Curly, anyhow." He grinned at Emma's glance of inquiry.

"Got more sense than most folks think, Eddie has," he said. "Knows how much a dime's worth, same's anybody else. Seen him change one for two nickels lots of times when Curly wasn't around."

Emma looked puzzled. "But he always chooses the nickel, just the same."

"Of course he does." Marr laughed softly. "Eddie knows mighty well if he ever picked the dime he couldn't get Curly to try the trick on him any more. Been working Curly for nickels that way for the last couple of years, Eddie has. Yonder he goes, trying it again right now."

But Hattie Teamer caught sight of Curly before Eddie reached him, and the expression with which she spoke to her husband seemed to convey some message to Eddie's poor fogged brain. He stood watching, his head a little to one side, and as Curly turned submissively to execute a tight-lipped command to go hitch up, Eddie stepped in front of him, his wordless gurgle unmistakably compassionate and good-humoredly derisive. There was a delighted, heartless burst of laughter from the fickle crowd.

Holding on his upturned palm the dime and nickel left of John Marr's quarter, Eddie mutely and magnificently offered Curly Teamer his choice.

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A CHILD ACTRESS OF THE 80'S

Continued from Page 31

liked him best in the old heavy romantic rôles. It was a wonderful list of plays they put on, opening with Damon and Pythias. I remember this very well, because my plaited white skirt dropped off in the garden scene, revealing pink silk tights that had come all the way from Chicago for the occasion. I was only nine, but it was an agonizing moment. I sat down in the midst of the plaits and gathered them up around me and rushed for the wings. I was ready to burst into tears at the laughter out front, but a tall young woman standing in the wings caught me, pinned up the skirt, stuffed a chocolate drop in my mouth and turned me about and pushed me onstage. She had been playing with the Frank Deshon Opera Company, I knew, and her name was Marie Dressler.

London Assurance followed. Rosedale, Our Boarding House, Stranglers of Paris, Flowers of the Forest, The Lady of Lyons, Macbeth, Arrah Na Pogue, Kathleen Mavourneen, Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Uncle Tom's Cabin—these are a few that I remember vividly out of the year's productions. I always loved to play little Eva because I could wear a long blond curly wig. The death scene was the most exciting because of the acrobatic dexterity it required for one to die with "Love, joy, peace," on one's lips, be covered decently with a sheet, and then wriggle out from under it while the group around the bed concealed one's movements from the audience and sang a loving dirge:

"When the night, when the night,
In death came o'er her,
And she sank, and she sank,
To sweet repose.
Happy dreams ——"

Just here I would slip to the floor and creep offstage to where a ladder was set on a table close to the back drop. On top of the ladder Eva had to stand with a wreath of roses in her hands to hold over Uncle Tom's head as he knelt on some sort of scaffolding. Suddenly the great circle of light would flash on for the transformation scene and the violins begin their agitated tremolo.

Mr. Sterling played Uncle Tom and would mutter at me under his breath: "Don't wabble, Zola! For God's sake, don't wabble!"

Playing With Joe Jefferson

Several times during the winter I was borrowed for children's parts in different traveling companies playing the Hennepin Theater. The most important of these was playing Meenie, with Joseph Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle. I was not playing that week in stock, and one night I was awakened by my mother and hurriedly dressed to meet a strange man down in the hotel parlor. I don't remember his name, but after talking with me he said I would do for Meenie, and I studied the part with my mother after he left so I could appear at rehearsal the following morning. I think it was Annie Russell who had been playing the rôle, but I am not sure. The little girl had been taken ill, I was told. Tommy Russell played the boy's part.

I was taken to and from the theater by a girl named Cassie, hurriedly detached from waiting on table in our hotel to acting as maid for me. The first time we went to the stage door the man there asked me who Cassie was, and I told him she was my caretaker. I felt more curious than excited at rehearsal, and speedily located Mr. Jefferson. Stars were really marvelous people in those days, not made so by their press agents, but by their personalities and art, and I felt thrilled at the thought of playing with him.

There was no electric lighting then in theaters. In the little towns on the road, oil lamps were still used for footlights, with reflectors behind them; but in the cities we had gas. I do not know what the portable light was called that we used at rehearsals. It was like the old calcium, only it spluttered, and the first time I heard Mr. Jefferson speak he asked to have the one behind his chair removed over to the right of the stage. He sat in a wooden armchair next to the stage manager, and wore a loose greatcoat with deep pockets, and a soft felt hat, rather battered.

I did not think he had even noticed me, although he went through the first-act scenes with me; but afterward, as I stood near him, he put his hand absently down in one of his deep pockets and drew out a red apple. He looked it all over with the closest attention and then glanced sideways at me, his eyes twinkling and a smile folding his face into most delightful wrinkles as he held out the apple to me. He was not at all like other stars whom I had met. He never seemed to take any particular interest backstage or interfere in any way. Once in a while he would tiptoe from his chair to the wings and whisper to an actor. He was like a bright-eyed squirrel, I thought, because he would not move his head, and yet his eyes would be glancing everywhere.

Spoiling Mother's Best Scene

That night, I know, I was made to feel for the first time the reality of acting when he drew me to him and his fingers strayed over my blond braids as he said, "Meenie, Meenie, my leetle Meenie!"

I was Meenie! He made me forget everything but that. I felt terribly because Cassie took me home after the first act every night and I never stayed to hear the scene in the Donderberg.

Another traveling company came through with a noted French star, a man. I cannot remember his name, but he was extremely nervous and spoke no English, although the rest of the company did. It seemed all wrong to me to have him read his part in French while the rest of us spoke English. Both my mother and I were borrowed for a new play which was produced during the Minneapolis engagement. The subject was the French Revolution. I know my mother played a young countess and I was her brother. During an attack by the infuriated populace I was thrown from the battlements. This was like Arthur in King John, a part I always enjoyed. I noticed that the star, who had to make a similar fall, achieved a dramatic effect and applause by planting a stick of crimson grease paint at the foot of the prison set. When he staggered to his feet and downstage he had a terrible gash on his face.

After the first performance I took some red grease paint from our make-up box and hid it at the edge of the back set piece of high stone wall. When I was thrown over I landed as usual on a pile of grass mats and slid down to the stage. Then I found my red stick and drew it lavishly across my forehead and cheek just before I was snatched up and carried onstage to die in my beautiful sister's arms. When my mother saw me she fainted dead away, and there was an outburst of applause. But in our dressing room later, when she discovered I was not injured, she sat still, gazing at me with wide, indignant eyes.

"The next time that you choose to introduce your own effects," she said, "you will kindly let me know about them first. I thought you had been really killed."

I felt terribly sorry, because once when we were playing in East Lynne, at Gloucester, Massachusetts, on Thanksgiving Day, I had ruined her best scene. It was a trying time, anyway, as someone came to her just before the curtain rose on the last act and said we would not be paid any salaries, as the manager was packing then to leave at once for Boston. My mother went on sewing and told me to remain where I was. We opened the last act with Willie's scene, and Madame Vine. I wore a nightgown, and I know I sat on the edge of a stool when the orchestra stopped playing, wondering what would happen. When the manager came backstage and demanded to know why we refused to go on, she told him quietly that he must give the company their salaries. She was very dignified, but he had to place the full amount in the hands of the other actors before we went onstage.

Perhaps this accounted for my mother's nervousness in her scene with me. I had played it often with her, but she had never let go emotionally as she did this night; and not only that, but she put in new business. After I had died in the crib she lifted me in her arms and knelt down on the stage, holding me close to her and weeping real tears that fell on my face as she cried, "Willie, my boy, look at me, speak to me! Don't you know I am your mother? Willie, you are not dead!"

I was so startled that I opened my eyes and flung my arms around her dear neck, exclaiming eagerly, "I'm all right, mother darling, I'm not at all dead, truly I'm not."

The house, as they used to say, came down with laughter, and when we came off my mother would not even speak to me. Later she told me that I would never be an actress. I had ruined her best scene.

Behind the Standard Theater in Minneapolis was Kohl and Middleton's Dime Museum, my favorite resort. I loved to escape after my own scenes were finished at rehearsal and run across to the museum to visit the freaks before their show opened. At the little Number One and Number Two theaters there I saw many acts that later on became famous. Dave Warfield did a single as a Yiddish comedian, with a derby pulled down over his ears and his hands buried in his coat sleeves. I always thought his name was Solomon Levi, and I think he opened his act telling about his little boy who was worth ten thousand dollars, but he wouldn't give ten cents for another one. I may have mixed him up in a child's memory with another comedian named Welch, as he did a similar act. I saw the Russell Brothers here for the first time also, in pink starched servant-girl dresses, one of them struggling with corsets, and a little girl named Bijou Mignon who did a song and dance in gold shoes with clogs. It was very odd, the way the audience was hurried from one theater to the other and into the curio hall, to make room for the next lot.

Saving Punch in a Pinch

It was the human-interest stories of the freaks that I liked best; to perch upon the platform and coax them to talk until I found out that the bearded lady had a farm near Sedalia, and the tattooed woman had undergone the process to earn money to pay for her invalid husband's care and medical aid. When he finally got well he had refused to live with her. She was quite literary, I remember, and was reading Stevenson's novels. I borrowed The Black Arrow from her and loaned her some of mine. Then the Samoan dancers were a novelty to me, five of them, the first ones exhibited in this country. One day they were missing and were found way down the river near St. Anthony Falls at the foot of the cliffs, just relaxing and swimming.

There was a large black baboon whose cage was next to the Punch and Judy show. The young man who ran it used to tease the baboon by holding Punch up to the cage. One morning the cage was left unlocked by the keeper and the baboon darted out and, seizing Punch, ripped off his cap and suit and chewed them into ribbons before he was caught, besides banging Punch against the side of the cage.

I offered to get him a new suit in time for the afternoon show and flew with him downstairs and across the alley into the stage entrance of the Standard. The rehearsal was just over, and I showed my

(Continued on Page 157)

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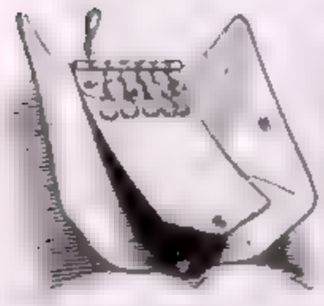

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BUXTON KEY·TAINER

(Continued from Page 155)

mother Punch's terrible condition and begged her to help me. Miss Wellesley gave me some satin pieces from her trunk and we found tinsel and velvet and went to work. By two o'clock I was back in the museum and Punch made his usual bow to the public at 2:30

It was here that I first knew professional jealousy. I was ten and getting taller every day, but I still wanted my own parts: and when I discovered Miss Kemp, our soubrette, was putting in her little six-year-old girl, Florine, for the child in Our Boarding House, I felt heartbroken. I rambled around the back of the theater and not even my mother seemed to understand how I felt; so I went over to the museum and told my best friend there, the Scotch piper, about it. He was a tall man with watery blue eyes, and he had collected buttons all over the world. They were draped across and around his platform on strings—yards and yards of them.

While I was telling him, the gentleman who had the levitating lady came over and listened. He always wore an elaborate full-dress suit with a large diamond stud, and he looked somewhat like Lawrance D'Orsay. He asked me how I would like to go to St. Paul with him for a week and be a vanishing lady. I said I should love it dearly. Someway I thought this would show my resentment more than anything else to the Standard management. He told me I could come back and sign my contract after lunch, and he was in earnest, because when I failed to return after breaking my intentions to my mother, he came after me at the hotel and had the contract ready. I always felt this was a lost opportunity.

In the spring we left the stock company and joined a traveling repertoire one, the Mortimer and Lang Dramatic Company. Ahead of us was the Spooner Dramatic Company, and I had to tread in the footprints of Edna May and Cecil, both child actresses then. The towns seemed amazingly new to me, and there was an element of uncertainty about them that was disconcerting at first. We played Huron, South Dakota, one week, and the next it was wiped out by a prairie fire. There was some town in Northern Minnesota near Fergus Falls where we were due to open, and could not even get into it, as it was ringed about in a forest fire. Often we dashed through a burning forest or raced a prairie fire. At night the distant line of them against the flat horizon would be a fiery dot and dash in the darkness.

An Impromptu William Tell Act

We covered Minnesota, Northern Iowa and North and South Dakota. Sometimes between long jumps it would be impossible to make train connections, and we would have to ride in a caboose at the end of a long cattle train. This was my favorite way of traveling. The cow-punchers sat along the running board on top of the cars, picturesque youngsters with huge peaked sombreros and full Western garb. They sang and smoked together, and I longed to ride up with them. Sometimes we stopped at lone stations or a red water tank, and they would get down and run along beside the cars that were jammed with longhorn cattle. When you stuck your head out of the lookout turret of the caboose, you could see the horns sticking out all the way along the sinuous train like sprouts. I liked to climb up in the trainmen's bunk and lie and read and look at the landscape, miles and miles of rolling prairie covered with spring flowers, with the flash of a bleaching horned skull now and then. I used to watch for these and wonder if they marked tragedies, pioneer trails, with attacks by hostile Indians. It was not hard to imagine such things then, as we approached the Black Hills, and sometimes the trainmen would sit around the small sheet-iron stove and tell stories of ten and twenty years back, when Indian raids were frequent there.

The members of the company played cribbage or pinochle. Some slept or studied new parts. When the train stopped I could get out and gather a few flowers and talk with the cow-punchers. At lonely stations, hardly more than pine boxes, we would often see Indians in red blankets with the big black U. S. on the backs, staring at the train going by.

We played The Danites, Monte Cristo, Esmeralda, The Octoroon, Capitola, or the Hidden Hand, and others. The company was small, with Edward Ellis playing leads and my mother as leading lady; Charles Wingate, John Burton, Jennie Lee, Miss Lester, Harry Mortimer; and Joe Lang was manager. But of all the companies that I ever played with as a little girl, this experience in repertoire trouping holds the happiest memories. Perhaps it was the thrill of the West. I remember that we had to get two extra men in each town to play The Danites. I was George Williams and my mother played Billie Piper. In the first act, as George is picking wild flowers on the rocks, the Danites shoot him. Blanks were always used, and at the shot I threw up both hands and toppled backwards onto a mattress that was held up for me to fall on.

One night after I had fallen my mother picked up my hat, a small peaked sombrero, and discovered two bullet holes right through the crown. Mr. Larkin, our property man, went over to the two extras when the curtain fell and held up the hat to them. They were two young, tanned, lean cowboys, I know.

"Say, what do you mean by shooting her there with real bullets?" he demanded.

"Where the hell was I to shoot her if I didn't hit the hat?" retorted one of the Westerners. "I didn't want to hurt the kid."

Pat Frozen Nose to the Rescue!

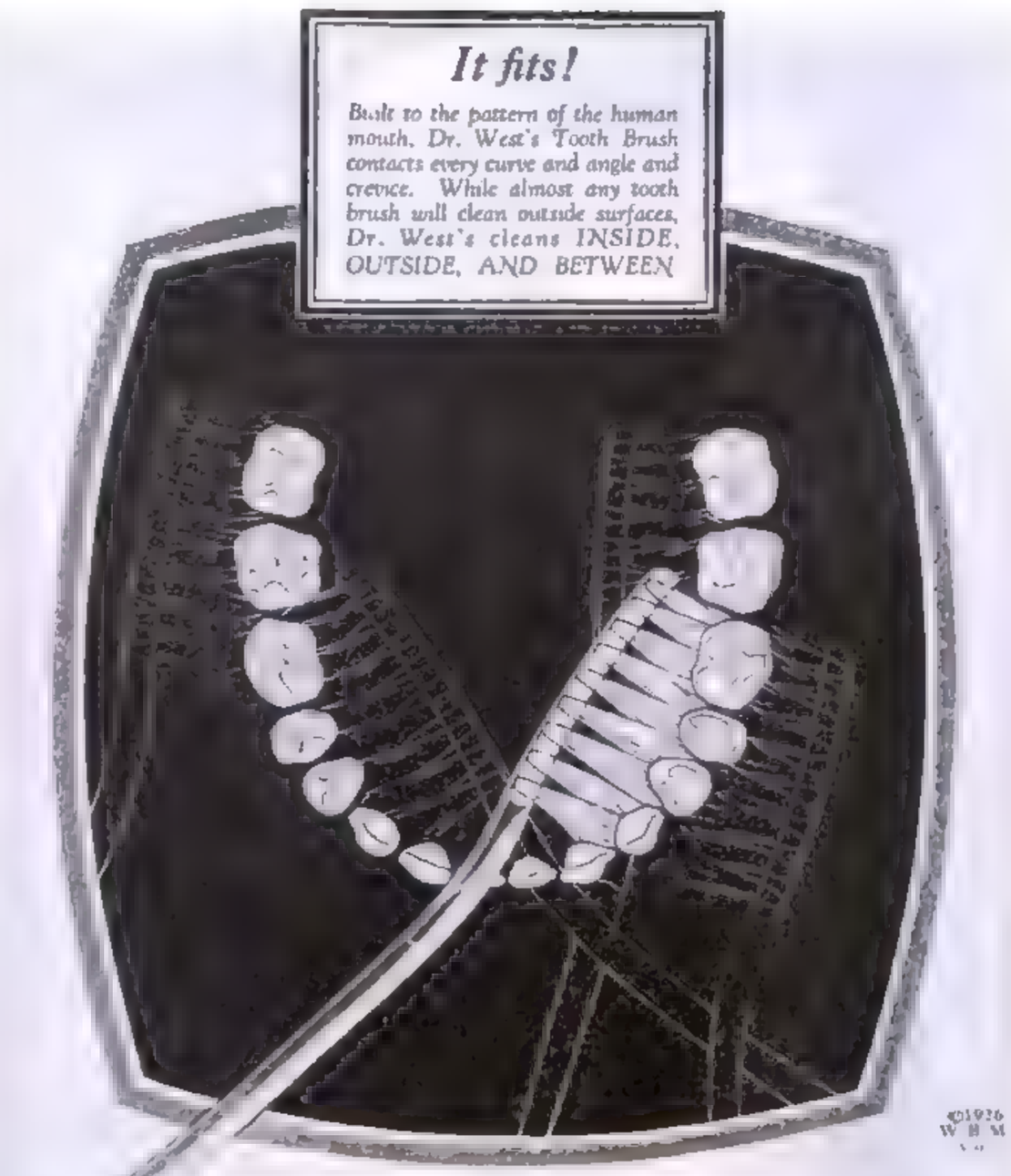
I did not care for the way Mr. Mortimer played the Indian. He was much better in a sea-green costume with pink velvet waistcoat and lace ruffles in Monte Cristo, but he did not seem to me to measure up to the realism of the Indians around the towns we played. One day, I think it was in Aberdeen, South Dakota, I found an old Sioux sitting on the curb in front of the hotel. There was a small triangle of green, where country wagons and buckboards were parked and the ponies hitched to rails. He was the perfect type for The Octoroon, and I invited him to come that night to the theater. To make sure, I took him over to where Mr. Lang sat reading, tilted back on the hotel porch, in a round armchair, enjoying his Eastern papers. He took the introduction seriously and promised he would pass my friend in.

I had hoped that Mr. Mortimer would notice him and get some ideas on how to dress and make up the part. My Indian was stately and very wrinkled. He stared before him all the time, with close lips, and his hair was long and oily, with a wide band wrapped around it. His name, I remember, was Pat Frozen Nose, a combination that intrigued me; but I could get no information from him on how it had happened. I saw him the minute I came on the stage. He sat in the middle of the front row with his blanket wrapped closely about him, staring up at the stage. When the scene came between Mr. Mortimer and myself, I was killed with a stuffed club; but when it was smashed over my head and I threw up my hands and fell, my guest Indian leaped to his feet and shouted, "Waw! Waw! Waw!" They got him out of the theater, and Mr. Lang told me to be careful next time I invited anyone to see the show.

"He might have killed Harry, you know," he said.

"Do you suppose he thought it was real?" I asked. "Or maybe he just didn't like Mr. Mortimer's acting."

My favorite in the company was Jennie Lee. She died recently on the Coast while playing in pictures. I loved to sit and hear her tell of playing Mazeppa when she was young, of being bound to the back of the wild horse of Tartary and making the terrific run from the stage up the winding way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to the scenic loft. Oftentimes, in traveling, the wild horse had to be taken on the stage by huge pulleys, and once he had stumbled and fallen with her. She was round and black-eyed and motherly as she sat in the dressing room crocheting a pink woolen petticoat for me in shell stitch. It was wonderful to think of her as Mazeppa. It seemed to make all things possible if one just had the courage.

In Sioux Falls we played a week stand. The graystone hotel was new and seemed to loom up with metropolitan dignity in the midst of small wooden buildings with high fronts. There was a strange sort of river here, with a redstone stratum under the water. It had a beautiful afterglow color, and one could walk dry-shod on these pink stepping-stones to an island, or lie full length on great flat rocks above the falls. The Indians made peace pipes from this red rock. It was so soft you could whittle it with a penknife. Kate Lester was taken ill here with fever. It was in the afternoon, and there was no chance of engaging another actress to fill her part for the night performance. She played a mammy in the last act of The Octoroon, the supposed mother of Zoe.

I knew the scene by heart, and when she became worse, Mrs. Lee proposed dressing me up for the part. I was ten years old, but she was sure she could stuff me out and blacken me up to get through for one night. As the quadroon boy, Paul, I wore a light-brown make-up. They took this off, I remember, and put on black, and I had cushions tied around me to fill out the calico Mother Hubbard, and a big bandanna tied over a curly gray wig. It was a wonderful moment to me—that I should be called upon to play my mother's mother. It called for a test of real artistry. She could not have played my child if she had tried ever so hard. The lights were turned low and the scene was a cabin on the edge of the bayou. Zoe steals from the big house to plead for poison after she has discovered the cross in her blood. Kneeling, she begs her mammy to give her the fatal drink.

I could see the faces of the actors in the first entrance watching me, but I remember only the thrill I got when she said brokenly, "Remember how you nursed me at your breast, how you held me close in your arms, and—save—me—now!". The audience never suspected me, and the scene went over as usual.

A Voice of Gold

We traveled west toward the Black Hills. In one town in the mining district we were playing Capitola, or the Hidden Hand, and I danced in one scene with the darky butler, who said, "Saw a ghost, Miss Caterpillar, seven—feet—high!" I had a song that Mr. Lang had taught me. Both he and his brother Peter were old-time minstrel men. This one ran:

W'hat will you do when de great day's a-comin'?
How am you gwine for to separate?
W'hen you see old Satan a-comin',
Lift up de latch ob de golden gate.

I was going along nicely with the second verse when I noticed a man rising in the middle of the second row. He was dressed in flannel shirt and trousers tucked in his high boots. I thought when he reached for his side pocket that he was going to throw something at me, and I didn't know whether to run for the wings or not. Then he lifted his hand and sent a lot of little things like pebbles scattering over me on the stage. I could see his delighted grin, and I ducked my head and ran offstage. Somebody standing there caught me and turned me about.

"Go back and pick them up, you little fool," he said; "they're nuggets."

I found myself pushed back on the stage, and picked up the little yellow nubbles, even in the tin trough where the row of oil lamps served as footlights, while the audience stamped and applauded.

When we traveled I always carried my schoolbooks in a small alligator satchel, with some dolls, and on the long trips between towns I studied or made dresses always costumes from some play. At every station where the train stopped I used to watch and see if any little girl got on to play with. Sometimes I made friends with these little girls—my prairie chickens, I called them

"At Liberty" but Happy

In one little town we had to play in the town hall, and there were no dressing rooms. The manager had rigged up curtains across corners for the ladies. I am not sure where the gentlemen of the company dressed that night—perhaps under the stage; but I know that there came unexpected bursts of applause from out front long before the overture. Nobody knew what caused the enthusiasm until Mr. Lang came back and told us to vacate the corner dressing room that faced an archway above steps leading from the stage. We had thought a door was there, but instead there was only the curtain of gray silesia, and the silhouettes were received joyously out in front.

I suppose that we were barnstormers, although I never heard the term applied until long years afterwards. The company stranded at Fergus Falls, Minnesota, on the way back to Chicago. Mr. Mortimer hurried away to try to raise money to get us out of town, but we did not hear from him again, and a benefit was arranged. The members of the company clubbed together on immediate funds and raised enough to buy a very large doll with long curls and a wax face. This was dressed as a bride by the ladies, with full trousseau made from old costumes, and placed on exhibition in the leading drug-store window.

There did not seem to be anything derogatory in being stranded. You were merely temporarily embarrassed. We got out small dodgers and papered the town with them. All the members of the company helped, as I remember, going up one street and down another, graciously announcing the coming event. I know I took the public school for my territory and stood on a bench in the yard, handing out dodgers and telling the children all about it. I think the business men of the town helped with funds also, and there was a gala performance, with everyone doing specialties. My mother recited The Raven, garbed in a Hamlet costume that I thought beautifully striking with her dark clustering curls; and I did a sailor's hornpipe, and sang my song from Pinafore, always interpolated for me in the small opera companies, The Midshipmite. We left town the following day in triumph, but could not afford a Pullman; so we all slept in the day coach down to Chicago.

This was the last road show that I was with, and I missed the adventure of it all when we settled down into regular engagements. It is hard to convey the good-fellowship and happiness of these old-time traveling companies, and how we lived a life within a life. The trunks held the makings of home surroundings as well as costumes. As soon as we landed in a new town, even for a one-night stand, the stage was set. In our dressing room we hung curtains of old gold bordered in crimson, and a dark-green floor cloth of linen was always stretched down to save trains. Long strips of velvet edged in gold fringe covered the dressing-room shelves, and cushions and photographs changed the entire bare aspect of the chilly, dusty rooms. I still marvel over my mother's gift for transforming any place, no matter how cheerless, into home for us.

But I personally enjoyed being stranded. It meant an immediate trip to New York. We would get in on the West Shore or Pennsylvania, and see the city at night from the deck of a ferryboat. I never remember getting in during the day. We would take the Sixth Avenue L uptown to Thirty-ninth Street, to the old Bryant Park Hotel, an unfailing haven for stranded

(Continued on Page 161)

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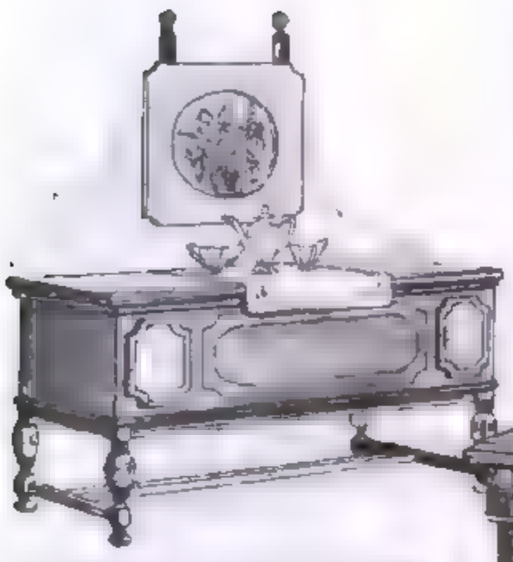

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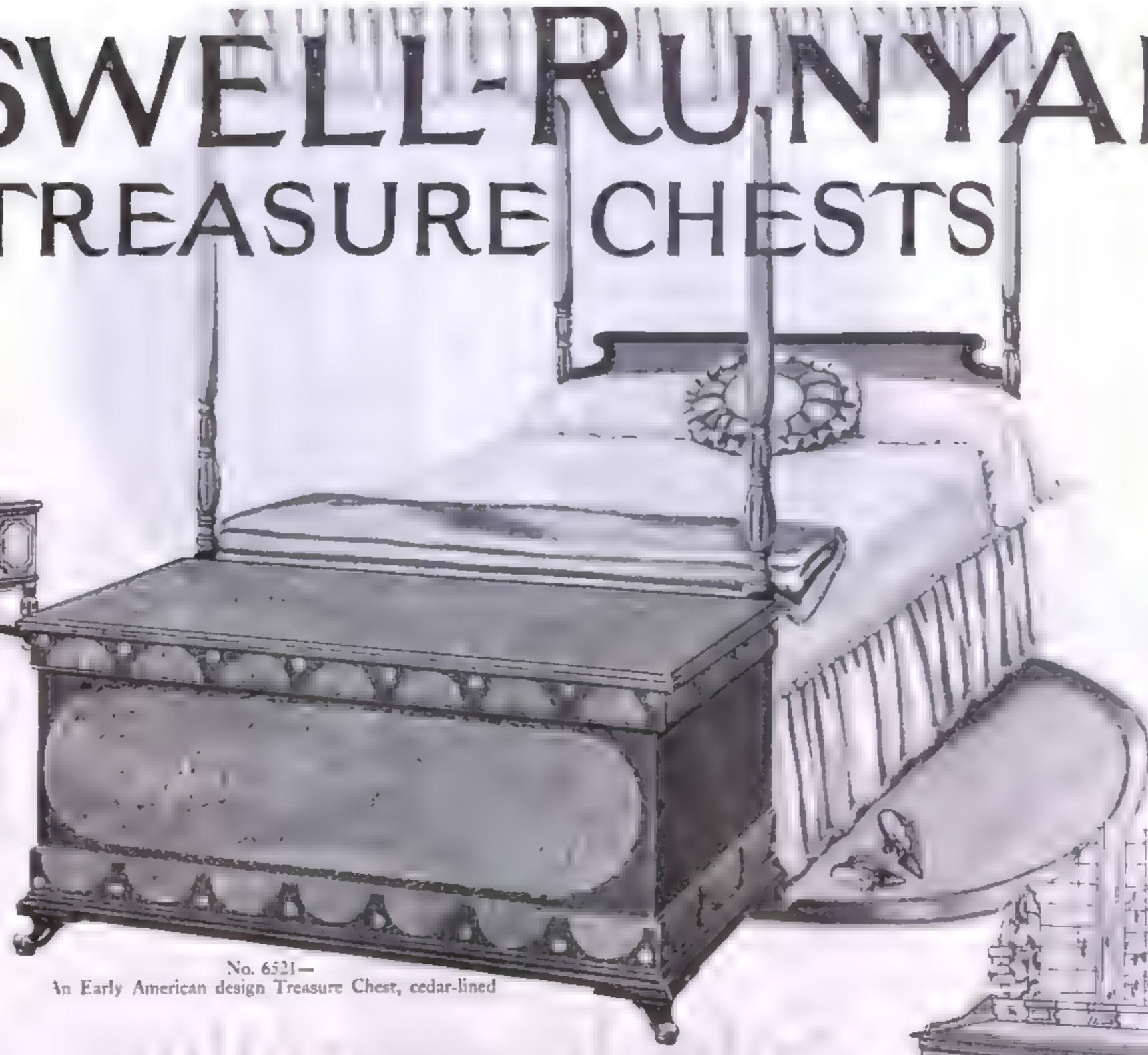

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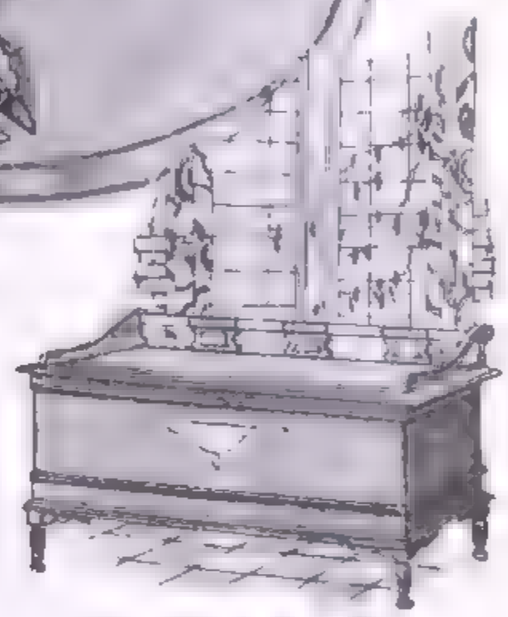

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A CHEST FOR EVERY NEED—A CHEST FOR EVERY PURSE

(Continued from Page 158

actors. It was run by a man who looked like Falstaff, and who welcomed back "broke" members of the profession with open arms and full credit. We would have our usual suite of two rooms and bath, overlooking the glass roof above the kitchen. I have sat often by the window and watched with deep interest Louisa, the colored cook, chasing the head waiter Ferdinand around the kitchen with a carving knife.

Wonderful Ferdinand, with all the poise and dignity of a Southern retainer, guarding the comfort and appetite of us all, and I don't suppose he ever got any tips. How could he, when everyone was hunting even pennies for postage stamps and car fare? And many a time when I had missed my lunch after wandering up and down Broadway or Fifth Avenue, seeing things, Ferdinand would smuggle me into the dining room and give me my saved portion of pie or watermelon while I recited, in full payment, speeches from Shakspere for him.

He would roll his eyes in silent ecstasy, and then say, "Ain't it jes' glorious!"

Lillian Russell and I

Every morning after breakfast we would walk downtown to the Rialto, then extending from Fourteenth Street to Herald Square, and meet many friends in the same predicament as ourselves. We were not out of work, however. We were "at liberty." Our cards in the Clipper and Mirror said so. We would accept engagements if they suited us. Our agents were Mark and Norman, and Harry Brown. I think my mother preferred Mr. Brown for the legitimate; and after paying our daily call to see if anything had turned up, we would stroll back up Broadway, meeting friends all the way, and pausing for sidewalk chats. My mother would draw my attention to well-known actors—Maurice Barrymore, who wore evening clothes easier than any other man; Herbert Kelcey, the season's favorite matinée idol; young Robert Mantell, who aspired to Shaksperean rôles; and an absorbed, nearsighted young man who walked very fast and talked to no one. I understood he had made somewhat of a hit in Boston. His name was Mansfield.

I liked to walk over to Broadway and watch for Lillian Russell at the stage door of the Casino. She was singing in The Grand Duchess, and I had been taken to hear her. My stepfather had been her leading man once, and I went behind the scenes to meet her. I remember she asked me if there was anything I would like, and I told her I wanted to ride with her in her big open victoria. There was always a crowd of people waiting to see her step into it, and this Saturday afternoon she took me driving up Fifth Avenue with her. She wore a pale-blue silk dress, with a large pale-blue hat with long ostrich plumes to match, and turquoises and diamonds. Her blondness seemed fairly glittering to me, and I shall never forget the pride of alighting from that carriage in front of our Sixth Avenue Hotel.

Another time I was taken to see Della Fox in Wang, when she was playing Prince Mataya with DeWolf Hopper, and I tortured my hair for days trying to coax it into a single curl on my forehead. She lived across the street from some professional friends, the Newell twins, and Willard introduced me to her as she leaned from her window watering her pink geraniums.

It was this day, I know that when I went back to the hotel I was delighted to find my Samoans with their manager trying to get rooms in the hotel. I had not seen them since the dime-museum days in Minneapolis, and I tried my best to induce the hotel clerk to take them in; but they were sent away into lodgings.

We finally signed up with the Boston Bijou Opera Company, and made a tour of the South before opening in Boston in the fall. When we reached Charleston we stopped on Meeting Street, a fascinating location, as you could walk along to the Battery, past enchanted gardens that you could just catch glimpses of through iron-grille gates. We had a balcony across the parlor floor fronting on the street, but the long French blinds were never opened that I remember. Galleries, as they were called, faced the long inner garden, paved in brick, with green growing up between, and a little fountain in the center, where

PHOTO. FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Lillian Russell

Leander, the cook's eldest, sat for hours in the sunlight and scoured the table knives in brick dust. There was a younger child, just toddling about, with only a little unbleached shift on. She was so black she looked like a negative and when she would lie in the sun her mother would call to her in a slow, musical voice, I remember, from the kitchen, "Clem-entine, you come on in here out of dat sunshine. You want ter get all freckled?"

An Earthquake En Route

The opera house stood far back from the street in a big garden. During rehearsals I would run out and climb fig trees there, and perch high on the twisted boughs, dreading bats, but loving the ripe fruit. One night I was awakened by my bed rocking like a cradle, and the walls seemed to shiver about me with visible tremors. My mother came from her room across the hall and gathered my sister and myself close in her arms. People were running down the halls, carrying all sorts of things. I remember lovely Marie Bell, our prima donna, calling back to Aleck, her husband, to bring her ruby earrings, and Mr. Bell's despairing cry, as he was left behind in the upper rooms, "Where the hell are they?"

After some time we all went back, but I felt relieved to have had even a sample of an earthquake. Across the street there were huge cracks across the face of the stone building like zigzag lightning. This, I found out, had been made in the first earthquake. I could look over into the courtyard there, and it was all palms and wonderful flowers. A tall old negro wheeled about a little girl in an invalid chair, and I watched her for a long while before she discovered me. We used to wave to each other daily, and one morning the old negro, in dark-blue coat with brass buttons and white trousers, came across the street to ask if the young lady would not come over and visit Miss Inez Chapelle. She was about my age, and appeared to rule the household in a very gentle but queenly way. She had never been to the theater, and I persuaded her father to allow her to come to the Saturday matinée and see me play the Midshipmite in Pinafore. She sat in a lower box, and sent me a bouquet of moss rosebuds. I can still see her delicate, radiant little face leaning eagerly forward in the semidarkness of the theater as I came down from the top of the bridge following Fred Hill, who played Captain Corcoran. Behind her in the shadow of the velvet curtains stood the tall old negro, who had to carry her in his arms from the carriage to the box and back.

Kind Uncle

It was a glamorous summer, with a tour around the near-by states, and back to New York by boat—the old Yemassee of the Clyde Line. It had a huge golden-eagle figurehead with wide outspread wings. I was almost the only member of the company who was not seasick, and I borrowed Hardy's A Pair of Blue Eyes from the captain and sat curled up on coiled rope under the eagle's wings, reading and eating lemons, with the porpoises racing us around Cape Hatteras. One morning I found my place already taken by a boy. At first I did not notice him, he was hanging over so far, looking at the porpoises; then he settled back on the rope coils and we talked together. His parents were seasick also, so we became very friendly, and used the eagle's wings for a post office, sending notes several times daily to each other.

Off Sandy Hook the boat ran down a fishing smack in the fog, and Shepherd, the boy, and I leaned over, watching the sailors rescue the fishermen. They were brought up by ropes and laid out on the forward deck. I thought they were all drowned, until they began to move and swear at our captain for running them down. Then we walked away from them, and the boy asked me for a lock of my hair to remember me by. I went down to our stateroom and found my doll. It had a wig made specially from an old brown false front, and I cut off a curl and tied it with pink ribbon. I didn't want to refuse him, but I knew my mother would not allow me to cut my own hair, so I gave him this, and it did just as well.

From New York we went at once to Boston on the Puritan, and I saw my first side-wheeler work, through the great glass interior. I myself did not play in Boston, but went to school until Easter, when the opera company broke up, and I joined my mother, on her way down to New York, at Providence. We stayed over only long enough to sign contracts for a Western company; I think it was called the Gilbert Opera Company, opening in Columbus, Ohio. In leaving New York one thing always aroused my appreciation and interest—the unfailing visit to the family pawnbroker. It was years afterward that I came to realize all people had not sought pawnbrokers as a matter of course in moments of financial embarrassment. They were the last resort with the profession, and they never failed us. One accumulated collateral as people of stabilized lives bought bonds. In emergencies the rings, the watches, the ancestral jewels—these saved us from going on the rocks.

I loved to watch my stepfather raise one eyebrow humorously as he would quote, "O my prophetic soul, my uncle!"

I also found out the fine faith and sentiment behind Lorenzo's three golden balls. We had a silver dagger, one that had come originally from Lisbon, Portugal. It had been used by several members of the family, and was valued above price by my mother. Long after her death, when I was a grown woman, I visited the same old pawnshop on Sixth Avenue, where I had waited often outside with my little sister while my mother went in, and looking over the old books, I found where the dagger had been pledged. I got it back. They recognized me as one of the little girls, her children, and Mr. Lemen told me himself that he had saved the dagger because he knew some day one of the family would return for it. I had a wonderful visit with him while he talked of famous members of the profession whose rise and fall of fortunes he had followed for years. There was something very rare and fine to me, something that partook of the true spirit of fellowship, in his affection for the theatrical profession. I was shown out of his private door as if I had been a member of a royal line.

I have tried to raise the curtain as they do after the play when the audience has left, halfway up, with one light burning for the actors to see their way out of the stage door. I can only tell things that a child saw and remembered, immaterial to the world at large, but significant, I think, as they reveal even a small part of the life of strolling players in the 80's. We were mummers surely, barnstormers, or as one excited little boy called after us once up in South Dakota, "Here come the troupers!"

Good Friends of the Old Days

It is hard to convey the fine loyalty and generosity between members of these old-time road companies. In times of adversity all pooled their resources for the common welfare. There was the spirit of true courage and the morale of soldiers in their duty to their public. You went on and played your part in spite of death, sickness or any personal woe. There is so much more that I could tell—of Ellen Terry and Henry Irving—I still have a doll dress made from a piece of red silk lining from her Portia cloak; of Clara Morris, youthful and tender-eyed—I think the play was The New Magdalen—of being stranded at Christmas, and taken to the professional children's matinée down at Tony Pastor's, when he kissed us all and played Santa Claus, with Aunt Louisa Eldridge handing over the gifts and Maggie Cline singing:

"He said 'Good-by, Maggie, I'm going away from home;
Don't you sigh and don't you cry
When I'm across the foam.'"

Until I was thirteen I was on the stage. The last time I ever saw my mother was in the Broad Street Station at Philadelphia. Our trains were going separate ways, hers to Washington, mine west to Chicago. I was going to school there. I leaned far out of the window as the train started to move, holding to her hand as long as I could. Her eyes were filled with tears, but she smiled back at me. She died of pneumonia while on the road the following spring, before I could reach her, and is buried at Binghamton, New York, in a little cemetery overlooking the Mohawk Valley. I am glad that I was her child.

Editor's Note—This is the last of two articles by Izola Forrester.

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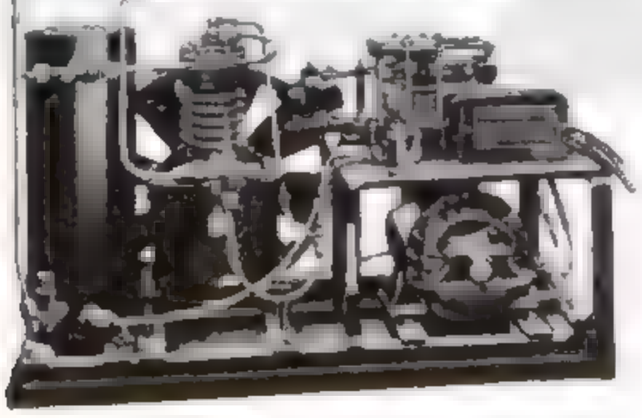

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Seamen dare not – landsmen should not do without paint and varnish

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NEPTUNE does not tolerate neglect. He necessitates constant watchfulness, constant care of material. No seaman tries to get along without paint and varnish. His ship, his health, his life depend on their systematic use. He has been well taught that sanitation, comfort, cleanliness follow the paint brush just as surely as does protection of hull and bulkhead. Seamen dare not ignore the precept "Save the surface and you save all"—landsmen should not. Deterioration is no more inevitable at sea than on land—simply more rapid. The rewards of preserving and beautifying with paint and varnish are great rewards — always and everywhere.

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A RIVER IN FLOOD

Continued from Page 27

quickened to it. So he remained, outwardly calm, a lean, browned youth in paint-smeared whites, his soft brown hair blown every which way over his narrowed dark eyes, whistling rhythmically, with a finely cut mouth that was like his mother's in the faded photograph below, to the slap-slapping of his paintbrush. Manassas peered at him once in suspicion of his well-maintained industry.

"You goin' to 'at ball game?" he demanded.

"Nope," said Hugh shortly. "Want to get this paint on," and repressed a twitching cheek muscle at the old chef's suspicious look. Out of the corner of his eye he saw every tug and launch and barge in the crowding, chugging, tooting river traffic. He had the feeling that White Eye Lewis might pass again, any moment, a murderer revisiting the scene of his crime. If he did, Hugh felt certain he would know him. Yet as the sun sloped downward, making the river a strip of fiery mirror and then gradually dulling that glare to the smoke and rose of the first beginning of sunset, his adult reason argued with him that it was all nonsense. Nothing more would happen. Nothing ever did happen.

He looked up to see a woman in a pink silk dress coming across the river lot on the pathway worn among the palmettos. She was tall and moved with an air of elegant leisure. Around her the palms bordering the lot raised a green and vaulted cathedral. Something twitched and caught at Hugh's breath, watching her come nearer the boat—something that confirmed his hidden feeling that anything, anything rich and romantic and thrilling might happen now.

She paused at the edge of the gangplank and looked at him directly with dark eyes under a wide pink hat. "I came—the sunset must be simply too wonderful from your deck," she said, and her voice was a velvet excitement in his ears. "Would it be perfectly awful of me to ask if I could come aboard and look at it from there?"

Hugh flushed and stammered, "Oh, please come," and somehow she was at his shoulder at the rail, staring out at the glossy water tinted by the slow fires of the sky. She had a scarlet mouth. Hugh felt suddenly very young and grimy and exalted.

"It cert'nly is beautiful," she said, pouring a look over him from sun-touched hair to paint-stained shoes. She leaned her hands, that were crusty with bright rings, on the rail and glanced swiftly up and down the river, a look that in spite of her languid manner seemed to search and to discard. Hugh looked at her covertly, breathing with excited lungs the perfume blown from her. He hoped unconsciously but fervently that his father would not come on deck.

"I was reading in the paper about that perfectly awful murder," she said suddenly, flicking another glance at him under eyelashes like heavy smoke. "Wasn't that perfectly awful? It must have happened around here somewhere, the paper said. You might have seen the whole thing. Did you?"

"I was ——" Hugh stopped abruptly. He wanted to tell her everything. Yet what was there to tell? He had seen a shape, heard a voice. She would think him childish to be excited by that. There was about her such an air of full, imperious life that he wanted passionately not to seem childish. "They're always having shootings on this river," he said with all the careless hauteur he could assume. "I couldn't be bothered to notice."

"Oh," she said, and stared at him. Behind her the sunset flared and boiled with new copper, against which the oak trees opposite were delicately wrought iron. She moved away from the rail so suddenly that the hot perfume of her dress came to him in another disturbing billow. "You're cert'nly nice to let me bother you like this. You sure must have one interesting life."

Dumbly he moved behind her to the gangplank. He hated to have her go. He wanted to stare and stare into her strange dark face that made everything wonderful.

"Don't go," he said, as she set a foot on the plank. "I—I was just wishing something nice would happen. Please don't go."

She turned to him then, a slow, new sort of look as if observing him at last as an individual. Her flexible scarlet mouth was suddenly amused. Her glance fluttered at him over a raised shoulder. "That's cert'nly sweet of you," she crooned. "But honest, you know, we've never been introduced."

"Oh, you're not going to let that matter now," he said intently. "That's so silly. Please don't let it matter."

"Honest, I simply got to go," she said. "I was just kind of walking and I didn't know how far I was getting. My—my housekeeper will be simply wild if I'm late for dinner. I have to walk all the way back to the Fifth Street bridge and around—look, you can just see where I live." Her hand on his arm was warm, close, with the merest hint of dependence. "Just beyond that clump of palms. That yellow house boat with the green awnings. . . . Don't you just love being on the river? It must be wonderful to be the captain of a swell yacht like this."

Hugh shamelessly let that go, in tumult at the hand on his arm and an idea.

"Look," he said, "why can't I walk home with you? Oh, why not?" She was shaking her head mysteriously at him. "Well, then listen, if I came by in a canoe, would you say hello to me?"

"Sure," she said, with her eyes on his face. "But looka—I mean, you know, I'd want to know when you were coming—just so I could be on deck. Couldn't you whistle something?"

"Sure. I'll whistle like this." Hugh piped a little running fall of notes like a mockingbird in moonlight.

"That'll be lovely," she said. "Whistle it good and loud before you get there. You do it, hear? I'll be expecting it. Now I got to go. Honestly, I don't know what you think I am. I cert'nly never talked like this to a stranger I hadn't been introduced to before. But you're—well, honest, there's somethi.g about you. I just couldn't help it."

"Really? You mean that? You're just kidding me," Hugh demanded, deeply thrilled.

"Honest. Listen. I'm going to tell you something. Oh, I feel awful. But, honest, I just saw you here, and this swell boat and all, and I just says to myself there's one swell man I'm going to get to talk to. Oh, isn't that awful? I know you think I'm simply awful. Now I got to go. Good-by."

She drooped her eyelashes deliciously at him and moved off down the plank.

"I—you're wonderful—wonderful," he said. "You know I wouldn't think that. I couldn't."

She waved at him from the roadway. He turned away at last, and met with a tiny shock the cold eyes of his father, staring from the doorway.

"Ah, wonderful," his father said, with an acid, level tone that burned and bit. "Wonderful, eh? Old enough to be your aunt. Paint an inch thick. Reeking of cheap perfume. Oh, she's wonderful all right. Now once for all, Hugh, understand me, I will not have you talking to cheap hussies ——"

"You keep still, will you?" Hugh said thickly, struggling with a choking rage that was almost hatred for this man he had to call father. "I'll talk to anybody I want to. And I'm not a kid any more to be yelled at. Get that?"

The grizzled elder and the flushed, miserably defiant youth, each shaken a little with the force and fear of the emotion between them, stared at each other for a long moment, absorbed and somber. Hugh had a

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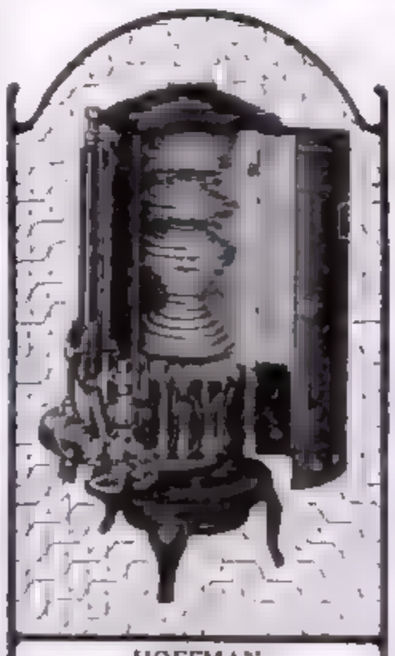

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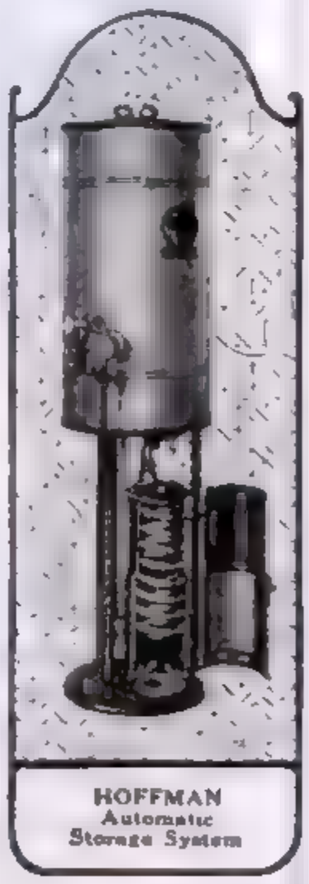

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sudden vivid memory of the patient hands of this lame man, rigging some small boat for him, and the memory was a deep ache. But he stamped it down, deliberately obliterated it.

The older man turned away first, with a mouth locked tight against any sign of feeling. Hugh, washing his face in his own stateroom, felt his eyes stinging with tears he would have died rather than shown. He felt the rage of his youth rising within him at any hint of thwart. He'd show him he was a man. He'd stay out all night if he wanted to. He wasn't a child any longer to be told things. He wouldn't stand it, that's all. But crowding and blotting all that came a wave of exultation at the memory of the woman, brighter and more gleaming and more mysterious even than he had seen her. She was all the vague beautiful imaginings he had ever had. And she liked him, he was sure of that. He would see her again, if twelve fathers got in his way. At that moment he felt invincible, thrilling to the beginnings of a new, free, marvelous world.

At supper he and his father sat divided by a wall of chilled silence. Hugh was glad of it. Being born, he thought suddenly, was a kind of violence. All right. Apparently you had to keep on being violent, had to tear yourself away from the clinging parent thing before you won any sort of individuality or manhood. All right. He knew himself at that moment capable of violence. But on the river later, where he fled in a stony silence from his father, paddling upstream because he was sure she would think him crude and fresh to come by this first night, with the hushed sounds of the water under the canoe's fragile bow and the dim banks flowing softly by, he came into a moment of dreaming delight. Tomorrow night—tomorrow night, if he dared ——

It was not so much a daring as a yielding to the brimming hurrying tide within himself, and upon the river, that took him downstream then. He had only to dip his paddle now and then, the merest slicing twist, to keep the light bow steady. Behind him his father's boat ceased to exist. A sawmill on one bank went by vaguely, a splash of light and a screeching; house boats on the other were shouldering shadows, and farther down the arc of the Fifth Street bridge, set with white moons, dropped deep red plummets into the flowing ink below. But before that, nosed into a wharf that ran along the bank, lay the yellow house boat with the awning, one mysterious window a shaded square of yellow, promising—what? His heart pushed painfully against his ribs as the current carried him closer. He plunged his paddle sharply against gurgle. Suppose she weren't there? Suppose she would think him fresh? Suppose she wouldn't answer? His own whistle startled him. He was almost alongside, the awning, edged with greenish silver in the rising moon, making a dark pit of the upper deck. The shrouded yellow window blinked out. Above a white figure moved, looking down at him and laughing softly.

"Hello, captain," she said. He clung to the edge of the flatboat on which the house was built and stared up at her. In the silvering light, with her darkened hair about her darker eyes, she was—well, Hugh could not say a word.

"Hello," she said again, suddenly, with a sharper accent. "It is you, captain, from the boat up there, isn't it? Why don't you speak?"

"Yes—hello," he said gruffly. "I—I was just going by. Did you hear me whistle?"

"Just in time," she said. "You better whistle sooner, though, and louder. Well, how's every little thing over on your side the river?"

"All right, I guess," he said, still staring upward. It was a thrilling thing just to be looking at her like this. She was more richly fascinating even than he had remembered, with a kind of ripple in her voice as if she knew something wonderful and dangerous. "You get home all right this afternoon?" he forced himself to say. "I wished you'd let me come with you."

"Well, what's the matter with you coming up now? Tie your canoe and climb up. It's too far around by the door."

Sitting beside her in the porch swing Hugh was speechless and breathless with the sense of her shoulder intimately near his own. Her dark hair blew about her eyes like smoke and that perfume she wore lay troublingly against his palate. The little silence was a delightful embarrassment. Suddenly both spoke at once.

"Oh, excuse me," she said. "What were you going to say?"

"No, you," he said. "Beg pardon. Go ahead, please, I've forgotten."

"Well, I guess I've forgotten what I was going to say except that I cert'nly hope you don't think I let everybody come climbing up like that. I sure wouldn't want to have you think anything funny about me."

"You know I wouldn't think that," he said, turning and looking down at her. "You know I think you're"—his impetuous speech halted as his glance was drawn deep down into hers. "I wouldn't think anything like that," he finished lamely, glancing away as soon as he could.

She moved nearer to him and patted his sleeve lightly. "I just knew it; looking at you I said to myself, 'There's a man I would trust anywhere to do absolutely anything'—if I should need anything, I mean—and of course a man would have to be a real gentleman to own a big yacht like that and be able just to go anywhere in it, and I was just thinking to myself; in fact, I was just saying to my housekeeper that lives with me—well, she's really more a chaperon than a servant because, of course, I wouldn't dream of living alone here on the river without someone, it would look too funny, and people are always ready to think the most awful things . . . but I was just saying, I do hope that nice man comes by so I can thank him, for I cert'nly wouldn't want him to think I was that kind. . . . What's your name?"

Hugh had been startled a little by her belief that he was the idle-rich owner of the Lady Jane.

"Hugh Nason," he said absently. The cool inner part of his brain was darting ahead to the time when she would have to find out what he really was. "It isn't really my boat, you know," he said quickly. "It belongs to my father. I guess you didn't see him. I—we live on it."

Apparently his honesty was no bar to her enthusiasm. "Oh, that must be lovely," she said. "Oh, I'd simply love to live like that. Listen, Hugh—I'm going to call you Hugh because you've been so nice to me, and when anybody's been nice to me I always feel I have to call them by their first name—you want to know what I wish? You won't think I'm too fresh? But, listen, you know I'd simply be crazy about taking a little trip with you sometime, maybe Nassau or Havana—oh, I'd simply adore it. Oh, but now you think I'm awful. . . . Yes, you do. . . . But I'm that kind, I have to say just what comes into my head. But listen, do you think you could?" She slipped a clinging hand over his and tightened it lingeringly.

"Gee, that would be great," Hugh said huskily. "You know what you make me think of? You make me think of some kind of wonderful queen or something that men would do anything for, go out and fight and capture treasure and everything. Just the way you look at me—you make me feel as if I could do anything. Honest, you do."

Her scarlet mouth smiled enchantingly in the moonlight. "You're a dear," she said. "Oh, you're the sweetest thing. You're so brave and romantic and splendid. I just knew you would. I could tell it from the first."

"Could you, honest?" he asked. Happiness brimmed within him. He could be reckless for this woman. He would be. "Listen," he said, "you know White Eye Lewis?"

The swing stopped with a little jolt as she moved sharply away from him. He found her peering at him with narrowed

(Continued on Page 169)

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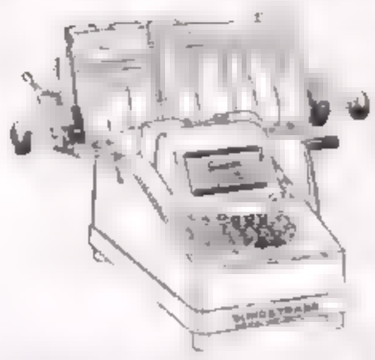

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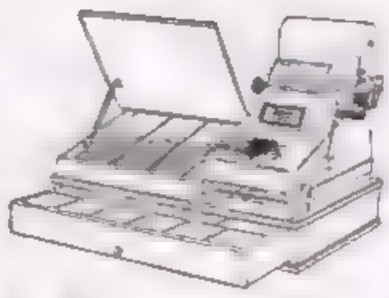

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UNIVERSAL COOLER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Refrigeration by Wire

Universal Cooler

.... fills a universal need

MEMO Write today to Universal Cooler Corp., Detroit, regarding a dealer franchise

(Continued from Page 166)

eyes. "White Eye Lewis," she whispered. "What do you mean, do I know White Eye Lewis? What do you know about White Eye Lewis?"

"Oh," he said, "I didn't mean—of course you don't, not really, you couldn't. Only you were saying about reading about the murder in the papers. Well, I just was going to tell you about something I'd sure like to do. You know, I think that boat with him in it went by our boat the other night and he turned the light on our ship's cat and he was scared stiff of it—of our cat."

"Well," she said sharply, "go on. What about it?"

"That's all," he had to confess lamely. "But you see I—I thought maybe I could recognize his voice again and maybe I could find out where he is and—and capture him for the reward."

"You mean that's all you know about him? You don't know where he is or anything?"

"No, but—well, I meant that's the way you make me feel, as if I could do something like that, or—or anything. Oh, please don't think I'm an awful idiot."

Slowly she relaxed, although still staring at him, relaxed insinuatingly, almost against his shoulder. Then she laughed. "For a minute you startled me. But, honest, I think you're just splendid, Hugh. But I wouldn't bother about that. You haven't got enough of a clew or anything. But one of these days when I know you better, I'm going to get you to do something for me—something that means a lot to me, something real big and daring. Letting you in on something that's pretty big, I mean, and that would mean a lot to you. If you did it for me I'd—well, I'd think you were just splendid. Listen, you want to call me 'Gloria'?"

"Gloria," Hugh breathed, his head whirling. "It's just like you—it's glorious. But about that—doing something for you—you know I will, don't you? Anything I can."

"Oh, you can do this all right." A sudden sound below deck caught her attention. "You nice thing you. This is part of it. Will you do that, Hugh, like I said? Will you fix it up with your father to take me on a little trip sometimes, just you and me and one—I mean, maybe one or two friends, a real party, see, to Nassau or Havana? You know, some foreign sort of place? You got such a swell yacht. You will fix it up like you promised me, won't you? And listen, you got to go now, that's my housekeeper knocking to tell me I got to send you off. It's getting late. But you'll do that, won't you, Hugh? For me?"

Hugh sat astride the rail, the moon in his eyes, looking down at her. He could hardly see her at all for the blinding enchantment she laid upon him. "Will I, Gloria?—you just wait. I'll make him. I'll be along tomorrow night and tell you ——"

"Not tomorrow night," she said, sliding a hand over his. "I got something to do tomorrow night. But you could just come by at about half-past five. Just to let me know it's all right. But don't forget to whistle, will you? Good and loud, so I'll know who it is. I don't want you to have to come around by the door. My housekeeper's queer like that. She don't like people to come around by the door. Don't forget now, Hughie, will you?"

Hugh plunged his paddle blindly into the dark swirl of the water, heading upstream. It was half an hour's hard pull against the turn of the moon tide, back to the calm decks of the Lady Jane, but he felt exalted, invincible. Tomorrow morning he would tell his father exactly what they were going to do.

But the next morning, waking late, with the white lash of the sunlight across his eyes, to a quick shower and a solitary breakfast on deck, he felt relieved that his father had already gone in town. It would give him time to think just how he would go about telling him. Unfortunately, in this normal light, he felt that he had promised to do something about as easy as moving the Fifth Street bridge. Maybe if he just put it to him reasonably, what it meant to have a wonderful woman like Gloria interested in you, maybe he'd see. He'd have to see. Hugh went to fuss dreamily around his spotless engine with a handful of cotton waste and an oil can. Suppose his father should let them have the boat—his imagination took the barrier at one leap. He saw himself on the deck in Havana harbor with Gloria. It would be the beginning of everything. Ships. His own line of ships—the ports of the world—Paris—he saw himself, stern and dominating, on the great flagship of his fleet—the great Nason fleet—they say he never travels without that beautiful Mrs. Nason—worth ten million—made every cent by taking desperate chances, outthinking the old fogies—Gloria ——

"Hugh," his father's voice called down to him, from an old, forgotten existence. "That engine in good shape now?"

What engine? Hugh pulled himself up. "Sure, she's all set!" he called back.

"We're shoving off after lunch. Stop for gas and oil. Got a charter for a four days' trip up the inland waterway to Fort Lauderdale. Man and his wife and daughter—George Marlow of Marlow Engines—mighty fine man—used to know him. They'll be at the bay-shore dock at three. Snap into it, now. 'Nassas says you've got to get your clean shirts from the laundry."

Hugh bolted up on deck. But she said at 5:30. Four days—he wouldn't see her for four days. "Listen, dad," he said desperately, "I can't go. I've got an engagement. I ——"

Captain Nason stared at him with eyes like points of ink. "Well, I'll be—see, here, young man, are you crazy? Because you've got a—I'll bet it's with that painted hussy. You won't go a step, sir. My Godfrey mighty, Hugh, you mean to tell me you want me to throw away a hundred dollars a day for a - blast me if I know what the world is coming to. Manassas, you black scoundrel, get lunch on right now. I want to get out of this in half an hour. And as for you, you young puppy ——"

Hugh faced his father, grimly white. The phrases of his father's continued bluster drifted vaguely over his head. Because suddenly he knew what he had not known before, that his father had to bluster in order to scold at him at all. He saw clearly that the older man had to work himself up to rage, or he would not be able to say a word, because of the secret store of tenderness in his heart. But the new knowledge awakened no tenderness in Hugh. Out of the violence of his youth he judged the older man mercilessly for that tenderness, received his phrases with a cold intensity of dislike.

"Blah—blah—blah," he thought, cutting his meat at table with an icy aloofness. "That shows him up, that's all he knows about Gloria. He'll be glad to have her nice to him sometime." But beneath that dislike he was all one ache of dismay. Not to see her for four days. She would forget him. She would never let him see her again. It was impossible, incredible.

But presently the Lady Jane, like a fat white bird, plowed down the river in a long, sustained rush, her brass work glittering, her windows shining, without any notice at all from the shuttered windows and empty decks of the yellow house boat under the awning. Hugh tore on deck from his engine, to stare, to wave, to shout, but there was no one even to notice that the Lady Jane was going by. Behind her, the big cruising house boat trailed two widening furrows which sucked the water from the banks, only to kick it back again to produce a tremendous bobbery among the small craft packed along the shores. But Hugh gripped the rail with bitterness in his heart. Maybe he would never see her again. Maybe he had lost his chance forever for the wonderful thing that she hinted. He would never forgive his father for this. He went back to his engine when it was all over, with a sour pain in his heart—the pain of

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disappointment against which youth has so little protection. It was all over with him; all the wonder and beauty of his dreams, all the adventure, was finished for his whole life. He dragged himself out to see about the taking on of gas and oil and finally to moor the Lady Jane at the wharf on the bay front where she generally tied during the season. Over all the brilliant bustle of the sapphire day fell the green-sickness of his disappointment and contempt.

Contempt and restlessness were his mood for the next four days. Within him he carried a sneer for the whole world, but especially for the Marlow family. What did these pleasant-faced, stupidly tranquil people know about the splendid adventure they had made him miss? Mr. Marlow was thick-shouldered, with the stomach of a magnate and eyes that were shrewd and watchful under his cap. Mrs. Marlow was pink-faced and well-cushioned, with little foolish gurgles and cries of delight for the lush green passing of the jungle on each side the canal. But the whole focus of his contempt was directed upon the yellow-haired Marlow girl. It did not seem to Hugh that he could even speak to her politely. Everything about her was wrong, the fact that she was younger than he, that she was smooth-headed and blue-eyed, that she was as direct and impertinent as Mrs. Tibbetts, the ship's cat herself, upon which she pounced with the most sickening baby talk. When he was not glooming at his engines Hugh spent all his time steering, with his face grim and his jaw stuck out, trying to ignore the Marlow girl's presence. She took a fiendish pleasure in dragging her chair near him, sitting on its arm and swinging round legs under abrupt white-flannel skirts while she asked him a tornado of questions. She seemed to know perfectly that he didn't want to have anything to do with her.

And nights, having announced that she knew he could dance, she dragged out terrible phonograph records—raucous, insistent, against the starry dark silence of some deep cove—and made him turn and turn about with her under the light, disliking her to his very finger tips. He hardly touched her with his leading arm, seeing her parents smile indulgently at them. Lord, how he hated yellow hair!

"Why don't you like me?" she asked him afterward, dragging him to the bow to observe the stars. "You're the funniest boy. I know you don't like me, but I like you. Honestly I do. You're a perfectly wonderful dancer, and my dad says you're a marvel with an engine and he likes your father awfully. Why don't you like me? You've got nice long hands and your eyelashes are cute and you look mad all the time. I never in my life had to ask any boy to dance with me before. You're not mad because you have to work, are you? Dad says you're the nicest boy he's seen me playing with since we've been in Florida. Oh, go on, please tell me why you don't like me."

Hugh writhed. "What difference does it make whether I like you or not?" he said desperately. He wasn't used to being rude to girls. "You've hired the boat, haven't you, and so I have to do anything you want, even dancing. But you haven't got any business poking into whether I like it or not. It's rotten bad manners, if you want to know what I think."

But it didn't do any good. After that, she persecuted constantly, with a fiendish relish.

It was a century, an age, an aeon, before the Lady Jane crawled at sunset across the wide opalescent floor of Biscayne Bay toward the faintly ivory towers of the city. At the dock it seemed to him they never would get rid of those Marlows. They shook hands, beaming, with his father. They beamed and shook hands with Hugh. Mrs. Marlow thanked him especially for being nice to Nancy.

"Young folks need so much excitement nowadays," she said.

"And next week dad's going to get your father's lovely boat again for a long cruise down the Keys," Nancy exulted in his ear. "And I'm going to wear knickers, and you'll show me how to catch a tarpon, and we'll have the most marvelous time, even if you don't like me." She grinned triumphantly at him from the depths of the Marlow limousine, a sort of mausoleum in plate glass.

Hugh brushed them from his mind as he wiped grease stains from his fingers. Presently the Lady Jane was heading upriver again—the dark shining ribbon of river between lights crowding down the banks, with the smells of street dust and gasoline drifting across. Now they were through the Miami Avenue bridge; now the Second Avenue bridge was lifting; now the Fifth Street bridge was behind them Was that she, a glimmer of white, under her awning? He waved frantically. She saw him. She was waving.

A soft blur of happiness swept over him—a happiness blind and warm and completely obliterating.

Much later, when the Lady Jane was tidy and snugged down at her old mooring, he spoke to his father across the threshold of the captain's stateroom.

"I'm taking the canoe out for a while, dad, to get the kinks out of my back." He spoke because there was an exultation for him in announcing his departure.

His father looked up absently from his desk, where he was putting checks and crisp green bills into the tin money box of the small safe on the floor. His face was lined in the glare of the electric bulb, but he looked at Hugh absently, with softened eyes.

"That's all right, son," he said. "You know what's happened? Mr. Marlow paid me a deposit in advance on the next charter. And with what he paid me for this one, with every bill paid, I've got the seven thousand for the lot right here in cash, Hugh. I'm going to pay cash for it tomorrow morning. It's a great thing for us both, son. I feel pretty happy about it. There's nobody now that can drive the Lady Jane from the river for lack of a berth." His eyes lingered, softened still further, on Hugh's unresponsive face. "I been thinking, Hugh. This bit of land and your welfare are about all I've wanted in this world. And now to see you pretty well grown up into a good upstanding boy. I've yelled at you sometimes, but I guess we understood each other, didn't we? I don't mind saying I'm pleased with you. Mr. Marlow took a great fancy to you. He asked me a lot of questions. You know his business is ship engines and it may mean a lot to you. You've been a credit to me on this trip and you've worked like a good one." Suddenly self-conscious at his unusual articulateness, Captain Nason stopped short, reddened and turned back to his desk. "Don't be out all night," he snapped, and bent over to lock the safe.

Nothing that his father said meant more to Hugh than vague, far-away noises. They were just words. His father was an elderly person he knew slightly. He forgot everything instantly, unrecorded, in a great gust of delight, paddling downstream with the black rush of the current about him, his desires straining forward still to the shadowy house boat tucked like a happy secret among the others. He just did remember to whistle.

"Gloria—Gloria," he said softly, knowing her face mysteriously above him, "it's been days—years ——"

"Well, and if you aren't the little stranger. I began to get real mad at you," she said, although no word of hers came to him as a mere word, but linked and vibrating with wonder. "That's just like a man. First he says he likes you and then he forgets you. Some little promiser, you are."

They were side by side in the swing again. "Listen, Gloria," he said, peering down into her veiled eyes, "I had to go. Father made me. And going past here I whistled and shouted, but you weren't anywhere. And I've thought of you every minute. Did you forget me? Is it too late? Will you still let me do the thing you said, that you wanted so awfully? It isn't too late, is it?"

Very near him her lips burned, laughing, and her eyes were deeper than river water. She caught his chin in her hand and laughed up at him.

"Nice, Hughie boy," she murmured. "I guess I'll hafta forgive you. You really mean you want to do something for me—something that means an awful lot, do you?"

"You know I do," he said huskily. "Anything."

"Then take me and a friend of mine to Havana on your father's boat."

Hugh's thumping heart chilled slowly. He straightened up so that her palm slipped from his cheek. "I can't do that," he said. "Isn't there anything else? I can't, Gloria. He wouldn't let me in a thousand years. You see, it's under charter. He's taking it out again. . . . Don't look at me like that, Gloria; listen, I ——"

"Yeh," she said, and there was the hint of a snarl in her cool tones, "I thought it would be something like that. You're an easy promiser, kid. Well, I expect you better be going. I can't have you hanging around here all the time, you know, unless you ——"

"Listen, Gloria, listen," Hugh said desperately. "Can't you see how I'm fixed? I never lied to you. I always said it was my father's boat, not mine. Can't you understand how it is about the charter? It's legal. Dad's already got the money for it. Listen, isn't there anything else beside that? You got to let me have another chance, Gloria."

There was a moment's pause, an attentive pause, and then she moved nearer him, her voice searching his heart. "Never mind, kid. I guess it's all right. You see, it's this way. There's a friend of mine that if I could tell you his name you'd know in a minute was somebody that's so big the papers don't even dare to print his name. He's made so many millions it isn't anything to him. And here's the thing. I like you, kid, see? I fell for you hard the first time I see you and I thought I'd fix it up so's you could meet this big bird I'm telling you about, if you could sort of take us on your yacht, see. If he takes a liking to people—well, say, there's isn't anything he won't do for them. That's all it was, kid. But listen, here's the real idea."

Hugh was a little dizzy with the fact that she was leaning full in the crook of his arm, speaking rapidly and insistently very near his lips. He hardly dared move for fear he would frighten her away.

"Listen, Hughie. If you could get ahold of some real jack—money—just for a few days. You and your old man must have a lot stuck away. This man I'm telling you about's starting something new—something so big it's going to knock all these pikers cold. This is absolutely on the inside I'm giving you. And if you could only lay your hands on a nice little bunch of money I would get him to take you in on it and in thirty days absolutely without lifting a finger you'd get ninety times that right over in cash. And if you got that cash, you know what I'd do, kid? Can't you think, you sweet kid?"

Her arms were around his neck, pulling his cheek against hers. He stiffened. "You mean—in thirty days from now—you'd marry me, Gloria? You'd marry me?"

"Sure—sure," she was whispering. "I'll marry you, Hughie, just the minute we got the cash. But listen; you can get a little bunch of money right now, can't you, kid? By tomorrow night would be plenty time enough."

"How—how much would I have to get?"

"Oh, hon—all you can lay your hands on. This is a big thing, see? How much can you get—twenty thousand?"

"Gloria—gee, there isn't anywhere near that. I couldn't ——"

"Fifteen thousand, sweetness? Ten thousand? Sure you can get ten thousand. Why, ten thousand isn't only chicken feed. Your old man must have it, honey boy."

"No, no. It's impossible. He hasn't got that much. I mustn't even think of it. I ——"

(Continued on Page 173)

Quality that is recognized at a glance

A DECORATOR who has furnished many of New York's most beautiful homes recently said: "I can tell a room that is furnished with Berkey & Gay pieces the instant I enter it. Furniture of the finer sort has many characteristics in common, but there is a purity of design and a perfection of craftsmanship about the work of this House which the practised eye recognizes at once."

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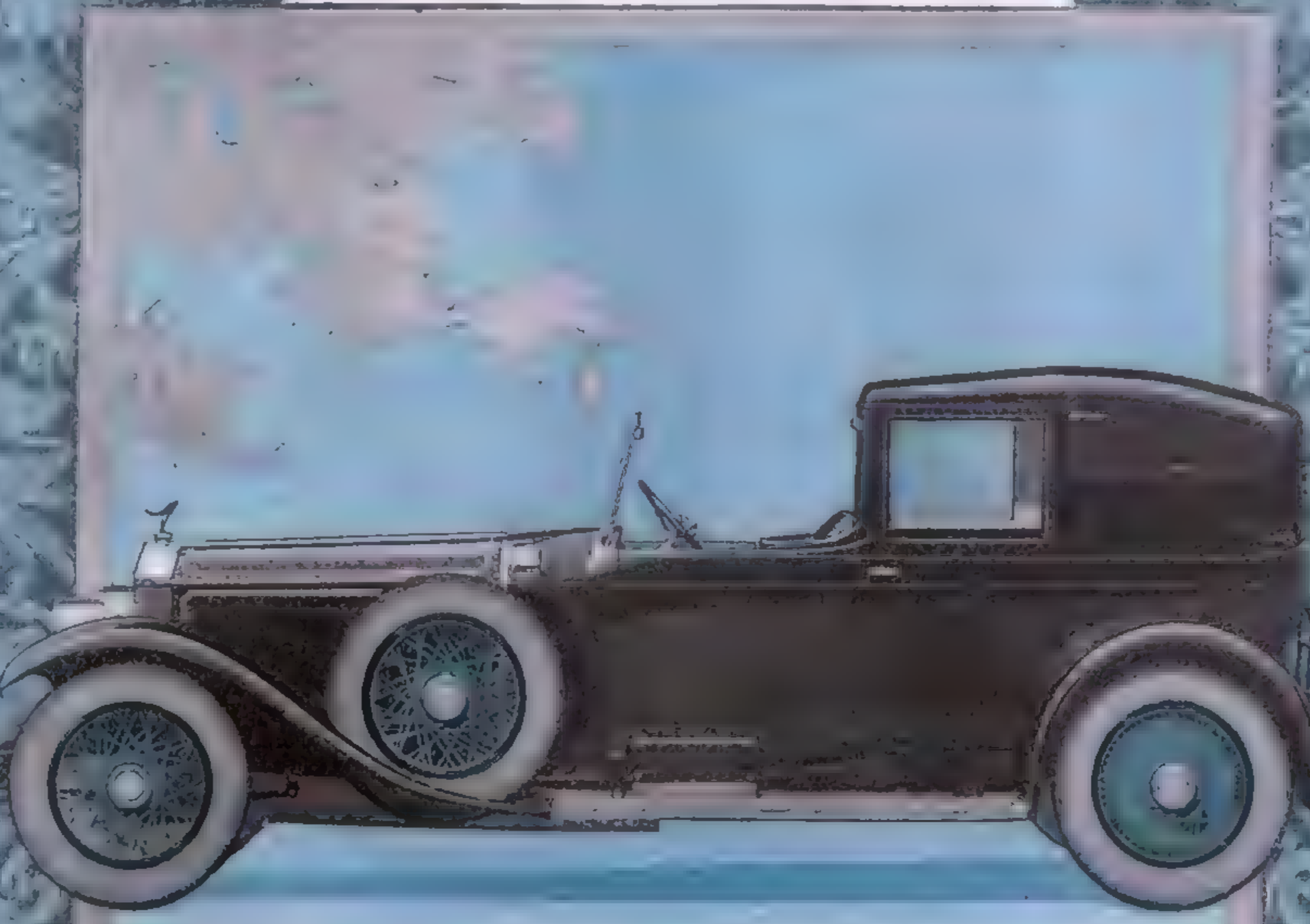

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"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"

(Continued from Page 170)

"Five thousand, then, dearie—only five thousand. It isn't anything. You could pay it right back and we'd be married right away. Ninety times five thousand you'd get, in cash, honey. It's all you'd need. We'd—we'd live like kings."

"Five—thousand." Hugh stood up, shaking off her clinging, insidious hands. "Five thousand." His mouth felt dry. He saw his father's gnarled hand, under the light, with the money in it. He'd never let it go. Never. Ninety times five thousand – nine times five is forty-five—add naughts—forty-five hundred—Lord. Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and Gloria. It was what he had always been trying to tell his father, that sometimes you've got to see things big, grab the big chances when you could. Yet, he couldn't get it. It was impossible. His father would —— He took a deep breath to say "no."

Her arms were around him again, by the rail, her mouth whispering urgent and tumultuous things. He had an impulse to refuse flatly, to tear himself away. It was monstrous—and then a warmth moved over him like a soft, blurring veil, like a dream.

His voice said loudly, "All right, Gloria. I'll get it." So it was all decided. He stood rigid for a moment. And then he was climbing down into his canoe, picking up his paddle. His word was given irrevocably. Quite simply through the blurry warmth, he saw what he had to do.

On the dark deck of the Lady Jane he stood and listened. He had a sense of moving in a dream, but a dream more solidly vivid. There was no tumult in his mind, only a kind of softness and clarity. He was absolutely sure of himself. He could even observe himself moving catlike across the deck, down the stairlike ladder to the lightless dark below, see himself pause and listen to his father's heavy breathing. Something far off and yet with him said casually, "It is quite possible that you will regret this bitterly." He went on, moving forward in the dark that was strange and yet familiar, as single-minded as a sleep walker.

He knew exactly where to put his hand on his father's flashlight on the corner of the shelf, knew where to crouch so that the spot of light should strike directly on the knob of the little safe, knew with a photographic precision how to turn the knob to the right combination of numbers, which sprang to his mind. "It is quite possible that you will regret this bitterly." The words repeated, and he saw himself listening to his father's undisturbed breathing, saw the safe door yawn darkly under his sure touch. He stepped outside the stateroom, so that the bills in the tin box would not crackle. It was very foolish of his father to leave all his money here like this. He had often warned him it should be in the bank. He put back the two thousand in checks, closed the safe door carefully, replaced the flashlight and walked on deck. Mrs. Tibbetts, the ship's cat, got between his legs once and he shoved her not ungently away. But his only emotion was a vague fear that some of the bills would slip out of his hand, blow away or drop into the water while he was paddling. He buttoned the wad under his shirt, buckled his belt over it. The black swiftness of the water about his canoe was the same dream.

He was possessed of a sudden feverish impatience to have that money in her hand, out of his control. He ran the canoe silently to the wharf end and tied it. The dim moonlight on the planks brightened suddenly to a bleached, dead white as a veil of cloud moved from the waning moon. The bushes at the land side of the wharf were dead black. An orange rectangle of light fell from the open door of the house boat across the whiteness. Hugh hesitated a moment. He had never been around this side of the house boat before. A window nearer him showed orange cracks between heavy, nailed slats. Perhaps she was just going to bed. He had no idea what time it was. She would have to get up and dress and take this money from him.

As he took a step forward something rustled under the nearest bush. He stopped and stared at a half-grown black kitten which scrambled out on the planks and danced, stiff legged, in his path. He scuffed his foot at it. The little black thing humped its back and spat. As he took another step forward, dimly amused, it bolted with arched tail before him, stopped again, braced and defiant, and then with a wild scramble of kitten claws bounced across the doorway of the house boat. The boy strode noiselessly after it.

There was a man on the house boat. Hugh pulled up suddenly, blank with shock. Through the slatted window he heard a man's voice rising high-pitched to a harsh tension.

"Annie—Annie, for gossake, there's a cat in here—Annie, a cat—kick it out—throw something at it—kill it—a black cat. Annie, you fool, you left that door open—and a cat ——"

Hugh knew that voice, the very tones of the half-choked fear. He remembered pistol shots, a dark boat alongside in the night. It was White Eye Lewis, wanted by the police for

He heard her voice, within the shutters, soothing, commanding. "It's only a little kitten, you silly. Keep still, can't you? You're making an awful noise. Hush up, now. I'll put it out. It's the children's next door. Here, kitty, kitty ——"

A shadow moved across the threshold. The kitten was dropped, not unkindly, the door shut and locked with three locks. Hugh heard her voice murmuring again within the room. Once they both laughed suddenly. "Well, I hope he gets it," the man's voice said, and he yawned loudly. The woman went on murmuring, urging something.

It was not that Hugh chose to stand there listening. It was only that he could not seem to move. His body and his mind, too, prickled all over as if they had been numbed and now the blood were rushing back again. The softness and clarity and certainty were shattered into a thousand prickling and agonized bits. White Eye Lewis. That's why she had wanted the boat. Now he knew where White Eye Lewis was. He could see the dark motorboat drifting, drifting, and White Eye slipping out of it in the dark, up this wharf, pounding softly at that door, slipping in—she would try to get him away or get money for him ——

Money. Hugh jerked himself violently out of lethargy. He ran to the wharf end, untied the canoe with sweating, fumbling fingers, dropped into it, groped for his paddle. The five thousand dollars was a hard lump pressed against his shuddering stomach muscles. His body was cold with perspiration. He strained frantically at the paddle, his eyeballs starting, his muscles tried beyond their power. The battling tide foamed about the bow. His progress was by nightmare inches. And he was a thief—a thief.

When he stood in the dark of his father's stateroom again, listening unbelievably to Captain Nason's snores, it was exactly as if he had been a doll strung on wires, which had suddenly come apart. His hand shook so that he could hardly find the flashlight. When he had found it he waited for two agonized moments before lighting it, while his father moved suddenly in his bed. When the heavy breathing began again he felt timidly for the knob, fumbled in his mind for the combination. . . . Was the second figure three or seven? . . . It was a bitter age before the door swung heavily outward, and yet it did so, and his father still slept. A great flush of exultation filled Hugh's heart. He still shivered, slipping the bills back in the box, closing the safe door. But then he drew himself up with a gesture like a shout, like a cry of gratitude and of release.

Hour after hour, while the moon set and the river moved darkly and secretly about the boat he paced the deck, feeling infinitely humbled and yet uplifted, knowing himself at that moment cleansed of the greensickness of his youth. He knew now that life was dangerous, difficult, inscrutable, and that it took all that one had of intelligence to see one's way clearly through it. But he was not afraid of it for himself. He was afraid of it for his father. It was unthinkable, what he had almost done to him. It made him pause again and again to listen to the sound of his father's sleep, with a tenderness so brooding and so profound that it was in itself a kind of fatherhood. At that moment, steadily, he knew himself grown up.

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc.,

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

Of The Saturday Evening Post, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for April 1, 1926.

State of Pennsylvania }
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared P. S. Collins, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Business Manager of The Curtis Publishing Company, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Editor, George Horace Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

Managing Editor, None

Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (If a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
Mary Louise Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
W. Curtis Bok, Trustee under Deed of Trust from Edward W. Bok, dated 4-25-25, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
William Boyd and Coralie Tarr Boyd, Trustees under deed of Trust dated [illegible] 25 W. Hagerhooken Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Phil[illegible], Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Trustee under the will of Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
W. D. Fraser, Woodbury, New Jersey
John Grigg, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Hazen, Haddam, Connecticut
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
[illegible] H. Lorimer, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
John C. Martin, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Public Ledger Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
John B. Williams, Narberth, Pennsylvania

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

The Curtis Publishing Company,
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of February, 1926.

(SEAL) W. C. Turner,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires April 1, 1927)

See for yourself the difference that "Onyx Pointex" makes. In both photographs the ankles are the same. But in the one at the left the ankles are clad in Pointex

What a world of difference just the right stocking makes!

WHAT a triumph of design the "Pointex" heel really is! It not only makes "Onyx Pointex" stockings more wear-resisting, but, we say it advisedly, more STARE-resisting as well. "Pointex" allows the ankle to look its best. It conveys an impression of slender smartness even where that quality can ONLY be an impression.

The ordinary ankle in the ordinary stocking is still ordinary. In "Pointex" it assumes a new quality of charm—a new gracefulness—a new beauty. See for yourself just by insisting upon "Onyx Pointex". Sold by leading stores everywhere.

Leading stores everywhere sell the "Pointex" styles listed below.

Silk, with Lisle Top

Style 155, Medium weight $1.65
Style 255, Service weight $1.95
Style 355, "Sheresilk"

Pure Thread Silk

Style 350, Service weight
Style 450, "Sheresilk", the finest web of silken strands $2.75

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc. Manufacturers New York

"Onyx" Hosiery
"Pointex"

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36

In a production of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde the theme was changed to quadruple instead of dual personality. The same actor played Dr. Jekyll, Mr. Hyde, the victim, and the police force.

A spectacular production of The Storming of the Bastille was radically altered and presented as Robinson Crusoe.

In the end a settlement was arranged. The playwrights accepted the actors' terms, and obtained the following concessions:

1. No union artist will appear in a play written by a scab author.
2. No play written by cheap foreign labor will be presented unless adapted by a union playwright. The adapter's name will appear on the playbills in type four times as large as that used for the author.
3. Leading ladies will not refuse an author's invitation to supper.
4. Ushers will be obliged to call "Author! Author!" every time they call for the leading man, and in the same tone of voice.
5. Prices of admission will be doubled, to pay for the cost of the strike.

Then who won the strike?
Well, who usually wins a strike?
Both sides won the strike.
Then who lost the strike?
Foolish! Who always loses a strike?
The public lost the strike.

—*Morris Bishop.*

Joys of Evening Motoring

FATHER, get out the armored car,
We're motoring out tonight.
Our little journey will not be far,
But still we may have to fight.

Bad bandits lurk on the broad highway
For citizens such as we.
They take your gold in a manner gay
And they beat you up with glee.

Father, crank up our steel-clad bus,
The one we bought from the bank,
A sort of a coupé ponderous
And a sort of a wartime tank.
We're only calling on grandmamma,
But it's rash to take a chance.
Remember we might meet thugs, papa,
And come home in an ambulance.

Father, gird on your pistols two
And speed by all ambuscades.
Brother will aim the machine gun true,
And mother the hand grenades.
I will man the aft-turret gun,
And maybe we'll pass unseen
The motorized thieves that we hope to shun
By the help of a black smoke screen.

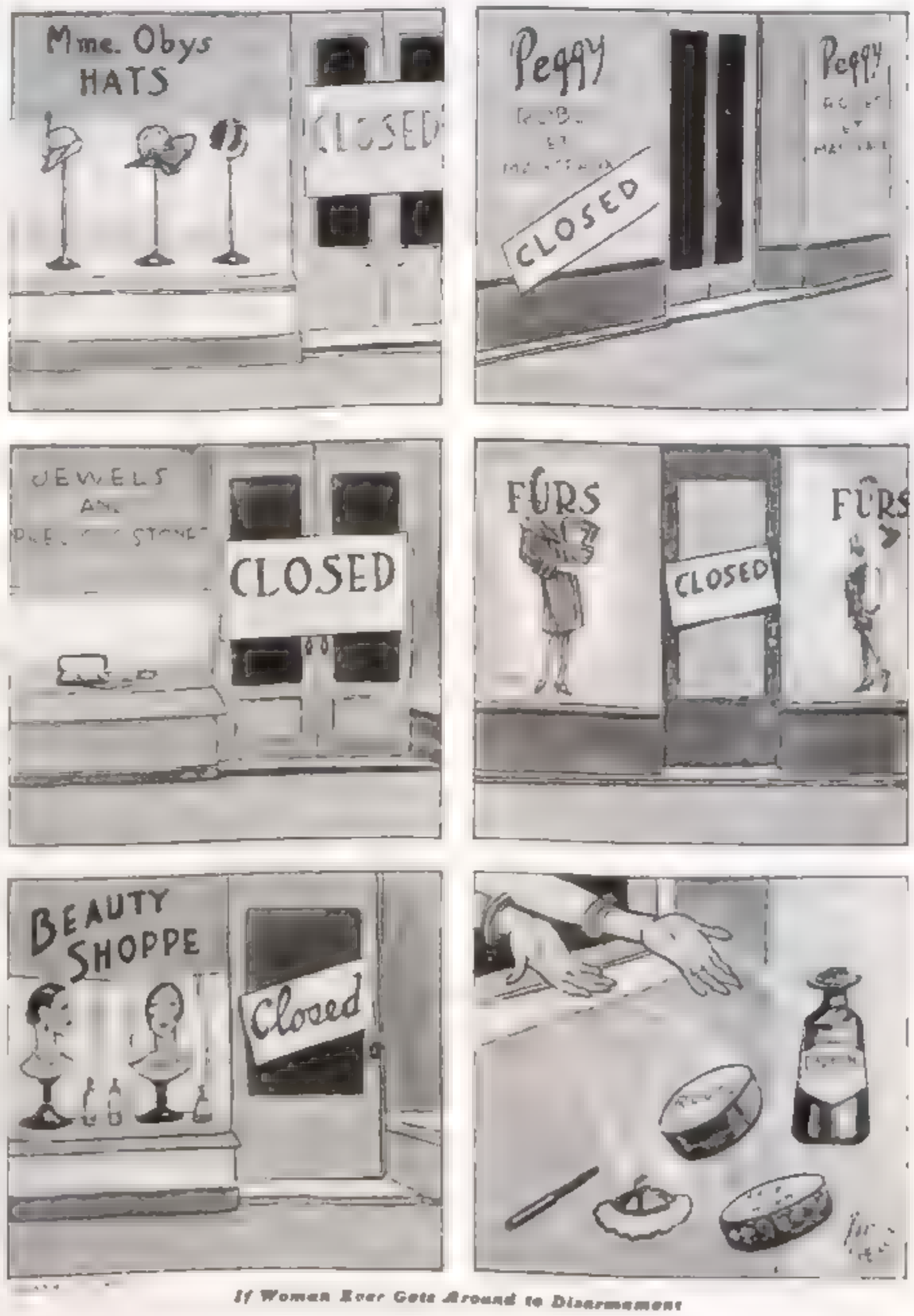
Father, close down the bullet-proof glass.
It's hot but we must not chafe.
Open the cut-out and give her gas,
So we may get through safe.
Thus we'll pass through the crooks' barrage
And get back no less poor
To our own little, snug little home garage
From our nice little family tour.

—*Fairfax Downey.*

Pleases and Thankyous

WISE is the plan of the Business man;
Tutored in merchant lore,
Shrewdly he sells by his pounds or ells
Getting his price therefor.

(Continued on Page 176)



If Women Ever Gets Around to Disarmament

Announcing
New Model Ingersolls

Metal Dial
$4.00

New Tonneau-Shape Wrist Watches

ILLUSTRATIONS can't do justice to the new model Ingersoll Wrist Watches. They can't show the real character of the design nor how the watch and strap shape themselves to lie flat on the wrist—with no strap beneath.

Now in addition to the Wrist Radiolite at $4.50, there is a metal dial model without the luminous feature, a smart looking watch priced at $4.00. It is certain to be popular with women and girls, in school, office and home.

The Radiolite model, of course, has its big appeal to those to whom the luminous feature is important—sportsmen, motorists, boys, nurses, etc.

Radiolite
$4.50

Lies Flat on the Wrist

No Strap Beneath

Waterbury
The lowest-priced jeweled watch made in America
$5.50

New WATERBURY Series

AND now we add greater beauty and style to the WATERBURY, the lowest priced jeweled watch made in America.

Notice the beauty of the new bow and crown, and how the lines of the bow "flow" into the circular case, giving the watch a grace of line you would expect only in very much higher priced watches.

Ingersolls on sale in Canada at slightly higher prices.

Waterbury Radiolite
Waterbury with luminous dial. Tells time in the dark
$6.50

Everybody Knows the Famous YANKEE
The Most Popular Watch in the World

The New Yankee
Dependable, as always; with many new features of grace and beauty.
$1.75

WHAT a tribute to any article to say that over a period of thirty years time more people have chosen it than any other!

Ingersoll Yankees have been chosen by 60 million people—in all parts of the world, in all walks of life.

Is there any better demonstration of the quality? Of dependability? Of value? Of genuine service?

Ingersoll

Yankee Radiolite
The Yankee with luminous figures and hands. Tells time in the dark.
$2.75

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"For tightening body bolts and for general work on my Essex," says Mr. J. E. Gillespie, of North Tonawanda, N. Y., "a Crescent Wrench is just the thing." Thousands of other car owners agree with him that there's nothing like Crescent Tools for preventing squeaks and rattles in body or chassis. Ask your hardware or accessory dealer.

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Address

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Stops pain in 3 seconds

INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

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"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

CUT ME OUT

and mail me, with your name and address, to Box 1624, % *The Saturday Evening Post*, 316 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. I will [illegible] make $5 to $10 a week [illegible]

(Continued from Page 174)

Sadder, I wot, is the Poet's lot,
Ever for nought he trills:
This is the tale of my morning mail—
Pleases, Thankyous and Bills!

"Hasten!" they write, "from your attic's height;
Come to our festal board;
Sing us a lay with our thanks for pay,
All that our means afford.

"Lend us, pardee, of your well-known glee,
Better for health than pills!"
Such is the tale of my morning mail—
Pleases, Thankyous and Bills.

Minutes are gold to the great that hold
Rule in the marts of Earth;
Ah, but the time of a Man of Rime,
What is that bauble worth?

"Give," is the prayer, "to our Worthy Fair
Something that throbs and thrills!"
Such is the tale of my morning mail—
Pleases, Thankyous and Bills.

Custom is hard on the harried Bard;
List to a plaintive Muse!
Laurels and bays and a tithe of praise
Buy not the baby's shoes.

Hither and yon with a barbiton,
That is the pace that kills!
Still is the tale of my morning mail—
Pleases, Thankyous and Bills.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

Two Dog Poems

Contentment

I LIKE the way that the world is made—
Tickle me, please, behind the ears—
With part in the sun and part in the shade—
Tickle me, please, behind the ears
This comfortable spot beneath a tree
Was probably planned for you and me;
Why do you suppose God made a flea?
Tickle me more behind the ears.

I hear a cricket or some such bug—
Tickle me, please, behind the ears—
And there is a hole some creature dug—
Tickle me, please, behind the ears.
I can't quite smell it from where we sit,
But I think a rabbit would hardly fit;
Tomorrow perhaps I'll look into it!
Tickle me more behind the ears.

A troublesome fly is near my nose—
Tickle me, please, behind the ears—
He thinks I'll snap at him, I suppose—
Tickle me, please, behind the ears.
If I lay on my back with my legs in air,
Would you scratch my stomach just here and there?
It's a puppy trick and I don't much care,
But tickle me more behind the ears.

Heaven, I guess, is all like this—
Tickle me, please, behind the ears—
It's my idea of eternal bliss—
Tickle me, please, behind the ears.
With angel cats for a dog to chase
And a very extensive barking space,
And big bones buried all over the place
And you to tickle behind my ears.

Dissimulation

YOU may have thought, a while ago,
When that absurd cock sparrow lit,
And I walked toward it, stiff and slow,
That maybe I was stalking it.
Or fancied, when you saw me spring,
I meant to catch the silly thing.

I'm sorry it should so appear.
Until I saw the creature rise
I scarcely knew a bird was near!
I take these runs for exercise.
But I am sure, if I had wings,
I'd be ashamed to use the things.

—*Burges Johnson.*

FAME IS A BUBBLE

(Continued from Page 21)

balls and banquets and teas with big chamber-of-commerce men. It has give her a lot of false ideas."

"Yes," I says, "that's the only word for it—false ideas."

As a matter of fact, to be perfectly honest about it, I didn't half realize how far she'd got these ideas. What chance did I have to learn how she'd got—me a soda jerker! I seen her around the Élite, of course, and I knew there was a big banquet for her, with the mayor giving the toasts to Miss Flat Rock, and everybody pointing her out and looking at her on the street and saying, "That's Miss Flat Rock—supposed to be the prettiest girl in Flat Rock." I got all the excitement, and I seen she was high-toneder than ever; but never for a minute did I dream she'd gone as far as she showed she'd gone the night she took umbrage, as it were, at Elmer's manicure. That was the climax, of course, but there was other things that ought to of showed me.

It started, it seemed, the night of the banquet to her. Elmer was feeling great; he'd polished off his poem, To One With Locks of Gold, and sent it out to a magazine that afternoon, and he was escorting Jean and her mamma home after the banquet. What happened on that walk may seem mighty little, but it was, as a matter of fact, very significant if only we'd knowed it.

Elmer, now, ain't exactly a social outcast. He knew, for instance, that when we walk with two ladies in the street you walk in the middle, so's neither one won't think they're being slighted. And, naturally, that's where he got when they left Odd Fellows' Hall—between the ladies, like he ought.

Well, Elmer tells me, there wasn't ever such a walk as that one, so far as he's concerned. First, he says, Jean stops 'em to look in a show window at some hardware, and then when they start again she kind of sidles in between him and her mamma, so's he's on the outside, next to the curb, and he knows very well that's wrong, so very politely says, "Pardon me," and hops around between 'em again.

Then, he says, Jean makes 'em stop again at another show window, and when they start again she edges in again between him and her mamma, putting him again on the outside, and again Elmer figures she's made a mistake, and politely saying, "Pardon me," hops in between 'em again. They stop again, for Jean to see something in a window, and again Jean edges in the wrong place and again Elmer says, "Pardon me," and gets back in between 'em.

Well, so Elmer tells me, that's the way it was all the way home, him hopping into where he knew he belonged and her, for some reason, edging in again so's he's in the wrong place. They must of swap places like that a dozen times, and Mrs. Rogers looking at both of them like they must be nuts; but Elmer says he knew where to walk and he was going to walk there, so help him! Then they got to 665½ Pinehurst Avenue. Jean stopped at the gate with him.

"You better," she says, "read a book on proper etiquette before you go out walking with two ladies again. Good night."

"Elmer," I tell him, "it's a Yankee idea she picked up. But it's wrong. It's a passing fad, Elmer, and any standard book of proper etiquette will tell you it's a passing fad, so don't let her think she can get away with stuff like that."

"That trip," he says, "has put false ideas in her head. She's prominent," he says, very low and out of spirits, "and I ain't. She ——"

"In that case," I says, "there ain't but one thing for you to do, and that's be prominent yourself. Two," I says, thinking of a line I heard somewhere, "can play at that game. Meaning," I says, "you can be prominent as well as she. Why not be a poet like you said?"

"She did love me," he goes on; "she said she did. She said this bathing-beauty bug wasn't going to make any difference; but it certainly has, and it's give her false ideas, it has."

"It'll wear off," I try to encourage him.

"By that time," he says, "I'll be dead three years."

You can just see from that how low he was, and my heart went out to my old pal that wanted to marry a bathing beauty, even if he did want to marry one. I swore then I'd manage things—and I don't think I'm bragging when I say that ultimate events will show I did—and settled down to think things out. It took some time, of course, it not being no child's play, but I believed I had it when into the Élite one day Elmer rushed all steamed up with excitement.

"Gimme," he says, "a McNutt Extra Special Super Surprise Egg Flip—and read this!"

He hands me a letter. It says:

"*Dear Mr. Casper:* We take great pleasure in notifying you that we have accepted your excellent sonnet, To One With Locks of Gold. Our check will be mailed to you the first of next month. We should be pleased to see anything else you have on hand that will fit also into our policy.

"Very truly yours,

"NATHAN GIFFORD,

"Editor, Lock and Key Manufacturers' Monthly."

"What," he says, "do you think of that?"

"Why, Elmer," I says, "it's great! Another step and you'll be in the Atlantic Monthly."

"It wasn't but only the seventh place I sent it to," he says.

"The glory," I says, "is all the greater. And now," I says, "I don't think you ought to have any more trouble with Jean. It seems to me as soon as she sees that letter, and the check when it comes, you won't have to worry any more. You," I says, "are now distinguished just like her. I'll just tell Jimmie Nolan on the Evening Ledger and he'll print a little article in the paper about it—and there you'll be, Elmer, a made man, and I don't begrudge you a bit of it!"

"You think," he says, "she'll appreciate the honor I got?"

"Elmer," I says, "you can't laugh off a real poet. You always," I says, "got to hand it to a poet. You had to hand it to Kipling, didn't you?"

"Yes," he says, "I did. I certainly had to hand it to Kipling. I certainly got to admit that."

"Well?" I says. "In a way," I says then, "I'm just a little sorry. I'd been going into this matter no little ways and I think I had something lined up that would bring Jean around to her senses, but I reckon it's all for the best, Elmer old pal. It's a good scheme, though, and I'll save it for maybe another time."

Such a couple of innocents we was!

Well, he went that night to tell her all about it, and when he left the Élite, where he'd come by, I never seen such a happy boy as he was. He looked mighty nice, a new suit on, and he'd got the carbon off his hands, and he was smiling at everybody. Well, I thinks, everything's jake at last with my old pal Elmer. He's fixed!

Then I got Jimmie Nolan on the phone and told him all about the poem, called a sonnet named To One With Locks of Gold, and the enthusiastic letter from the editor and he said he'd print a piece about it.

Well, Elmer was humming a little tune when he reached the house on Pinehurst

(Continued on Page 179

ONE CERTIFICATE *is packed with each* PERFECT CIRCLE OIL-REGULATING *piston ring. As one* OIL-REGULATING *ring is used on each piston, you should receive from your repairman one certificate for each cylinder of your car. Ask for the green certificate.*

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P 20

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Drink
Delicious

Orange-CRUSH

A Real Orange Drink for a Nickel

(Continued from Page 176)

Avenue, and he never said "Howdy" happier in his life. He couldn't hardly wait, he told me, to get in the parlor and ask how everybody was so's he could bring out the letter.

It looked like hours, he said, before he got the proper opening so's it wouldn't look like showing off.

"Oh, yes," he finally got in, "I just remembered I got a letter that you might be interested in, Jean, in regards to that poetry we was talking about. Thought you might be interested."

Then he takes the letter out, and he couldn't help it to save his life, but his hand trembled, he said, when he handed it to her. Then he kind of leaned back, kind of expecting her to see how swell it was, and waited. He was kind of smiling too. But he couldn't wait long enough, he was so excited. Somehow, he said, he just felt he had to say something, and then he was leaning over her shoulder, looking at the letter too.

"That," he said, putting his finger on Mr. Gifford's name, "is the editor. He's the editor," he said, "of the magazine. He's the man that accepted the sonnet. That," he said, "is him—Nathan Gifford."

Then, he told me later, she looked up.

"Elmer," she said, "what horrible cuticle!"

"What?" he says.

"I said," she said, "what horrible cuticle."

"I don't know," he said, "what you're talking about."

"Your cuticle," she said—"I'm talking about your cuticle. I never seen worse in my life."

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said, and something in his throat pushed tears outen his eyes. The letter was laying in her lap, no attention being paid to it, and she was looking at the finger he'd put on it. "I don't know," he said, "what you're talking about," and put his other hand over the finger she was looking at.

"You don't mean to tell me," she said, kind of curious, "that you don't know what your cuticle is!"

"I don't know," he said, blinking a little so's nothing damp would show about his eyes, "that I care to know."

"You don't know," she went on, "that your cuticle ought to be taken care of every now and then, even if by yourself?"

"I don't know," he said again, "as I want to know that. Are you through with the letter?"

"Oh!" she looked down again at the letter. "That's awfully nice, Elmer. But really, Elmer, let me see your hand again."

"Never mind my hand," he said. "Just gimme the letter. It was the letter I brought to show you, not my—my hand. Gimme the letter."

Well, maybe she got a little idea of what was going on, for Elmer says then her eyes got a little soft, and her voice too, but there was tears in his eyes then, and she seen 'em, and he knew she seen 'em, and all he could think of then was how mad he was.

"I didn't mean anything, Elmer," she said. "Your cuticle is that little skin around the edge of your finger nails. It ought to be pressed back every now and then."

"Jean," he said, and he was very bitter, "it's my hand and my finger nails and my cuticle. I'll let that cuticle grow on out or I'll press it back or I'll rip it off or I'll do anything I want to with it—it's mine. I ain't asking any advice on cuticle from anybody. What's mine's mine."

"I didn't mean ——"

"You don't have to tell me." He didn't let her finish. "All I got to say is I'm hurt—very, very much hurt. I brought you a letter, thinking maybe you'd like to see how I was getting along, but what's it to you? Maybe it means I'm going to be a poet, maybe not, but either ways it ain't anything to you. It was that bathing-beauty stuff, and those chamber-of-commerce men in Atlantic City, and the mayor here being nice to you—it's give you false ideas. You ain't the same girl at all. A little fame and off you go—off you go," he says, much more bitter, "about cuticle."

"Well," she says, "since we're talking like this, I want to tell you that I don't think that letter means anything at all."

"You mean 'nothing'!"

"One poem," she said, "don't make a poet. I'm not bragging," she said, "because I was Miss Flat Rock; but I was, nevertheless You seem to think it's went to my head. It hasn't. But I was Miss Flat Rock, and people do know me and it was a honor I got, and you're just jealous because nobody's saying anything about you. No, you don't want a girl to have a career. She's got to lay low all her life and get excited about one poem, if only fourteen or fifteen lines, sold to a magazine. Well, you'll just see what it means to anybody!"

"Anyways," he said, "at the lease when you won the Miss Flat Rock contest I didn't start criticizing your finger nails."

"There wasn't no chance for you to of," she says. "I mean there wasn't no chance for you to of."

"Well," he says he said, "there might of been a chance for you to say something about my cuticle, but there wasn't no call for it anyways. It seems to me that a cuticle is a mighty little thing to find fault with. A lot worse might be the matter with me. Many people's cuticle is not ideal, but at heart they might be pure gold, for all you know. You can't," he says he said, "tell the kind of man a man is by his cuticle."

"It's the little things," she said, "that counts. I'm not bragging because I am Miss Flat Rock, but that's what I am, anyways, and when I go out with a fellow I want him to be a little acquainted with the punctilio anyhow."

"The what?" Elmer asks.

"The punctilio," she says again. "There's lot of things, what you call little things, like the condition of the cuticle and where to walk on the street with two ladies; and while it don't make a man a train robber not to know them, still and all a man ought to keep up some kinds of appearances—which you don't."

"I reckon then," Elmer said he reckoned, "that I ain't much of a man on account my cuticle is running wild. My love for you, my wanting to marry you, my letter from the editor—they don't mean anything—anything compared to the way my cuticle is ——"

"The punctilio ——" she started.

"I think," Elmer said, "I'll go."

It was kind of late, after ten o'clock, when I got a telephone call from him.

"Bascom," he says, very low, "it's all off—unless you really got some plan in mind like you said you had. She's got more false ideas than we thought. I don't know what to do."

"Old pal," I says, "I'm glad things has happened the way they have. Elmer," I says, "I've got a plan that before the week is out you'll be so well known in Flat Rock that Jean might as well be the Vice President of the United States under William Henry Harrison for all you'll ever hear about her. Two things you got to do—then leave me do the rest. First, I want a good picture of yourself."

"I got six," he says.

"Then," I says, "do you think you can keep Jean away from the Élite for a week—don't let her even look in?"

"Jean," he says, "don't mind staying away from anywheres where you are, not meaning it personally, Bascom."

"I won't," I says. "This is no time for personalities and I won't engage in any except that you just tell that high-toned beasel for me that if she thinks for one second I want to see her ever as long as the world lasts ——"

He hanged up.

III

EVER since I been connected with the Élite Ice Cream Parlor it has been a kind of Mecca for the whole town. Everybody drops in to get the dope on what's going on, because I keep pretty close touch on events, and to get a drink of soda water.

I have made up a lot of nice original things—for example, the McNutt Extra Special Gloria Swanson Egg Flip, the McNutt Extra Astonishment, which some say is even better than the McNutt Extra Surprise, and the McNutt Super Extra Special Calvin Coolidge Malted Milk Double Egged and Cherried, all of which has served to make the Élite popular with the people in Flat Rock. The mayor of Flat Rock himself is very fond of the McNutt Extra Special Pola Negri Phosphate, which I made up as a little tribute to the great Polish actress.

And it is a saying in Flat Rock that if you sit at the soda fount in the Élite Ice Cream Parlor long enough everybody you know in Flat Rock will sooner or later come in while you are there, and so you can see everybody you know just by sitting there.

This was a situation that practically played into my hands in the scheme I worked out to help my old pal Elmer, which I won't tell what it is at this point, but will tell what happened so that at the end I can give you quite a little surprise, a specially when you learn how it was worked.

Elmer thought at first it wouldn't work, on account he thought it wasn't fair, but I thought up a line I heard somewheres which completely won him over so that he said all right. The line was, "Everything is fair in love and war." When he'd thought that over he said yes it was true, after all, and besides, Jean had false ideas that ought to be got out of her head willy-nilly.

"I got to be prominent," he says, very dogged about it. "That's the only way, for me to be prominent."

"Everybody," I says, "will know you."

"As I understand it then," he says, "three days from today I go back to see Jean."

"If," I says, "you can get in."

"The way I love Jean," he says, "I could get in or out of the penitentiary, whichever I wanted."

That afternoon there was a nice little article in the Evening Ledger about Elmer's poem, or, as he choose to call it, sonnet. Local Boy Breaks Into Magazine—Elmer Casper's Sonnet Accepted by Editor—Asks For More. It was a right nice little piece, at the bottom of the front page. I couldn't of asked for more.

And on the third day I was ready.

When Elmer left the Élite after having his drink—it was a McNutt Double Strength Cherry Sarsaparilla, if I recollect correctly—and set out for Jean's house he had a kind of determined look in his eyes, which I had told him to have. He wasn't, he said, going to let her get away with anything. He was going to be a man's man.

"Now look," he says as soon as he puts foot in the house. "Just look at them finger nails. See anything wrong with them?"

Jean didn't look at them. She looked at him, in the face.

"I saw the little piece in the paper about your poem," she says. "It was very nice. Reminded me of when I was on the front pages of the newspapers, as Miss Flat Rock, only much larger stories— of course."

"And if we was to walk out," he goes on, not paying any attention to this remark, "which we might, I walk on the outside, next to the curb. There ain't any question about that when it's only two together. I ain't," he says, "going to disgrace you."

"Elmer!" she says.

It must of been a nice time they had together there then, with first one and then the other saying something out of harmony. They didn't get red hot, because Elmer seen to that, not wanting any blows struck right when our scheme was started; but Elmer didn't backwater none at all. He talked, he says, like a man of prominence and distinction, which I had told him to do.

"Two or three times," he told me afterwards, "I said 'I have not gave that any consideration whatever,' like," he said, "a man of no small note would."

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The truth was, though, Jean didn't seem to be unbending any, even with all this. She took it all very high-toned, and every once and a while Elmer got a sick feeling that everything wasn't going jake. But he stuck to it, not knowing what else to do, because I wasn't there to tell him what to do, I suppose.

Around eight o'clock, then, which is the busiest hour of the day in Flat Rock's White Light Section, which is Twelfth Street between First and Second avenues, he come down to what you might call the crux of the situation. He got down to what I would call brass tacks.

He asked Jean if she didn't want to walk uptown and maybe drop in and see Baby Patty, the child movie star, in Playgrounds of Passion, supported by Maude the Human Horse and Rascoe the Human Dog, and a lively cast of other stars. And Jean said yes.

The electric signs begin on Twelfth Street at First Avenue, and it was there at that corner that a automobile come near as peas to running over them. The chauffeur opened his mouth to cuss Elmer out and then he got a good look at who it was. His mouth stayed open and he sat like he was paralyzed and just looked and looked and looked at Elmer.

"Move on, my good man," Elmer said presently. "The lady and I wish to pass."

The chauffeur woke up and started the car, but he stared back at Elmer half a block, and Elmer, out the corner of his eye, seen Jean look up at him startled.

"The news," he remarked carelessly, "must of got around."

Jean didn't say anything for a minute, and then she said, "It was like that with me in Atlantic City. We girls' pictures had been printed so many times in the papers that everybody recognized us."

They kind of sauntered along Twelfth Street, looking in the windows. In front of Sid's Smoke Shop Elmer came to a dead halt and they looked at some pipes. When they raised their eyes, there was Sid and two fellows who Elmer never seen before and didn't know whispering together inside and looking at him. When he looked up Sid nodded.

Elmer said hello offhand and then Sid stepped forward.

"Elmer," he said, "if you don't mind." Elmer turned to Jean. "Pardon me," he said, "just a second." Then he went over and talked for a few seconds with the two strangers. Then they all shook hands around and Elmer come back to Jean.

"Very sorry," he said, "but once a fellow gets a name as a writer lots of people want to get a little advice on writing and would I look over some of their stuff and see what I thought of it. Already," he said, "it's getting to be tiresome."

"I suppose so," Jean answers, her chin in the air. "People was all the time asking we girls in Atlantic City what we used on our hair or face, because they wanted to know how we got them so nice."

Sometimes, Elmer told me afterwards, it didn't look like he was getting any kind of break at all, and it was all he could do to keep plugging hisself; but he seen, and seen Jean couldn't help seeing, that nearly everybody that passed them stared right into his face. Two or three times he seen people nudging friends and indicating him.

When they got to the Third National Bank corner two little boys that was running along turned around and recognized Elmer and stopped and stared at him.

"Gee," said one, "whiz!"

"In Atlantic City," Jean says, "practically the same thing happened to me. Some little girls recognized me as one of the bathing beauties and just stopped and stared at me. Wasn't that odd?"

"Sure," Elmer says. "That's what those little boys just done to me. Probably," he says, "little fellows that wants to grow up to be poets."

"The little girls in Atlantic City," Jean says, "wanted to grow up to be bathing beauties."

They was crossing Twelfth Street, then, over to where the Bijou is, and Elmer turned and looked at Jean, a little resentful because of how many times she was reminded of Atlantic City. He seen that she was suddenly smiling pleasantly at somebody ahead. Elmer looked to see who it was. Mayor Sneed, of Flat Rock, stood on the corner, picking his teeth. Elmer hadn't seen him since the banquet for Jean.

The mayor was looking out thoughtfully across Twelfth Street, when his eyes settled on Elmer. The toothpick come out of his mouth and he took off his hat and smiled good evening. And then—"Elmer," he said, "could you step over here just a second? I won't keep you but only a second."

"Pardon me," Elmer said to Jean, "for a second."

She nodded and strolled over and stared hard into a show window full of mops and brushes. She didn't look at anything in particular—just stared at everything. Then Elmer come back to her.

"You wouldn't hardly believe it," he says, laughing, "but even the mayor wanted a little advice. A funny fellow, the mayor is ——"

"Elmer," she breaks in, "I don't believe I want to go to the movies. Let's go home."

"Sure, darling," he says, "if you want to we'll go home. I was just going to say the mayor certainly is a queer bird."

"Tell me," she says, "when we get home. I'm tired."

And her voice, Elmer says, was kind of low and weary, so they walked on home without saying anything to each other.

At ten o'clock I was called to the phone. It was Elmer.

"Bascom," he says, "tear it down. Everything's all right. Tear it down."

Well, I was knocked silly. "You don't mean to tell me," I says, "that one walk did the trick?"

"Jean and I," he says, "are going to be married tomorrow. Tear it down, Bascom, and I'll be by to see you in a few minutes."

I played many tricks in my time, not being what you would call a dead one around Flat Rock, but this beat 'em all. I hanged up the receiver and I just had to go around to the mirror next to the fount and look at the best one I ever pulled.

There it was, four feet high and three feet across, pasted across the mirror, with Elmer's picture bigger'n life size. Under and around it was what the printer had fixed up for me. I copied it so as to be able to show my children whether their father could manage things or not when he was young. I give it here:

WARTS!

ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE WARTS!

"For years," writes Elmer Casper, popular young Flat Rock auto mechanic, "I suffered from one hundred and twelve warts. I tried everything, including specialists, the best in the country, and none of them could do me any good. They said, 'Your case is hopeless. You have too many warts for medical science to cure.'

"Then I was advised by a friend to try a new remedy which I at first laughed at. I said they are all quacks. But the friend insisted and finally I tried Little Giant Wart Remover, and today I am cured—absolutely cured of warts, by the Little Giant Wart Remover.

"I am glad to be able to testify as to the value of your remedy.

"ELMER CASPER."

112—WARTS—112

AND NOW NO WARTS!

ASK ELMER CASPER!

I don't suppose there was anybody in Flat Rock that hadn't seen that sign and Elmer's picture during the three days it was up there—except Jean Rogers.

Elmer had a happy smile, the first happy smile I'd seen on his face in weeks, while he drank his McNutt's Super Extra Special William Hart Chocolate Nut Sundae.

"Very funny, Bascom," he said; "very funny indeed. I was just beginning to figure it wasn't going to work at all, when all of a sudden—well, you might say Jean just give in. She wanted to go home.

"It was just after the mayor called me aside to ask me about was the Little Giant Wart Remover as good as I said," he explains, "because he's got a couple he'd like to get rid of. He was the third to call me aside, not wanting to speak in front of Jean, but his was the one that did the trick."

"You needn't of had the slightest worry," I says. "I knew it would go through slick."

"Funny thing, when we got home," he says, asking me to fix him up another, he feels so good, "I was telling her something the mayor said to me about her. I says to her, 'You notice the mayor didn't say anything to you?' and she says, 'Yes, I noticed,' and, Bascom, she sounded awful low and blue. 'Well,' I says to her, 'the mayor's certainly a funny one. He asked me who that good-looking girl I was with was, because he said it seemed to him he remembered her from seeing her somewheres. And I said to him that the joke was on him, because that was Miss Flat Rock, and he said, "Oh, yes, that's who it was, wasn't it?" He said he knew he'd seen you somewhere.' 'So,' I says to her, 'that was certainly a joke on him.'"

"Well," I says, "what did she say?"

"Bascom," Elmer says, "that was what made it funny. For a second she didn't say anything, just looked at the wall, and then, still without saying anything, she just leaned her head down on my chest and started crying. Tears rolled down her cheeks."

"Crying?" I says. "What for?"

"How do I know?" he says. "She just cried and put her arms around my neck, and after a while she said she was sorry she'd acted like she did about my cuticle, but she just hadn't been herself, she said. She said she'd been fooling herself, but she didn't say about what. I had a hunch that the mayor's not remembering her had something to do with it. Reckon?"

"Not a thing," I says. "It was my trick."

"Well," he says, getting up to go, "Jean's all right now—and I told her I would give up my poetry too."

"What?" I exclaimed. "After the way Kipling was so successful?"

"Yep," he says, "I got my check from the magazine today. It was for a dollar and fifteen cents. Kipling," he says, "must have some kind of side line he's working at too. Good night, Bascom."

"Good night, Elmer," I says.

"The News," He Remarked Carelessly, "Must of Got Around"

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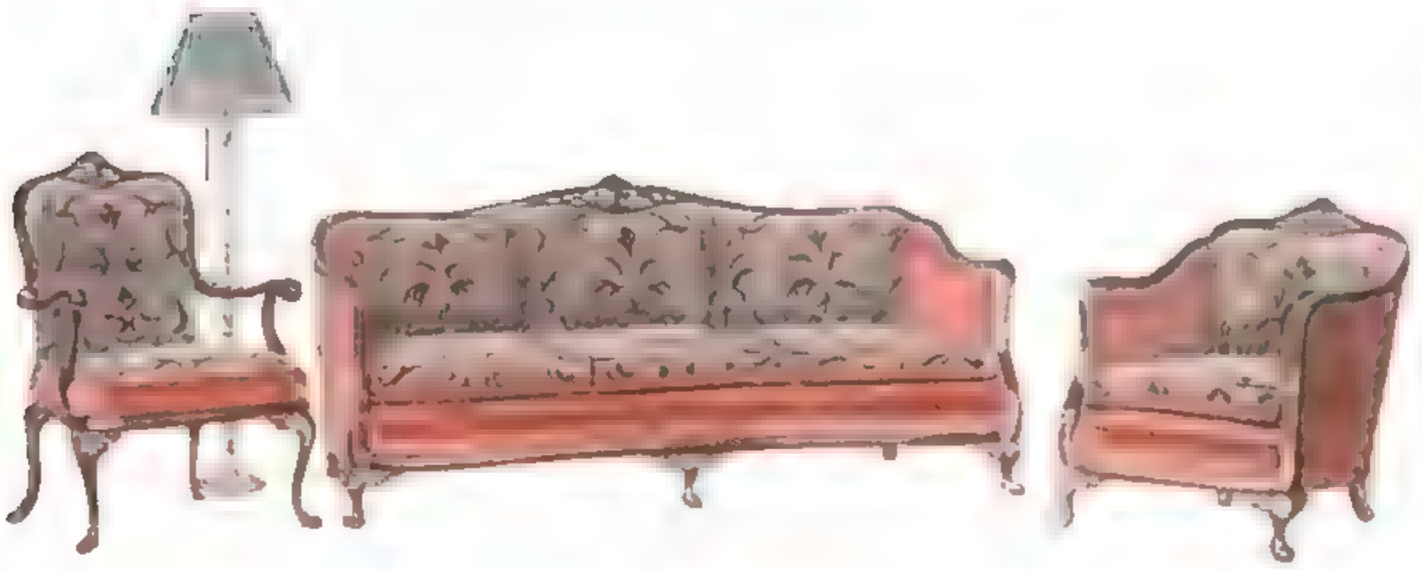

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Look over the wide assortment of coverings. In silk damask, tapestries, mohair and jacquard velours, the cream of the world's best looms. Also Chase Velmo, leather or Chase Leatherwove.

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Address Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago, or Stratford, Ontario. *Factories at* Kankakee, Ill.; Bradley, Ill.; Naperville, Ill.; Binghamton, N. Y.; Dallas, Texas; Los Angeles, Calif.; San Francisco, Calif. *Canadian Factory*, Stratford, Ontario.

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GUARANTEED SPRING STEEL UNDERSTRUCTURE—*Seat-supporting springs are large wide coils of Premier quality, high tempered steel. They rest upon and are interlocked with a strong, yet flexible, spring steel understructure. This is a permanent construction and will not sag or tear loose from the frame or lose its resiliency.*

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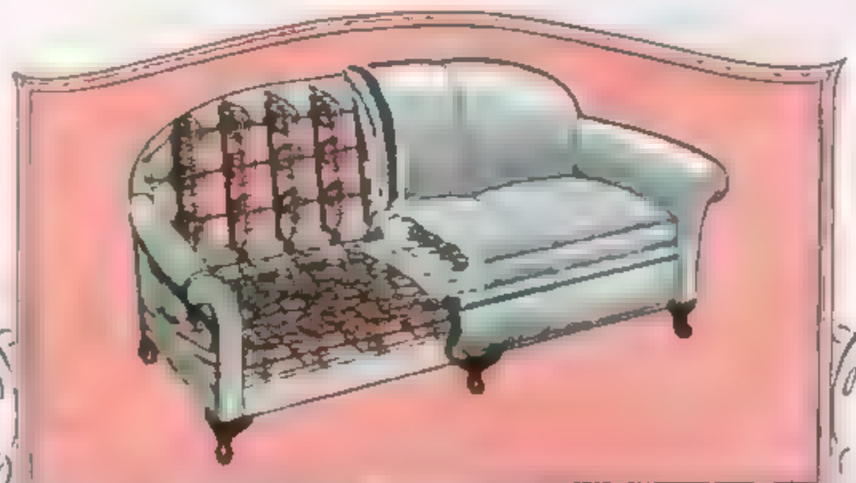

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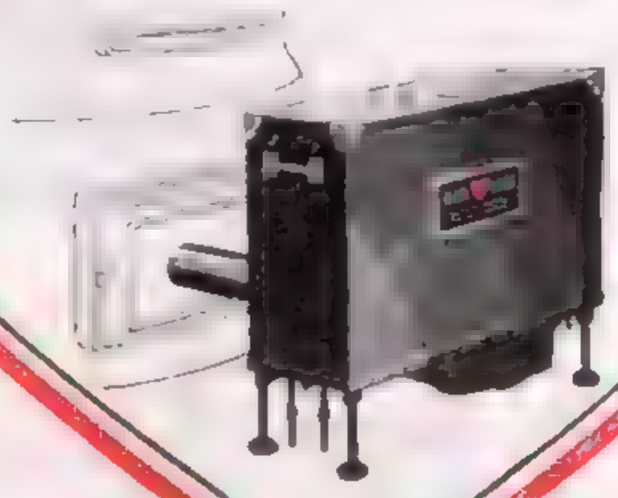

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HART ELECTRIC ICER

For homes, iceless refrigeration in its most convenient, compact and reliable form.

HART OIL BURNER

CASH AND CARRIE

(Continued from Page 25)

"Yas-suh. I know that. But I thought maybe you'd leave me finish that barbecue on yo' plates. Ise just about to commence dyin', an' ——"

"Git away!" snapped the little man. "Leave us be!"

But the flashily dressed man was eying the portly Aurelius through half-closed eyes. He put out a restraining hand.

"Just a minute, Aurelius. Where at does you work?"

"I don't work. I just sits an' be's hongry."

"You crave a job?"

"Man, I craves food."

"Would you be willin' to work if you was to git food lots of food?"

"Oh, golly! Just gimme food an' ——"

"H'm!" The big man drummed speculatively on the table. He turned slowly toward his friend. "How about it, Cæsar?"

J. Cæsar Clump, chief director for the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., frowned.

"About which?"

"Him." Opus Randall, one of Midnight's leading stars, surveyed the stranger deliberately. "He's just about my size an' could double fo' me easy."

"In that river scene?"

"Uh-huh."

Cæsar shrugged. "It ain't no part of yo' contrack, Opus, that Midnight should git doubles fo' you."

"Well, I ain't gwine climb no telegrapht wire across no ravine an' git th'owed into a river an' maybe kilt. Now it struck me ——"

"Gemmun"—the tremolo tones of Mr. Wail came to their ears—"if you-all don't feel my pulse pretty quick, they ain't gwine be none to feel "

"Don't be in a hurry."

"Just one li'l' nibble?"

"Wait!" Opus was eager. "This man will do anything fo' a square meal. He'd do a heap mo' fo' a lot of meals. I sugges's that we offers him th'ee meals a day an' a small cash bonus to double fo' me in that scene—regardless."

"S'pose he can't swim."

Aurelius heard. He couldn't swim a stroke, but if swimming was a condition precedent to the possession of food ——

"Man, Ise the world's champeen swimmer "

"You see? He's a good swimmer."

"Uh-huh. But he's also got to be a acrobat. Climbing that wire ain't no easy job."

"Don't I know it? An' ain't that why I ——"

"Man," interrupted Aurelius prevaricatingly, "I also is the best cullud acrobat in the world. I use' to do acrobating with a circus. Anything which you wants me to do, I can. But gimme a bite of them eatments!"

Cæsar Clump was all business.

"You refuses to do it yo'se'f, Opus?"

"I does."

"That settles it. I guess Midnight can stan' a li'l' extra expense." He took from his capacious pockets a fountain pen and a sheet of paper. He adjusted his glasses and commenced to write. Aurelius fidgeted.

"When does I eat?"

"In a minute—soon as I git this contrack drawed."

"Man, leave me eat now. I signs my name better when I ain't starvin'."

"To this paper you signs yo' name first."

Five minutes later the memorandum of agreement was finished. Paper and pen were extended toward Aurelius and he scrawled his name enthusiastically without bothering to peruse the document. He threw the pen down on the counter.

"Food!" he howled. "Quick!"

"What you crave?"

"Gimme ham an' barbecue an' pork chops an' col'slaw an' stew an' black-eyed peas an' rice an' gravy an' pie an' coffee an'—an' then I'll think of somethin' else. I aims to eat all I can hol' an' then start all over again."

For twenty minutes Aurelius indulged in an orgy of eating. J. Cæsar Clump and Opus Randall watched amusedly. They saw the stranger's enthusiasm diminish and finally disappear altogether. Eventually Mr. Wail shoved back from the lunch counter and sighed.

"'Tain't possible," he announced, "but it's a fack I can't eat no mo'."

"Man, had you et one mo' bite you would have busted."

"Has I got to die, bustin' is the best way I know."

Clump patted the paper he held.

"Speakin' of dyin' ——" he started.

"Says which?"

"Speakin' of dyin', does you recolleck that you has signed a writin'?"

"Uh-huh. What says it '"

"It pervides," proclaimed the director, "that you becomes a movin'-pitcher actor."

"That I whiches?"

"Becomes a movin'-pitcher actor."

"Hot dam! Tha's the most thing I has always craved to be."

Clump performed the introductions. The eyes of Aurelius Wail popped. He had seen many Midnight comedies and howled with delight over the comical antics of the portly Opus Randall.

"Well, fo' cryin' out loud!" he exulted. "Think of me bein' an actor!"

"Uh-huh; just think of it."

Clump and Randall were grinning somewhat sorrowfully, and Aurelius became doubtful.

"What I got to do?"

Opus shrugged. "You splain to him, Cæsar; I ain't got the heart."

"Goodness goshness Miss Agnes! Is it so terrible that even splainin' it takes nerve?"

"It's wuss than that, Mistuh Wail."

J. Cæsar hitched his chair closer.

"Us is makin' an awful funny pitcher, Mistuh Wail, an' the big scene of it comes along down on the river. There's two big hills, one on each side of the river, an' on one side is a telegrapht office. Strung across the river is a telegrapht wire.

"Well, the villain of this piece, which is bein' played by Mistuh Welford Potts—he's tryin' to do Opus out of his gal. Glorious Watts is playin' her. Welford is a telegrapht operator. Now Glorious is on the other side of the river fum the telegrapht office, an' Welford an' Opus have a fight an' Welford busts him in the eye."

"Is I the man which gits busted?" queried Aurelius doubtfully.

"Naw! Opus don't mind a li'l' thing like that. What you does is a heap wuss."

"Oh!"

"Immedjitly Welford writes a telegram to Glorious tellin' her that Opus has ran off with another lady an' that they ought to git ma'ied right away. Of course, comes Glorious to git that telegram she's gwine be sore at Opus an' marry Welford.

"But tha's where the wow comes in. Opus knows about this scheme which Welford has schum. So he watches Welford write the telegram. Once it's written, Mistuh Potts takes it out an' hangs it on the telegrapht wire with a clothespin an' marks it Rush. Then it starts to slide across the river to where Glorious is at. An' what do you reckon you do then?"

"I?"

"Uh-huh, you."

"I dunno. What?"

"You chases that telegram out on the wire an' – "

"Wait a minute. Where did you say this wire was?"

"Across the river."

"An' I goes out on it to catch that telegram?"

"Uh-huh."

"Way up in the air?"

"Yeh, way up."

"Me?"

"Tha's who."

Aurelius shook his head. "S'pose I happen to fall in."

J. Cæsar Clump patted him on the back. "You got ezackly the right idea. Tha's what you is supposed to do!"

Aurelius was beginning to entertain a vague suspicion that he might have paid an extortionate price for his meal.

"I ain't cravin' to fall in no river."

"You can swim, can't you?"

"Well, I ——" Then Aurelius remembered that he had claimed the world's colored swimming championship, and had signed his name to some sort of document. He was afraid of a contract. Contracts were legal and sometimes caused one to be haled into court, and court was a terrifying thing. "I—I ain't no high diver."

"Shuh! The harder you bust that water, the funnier it's goin' to be."

"Man, you ain't gwine hear me laughin' one bit."

"We don't care does you laugh. It's the folks which sees the pitcher who laughs. All you got to do is fall. 'Cause when you does, Glorious comes after you in a boat an' rescues you an' then you gits ma'ied."

"Can't do it!"

"Says which '"

"Can't do it. Ise a'ready ma'ied."

Clump chuckled. "This is on'y a make-believe weddin', an' besides, you don't do it. Opus ma'ies the gal hisse'f."

"I see." Aurelius was doing some plain and fancy thinking. "What does that contrack say—the one I signed?"

"It provides that you climb on that wire an' fall in the river, in payment fo' which you eats th'ee times a day but don't git ary cent of money till after it is done. Then, when ev'ythin' is finished, you gits a bonus of twenty-five dollars."

"Shuh! Man can't buy no decent coffin fo' twenty-five dollars."

"Good swimmer like you won't need no coffin. An' if you hadn't of been an espert swimmer we never would of hired you "

"Oh, I see. . . . Can Opus swim?"

"Sholy. But he's a star an' ain't aimin' to bust hisse'f up none. Tha's what us is payin' you fo'."

"Just to git busted up, eh?"

"Uh-huh; tha's all."

Aurelius rose. He promised to meet J. Cæsar at breakfast time next morning. Meanwhile he desired nothing so much as solitude and lots of it. He debated an important question with himself: Resolved, that death by starvation is better than extinction by drowning. The affirmative pleaded passionately and then the negative made an equally good showing. But finally the drowning side won the argument, in as much as that could be postponed for a few days, whereas the pangs of hunger had been too recently allayed to be forgotten.

Dawn came, and with it hunger. Aurelius met Clump, absorbed a voluminous breakfast and then accompanied the busy little director to the studio of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. Clump passed him by the gatekeeper and gave orders that he be allowed to come and go as he pleased. After which Aurelius was left to his own devices, while Cæsar passed the word that under no circumstances was any money to be given or loaned to Aurelius Wail.

Mr. Wail spent an interesting morning. He was bewildered and fascinated. He watched J. Cæsar Clump in action, directing Opus Randall and Welford Potts in some of the slapstick scenes of the farce which was to culminate in Aurelius' precipitation into the river. Ordinarily, he would have enjoyed the antics of the two actors, but contemplation of the immediate future was too unpleasant, wherefore he drifted over to Stage Number Two, where Director Eddie Fizz was teaching Sicily Clump how to throw bride biscuits at her picture-story husband.

Lunch was eaten in the commissary, and immediately thereafter Aurelius felt a hand on his arm.

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Council Bluffs, Iowa, April 3, 1926—Fire in the business district here in December, 1925, destroyed the seven-story Grand Hotel Building.

A Meilink Steel Safe of the Binder-McCargar Co. was recovered from the ruins, after a long drop, the impact of heavy falling steel girders and the crushing weight of wreckage. Opened after two days, the safe delivered its contents in perfect condition.

The loss of your valuable records may mean your business ruin. Meilink Steel Safes will protect them. Meilink Safes withstand terrific heat and have the *structural* strength to resist long drops and great strain.

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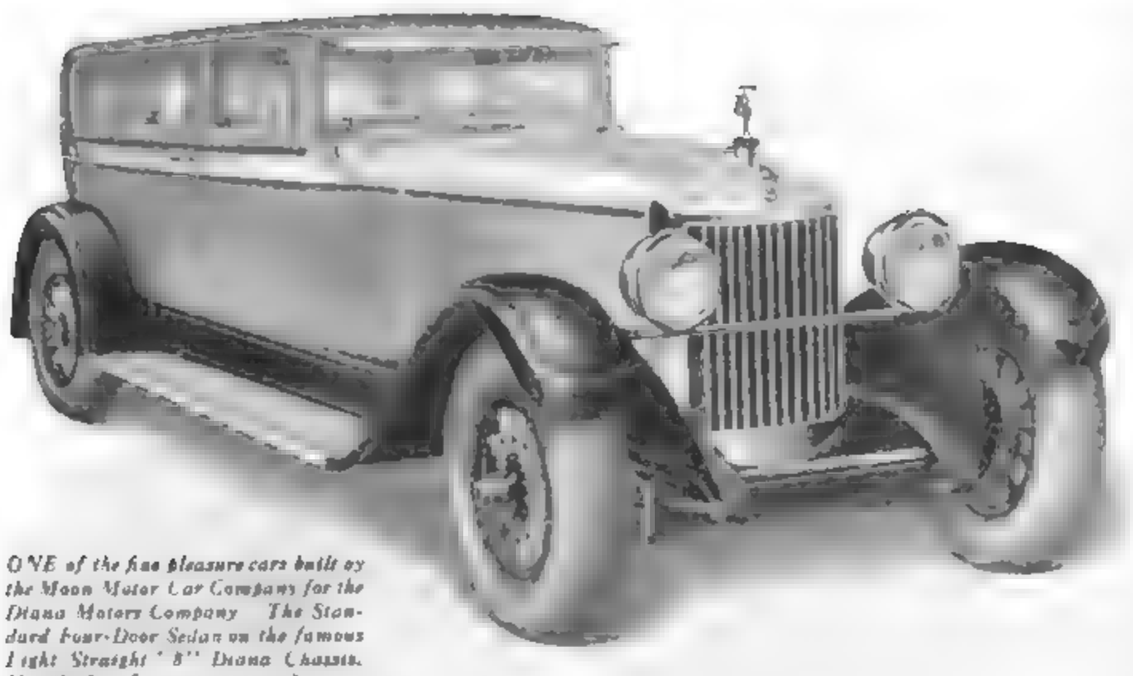
Write to A. L. Rice, Inc., Manufacturers, 100 [illegible] Adams, N. Y., and a free package will be [illegible] you [illegible] and will [illegible] dollars. Write today.



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SHOCK ABSORBERS

"Make every road a boulevard"

"Is this Mistuh Wail, fum Savannah?"

Aurelius looked down upon a slender and sartorially elegant figure. "Uh-huh. Ise he."

"My name is Slappey—Florian Slappey."

"Please' to meet you, Mistuh Slappey. I has heard tell 'bout you."

"H'm. Come along with me. I craves to make talk with you."

They moved to a secluded corner of the lot. Florian pressed upon the stranger a fragrant cigar, which Aurelius lighted with relish.

"Wha's this I heah," started Florian, "'bout you doublin' fo' Opus Randall?"

Mr. Wail's face took on a lugubrious expression. "Whatever you be'n hearin', Mistuh Slappey, it's all true."

"Tell me 'bout it."

Aurelius unfolded the miserable tale. He started with his courtship and wound up with his hunger battle of the previous day. "An' by the time they written that contrack I would of signed anything."

Florian exhibited anger. "Dawg-bite that cullud man's hide!"

"Whose?"

"Opus Randall's. Y'see, it's thisaway: Opus an' I uster be good friends, but right recent he's been upstagin' me somethin' terrible, snubbin' me in public an' treatin' me gin'rally rotten. Then he's done somethin' else, but that don't make no neverminds. Point is, I got sore an' planned to git even with him.

"Well, tha's how come this pitcher to git wrote. I is friends with Forcep Swain, our author, an' Opus done Brother Swain dirty once in an automobile trade, so Forcep was willin' to write this story where Opus would have to wriggle out on a telegrapht wire an' then fall in the river.

"An' I was gwine have the time of my life laughin' at him, an' when it was all over I was gwine make him understan' that it was me gotten the idea."

"I see."

"Yeh, you see. But what happens now? You comes along an' doubles fo' Opus an' all what he gits is the star part in a swell pitcher, an' instead of me laughin' at him, he laughs at me."

"Well," suggested Aurelius, "I kind of gits laughed at my own self."

"Shuh! You don't count."

"What?" Aurelius was on his feet, gesticulating passionately. "What kind of a thing is this movin'-pitcher business anyway? They ain't nobody seems to care does I remain alive or not."

"Well, you is gittin' good money, ain't you?"

"Oh, golly!" Aurelius lowered his voice pleadingly. "Listen, Mistuh Slappey, this heah job ain't so awful as they say, is it?"

"No. With you bein' a champeen swimmer ——"

"Man, I can't swim a lick!"

"Oh!" Florian regarded the other gravely. "Tha's gwine make the pitcher awful funny."

"Is I goin' to git drownded?"

"I don't hahdly think so. They'll mos' likely pull you out befo' you goes down the third time."

"Lilies on my breast! I just ain't gwine do it!"

"Yes, you is."

"How come you is so positive?"

"You signed a contrack, an' when a person does that he has got to perform what that contrack says."

Aurelius seemed on the verge of weeping. "Dawg-gone if you ain't spreadin' misery, Brother Slappey. Seems like I is fixin' to kiss a graveyard."

"Seems so."

"Ain't there no way out?"

"I dunno. But I has got a brain which I uses fo' somethin' more than just to have headaches with. An' I craves to see Opus Randall play that scene hisse'f. So if you is willin' to just sit tight an' not say nothin' to nobody, I'll do what I can."

"When they gwine take this scene?"

"Not till maybe Saddy. You don't have to worry 'bout yo' insurance yet."

Florian strolled off across the lot; and less than five minutes later he encountered Opus Randall, portly and pompous and grinning broadly.

"Howdy, author?" he greeted.

"Says which?"

"Didn't you auth this pitcher Ise playin' in?"

Florian frowned. "Who tol' you?"

"Li'l' bird." Opus shook with laughter. "Joke on you, ain't it, Florian? Thought you was gwine see me git spilled into the river. Well, any time you puts somethin' over on Opus Randall you has to have nine times as many senses as you has got, an' also I has got to be pretty sick."

Mr. Randall strutted away and Florian stared after him disgustedly. Mr. Slappey was really annoyed. He had been genuinely keen about seeing Opus pitched from the wire into the river; not that Opus would have been much damaged, but it would have been a rich and rare experience to have informed a group—in Opus' presence later—that the thing had been entirely his own idea.

For the next two days Florian had little to say to the large and forlorn Aurelius, and Mr. Wail was plumbing the nadir of despair. He mooned mournfully about the lot, acutely conscious of the commiserating glances turned his way. It seemed that there was a rumor regarding his inability to swim, and one morning—whether by accident or design—Keefe Gaines, Birmingham's genial colored undertaker, happened to visit the lot. He was effusively friendly toward Aurelius and offered to conduct him through his ultra-modern mortuary emporium. Mr. Wail expressed his gratitude, but declined hastily and positively.

The making of motion pictures appeared to the man from Savannah as a decidedly unpleasant business. He failed to see any romance attached thereto. He desired to leave Birmingham, but nobody on the lot would lend him a nickel. Even Florian, who was quite willing, was financially embarrassed and hopelessly in debt. So Aurelius found his only solace in discussing his trouble with Mr. Slappey and eating three daily meals with enormous gusto. Eating had become a matter of principle with Aurelius. In that way, and that way only, could he begin to receive payment for the suicidal act he was about to perform for Midnight.

At length the picture reached the point where all was ready for the shooting of the big comedy scene on the river. Aurelius was as enthusiastic as a corpse at a funeral. He visited President Orifice R. Latimer and handed in his resignation. Orifice laughed raucously and dared Mr. Wail to attempt evasion of his contractual obligations.

"Us takes that scene tomorrow mawnin', Mistuh Wail, an' you is most pointedly gwine be among those present."

"Uh-huh. I guess I got to atten' my own obsequious."

"You suttinly does. An' we is gwine see that you don't git away."

"There ain't no chance of that, President Latimer. Had I a dollar, I'd of left Burminham long ago. Guess I never was meant to be no actor."

Outside, Opus Randall grinned expansively upon the portly victim.

"You is lookin' quite healthy this mawnin'," he commented significantly.

"Makes any mo' remarks like that, Mistuh Randall, an' you gits fit."

"Shuh! Ain't no use of you gittin' sore. Frankly, I is kind of sorry fo' you. I is used to takin' hahd knocks, but I wasn't awful keen 'bout kerflumping sixty feet offen a wire into a river."

"Sixty feet?"

"There or thereabouts."

"Great sufferin' tripe! I never did think much of art."

Aurelius retired into a corner, where he gave thought to his home in Savannah. The Georgia port seemed a mighty long way off. He visioned the verdant parkways, the stately old homes along Bull and

(Continued on Page 189)

Solid Leather or *Paper!*

This?
Cross section showing genuine Barbourwelt of solid sole leather. The shape-insuring rib is part of the welt itself

or This?
Here the rib is made of thin upper leather filled with paper, sewed on to ordinary welting to resemble Barbourwelt

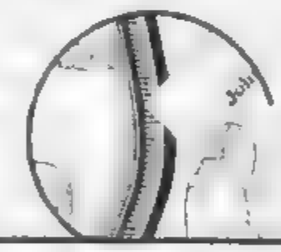
Which do you want in your shoes?

SOLID LEATHER . . . or something else? We are putting this question squarely to everybody who wears, sells or makes shoes.

Two years ago *Barbourwelt* was unknown. Today over 300 manufacturers have adopted it as the greatest improvement in shoe construction in 30 years. And more than eight million people are wearing shoes which are "shape-insured" and sealed against dampness by the solid leather rib of *Barbourwelt* that is all in one piece with the welt itself.

But some shoes are now being made with a rib of thin upper leather stuffed with paper, or filled with string, and sewed on to a piece of ordinary welting *to resemble Barbourwelt.* Of course water seeps in under this sewed-on rib just as if it weren't there. And from the very nature of its two-piece construction it cannot be expected to hold your shoes in shape as genuine *Barbourwelt* does. It adds nothing to the shoe but a style trim.

Naturally, it costs a bit more to make shoes that are shape-insured and damp-proofed with real *Barbourwelt.* But simply for your own satisfaction we ask you to make the *Barbourwelt* card test (shown below) when you buy shoes. It will save you buying paper when you're paying for leather—for one thing.



When you buy shoes

Make this test. If you can stick the edge of a card under the rib you are not getting genuine *Barbourwelt.* There is no opening between the rib and the welt in *Barbourwelt's* solid leather *one-piece construction.*

BARBOURWELT

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY, Brockton, Massachusetts

It's the *real* cake batter that makes Real Cake Cones *so good*

McLaren Real Cake Cones are light, crunchy morsels of mouth-melting deliciousness—pure and wholesome as home-made sponge cake.

They're baked from a rich cake batter of the best wheat flour, fine shortening, vanilla flavoring and pure cane sugar. They couldn't be better if you baked them in your own kitchen. They're made in special bakeries by spotless automatic machinery without being touched by hand.

McLaren Real Cake Cones keep their fresh-baked taste. They're wafer thin, cookie crisp and sugar sweet. They have that eat-every-bit-of-it goodness that makes even the best ice cream taste better.

Patronize the places where McLaren Real Cake Cones are sold. You may be sure the dealer who sells them appreciates his responsibility for the health of the children he serves. His care in selecting fine cones is practically a pledge that his ice cream, syrups and fountain service will be of the same high standard.

To all who sell cones: McLaren Real Cake Cones increase your cone business by their superior goodness. Ask your ice cream manufacturer or jobber or write for samples and learn for yourself.

Bakeries or warehouses in 65 principal cities insure prompt service everywhere. McLaren-Consolidated Cone Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

McLAREN

REAL CAKE CONES

(Continued from Page 186)

Abercorn streets, the enticing shops on Broughton and the fragrant water front just below East Bay. That was home; and if his home was infested with Carrie, it was none the less a desirable place to be. It was far less impersonal than a cemetery.

Aurelius found himself yearning for Carrie with a tremendous yearn. Her vitriolic tongue was a small enough price to pay for physical safety and the assurance of three meals per diem, every diem. He longed for the opportunity of returning to Savannah, of explaining to her that he had tossed away her eighty dollars insurance money, of accepting wordlessly whatever contumely she might heap upon his head and whatever physical punishment she might elect to visit upon him.

Florian was Aurelius' only comfort. Mr. Slappey was full of ideas and hope, but Mr. Wail had slim confidence in his friend.

"Just you sit tight," advised Mr. Slappey, "an' don't rock the boat."

"Time I gits in that boat Ise gwine be too entirely dead to rock it."

Saturday morning the technical director reported to J. Cæsar Clump that everything was in readiness for the scene at the river. A truck was backed up against the door of the studio and cameras and company were loaded into it. Aurelius was bundled in along with the others. He was visibly unhappy.

"H-h-how soon this thing happens, Mistuh Clump?"

"Oh, I dunno. Maybe not till after lunch. I got to take a lot of preliminary scenes fust."

"Then I gits one mo' good meal."

The truck rumbled off—and less than ten minutes later something happened. A telegraph boy arrived at the studio and presented a message addressed to President Orifice R. Latimer. Orifice tore it open and read the contents. His face turned gray and he leaped for the telephone. Lawyer Evans Chew answered the ring and promised to come over right away.

"Gimme some speed," begged the president of Midnight. "This looks awful important."

Chew arrived in record time. He settled his portly frame into a chair and puffed angrily at his chief.

"Well," he snapped, "what it is that you should dissuade me fum my office when I is busy?"

Latimer tossed the telegram across the desk. "Read that!"

"Savannah, Georgia.

"PRESIDENT ORIFICE R. LATIMER
"Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.
"Birmingham, Alabama.

"Have just learned you is fixing to kill my husband Aurelius Wail by making a actor out of him. This is to serve notice that he ain't no actor and can't swim, and anything which happens to him I sue you for, and it won't be no play suit, because I need the money, which my lawyer says I can collect easy, so you better watch out.

"CARRIE WAIL
"legal wife of Aurelius Wail."

Lawyer Chew frowned at the telegram and President Latimer frowned at Chew.

"She can't sue us, can she?"

"Anybody can sue anybody else."

"I mean successful."

"H'm!" Chew rose and paced the room. His forehead was corrugated into a judicial expression. At length he faced Latimer. "After careful consideration of the facks hereunder, it is my *obiter dictum*, as yo' duly constituted an' inwested legal attorney an' adwiser, that the risk evolved under this contrack is unnecessary an' unduly hazardous an' also dangerous, same not falling within the doctrine of assumption of risk. It is therefore my opinion that should Mistuh Wail git kilt or otherwise physically discommoded, his wife or widow, Mis' Wail, could successfully maintain an action against Midnight fo' actual an' punitive damages. I therefore adwises that you relinquish Aurelius fum his contrack an' let Opus Randall do his own actin'."

"I see." Latimer nodded. "Tha's a pretty good way out, I reckon. Opus can swim an' Aurelius can't. . . . 'Course us loses all them good meals we bought Mistuh Wail."

"Tha's better than losin' a thousan' dollars if he gits kilt or hurt."

"Thousan' dollars! You reckon she could git that much out of a suit?"

"Easy. Juries is awful soft-hearted."

Latimer rose hastily. "Come along with me, Lawyer Chew, quick!"

"Where to?"

"The river. Unless us hurries real fast we is gwine be too late."

Chew donned his hat. "Ise with you. Ain't no tellin' how val'able it'll be to have a good lawyer along in case somethin' has a'ready occurred to Mistuh Wail."

Latimer's car was at the door. Orifice took the wheel and started for the river at record speed. Chew tried futilely to restrain him.

"I got to git there quick," snapped the president. "F'r all us knows, Aurelius is a'ready bathin' in a watery grave."

When the rescue party arrived everything was in readiness for the shooting. Near the telegraph office, which had been constructed on one high bank of the narrow river, stood Opus Randall, J. Cæsar Clump, a cameraman and the quivering Aurelius Wail.

Down below, on the river bank, was another cameraman. The great moment was at hand. Director Clump was giving final instructions.

"Just climb out on that wire until you gits over the deep part of the river. Of co'se, you ain't gwine akchelly catch no telegram; that part is gwine be took later in close-ups. An' I warns you not to fall until you gits far out, 'cause them rocks down below is awful hard an' you is libel to git all messed up. Understan'?"

"Golly, yes!"

Orifice Latimer and Lawyer Chew leaped from the car and started toward the group. Latimer was smiling.

"Thank goodness us is in time, Lawyer Chew. We arrives to spread misery an' happiness."

"To who?"

"Aurelius gits happy—oh, man, how happy he gits! But Opus Randall becomes depressed when we tell him that he has got to do his own fallin'."

The two officials joined the crowd about the trembling Aurelius. Latimer raised a hand and struck a pose.

"Cease!" he commanded regally.

"Cease which?" inquired Clump.

"This scene."

"Orifice Latimer, you specifies foolishment. How come we is to cease?"

"You ceases with Aurelius. Let Opus Randall do his own actin'."

There was a gasp. Clump's face hardened and Opus turned a pale lavender. He shoved his bulky figure forward.

"Splain yo'se'f, Brother Latimer. How come I suddenly got to do this thing?"

Lawyer Chew stepped in with a thorough and florid explanation. He showed the telegram just received from Carrie Wail, he explained that in all likelihood Aurelius would be more or less mangled in the process of doubling for Opus and that Midnight would then find itself facing a decidedly embarrassing lawsuit.

"An' so," he finished, turning toward Mr. Aurelius Wail, "all you has got to do is nothin', an' very little of that."

Aurelius shook his head in bewilderment.

"S-s-says which?"

"You don't have to climb out on that wire."

"Why not?"

"'Cause we ain't gwine let you, tha's why." Mr. Wail appeared queerly unelated and President Latimer became annoyed. "Funny man what you is! Seems like you'd be singin' with happiness."

Aurelius sketched in the dust with the toe of his brogan. "What about my twen'y-five dollars?"

"What twenty-five dollars?"

"Which I was gwine git fo' climbin' that wire."

"You don't git it."

"What?" Mr. Wail waxed indignant. "What kind of a scheme is this, that I shouldn't git my money which is due? You said you was gwine pay me ——"

"—— fo' climbin' out on that wire. An' you ain't gwine climb out on it."

"I is."

"We says you ain't."

Mr. Aurelius Wail, of Savannah, Georgia, looked up defiantly. There was no hint of weakness in his manner.

"Listen at me, you folks. Maybe you think you can do tricks with me just 'cause you been feedin' me th'ee times a day. But you is all wrong. I climbs out on that wire an' gits my money."

"Man, don't you know you'll mos' likely git kilt?"

"Uh-huh. But what's gittin' kilt to a desp'rate feller like I?"

"Well, us ain't gwine let you."

"Oh, you ain't, ain't you? I guess I got somethin' to say about that. Now listen"—Aurelius spoke authoritatively—"I got me a contrack with you folks which says I should climb out on a wire an' git dumped in the river fo' twenty-five dollars, an' that contrack gives me the right to do it. So clear the way, boys, I commences!"

The officials of the company looked at one another in bewilderment. At a nod from President Latimer, Lawyer Chew stepped forward and placed a friendly hand on Aurelius' arm.

"You can't do no such of a thing, Brother Wail."

"Huh! I reckon I got a contrack, ain't I?"

"Yeh."

"An' that contrack gives me the right to act in this movin' pitcher, don't it?"

"It does."

"Well, then I acts!"

Chew held hurried conference with the harassed Latimer. The president was profoundly perturbed. Here was a development startlingly unexpected; instead of celebrating his release from an onerous contract Mr. Wail pig-headedly insisted on carrying it through.

At length the company's attorney returned to Mr. Wail.

"Heah's yo' twenty-five dollars, Aurelius."

Mr. Wail frowned. "Does I git to fall in the river?"

"No; us gives you the money fo' doin' nothin', just on account of that contrack."

Aurelius spurned the money. "I craves to climb that wire," he announced positively.

"You whiches?"

"I craves to act in this pitcher."

"B-b-b-but us is payin' you without makin' you do such."

"Hah!" remarked Aurelius dryly. "I reckon you think I ain't got no sense. Does I git dumped in the river, it costs you twenty-five dollars. But if you craves that I should release you fum yo' contrack—it costs you a heap more."

Lawyer Chew staggered under the impact. "You mean you is willin' to ca'y out yo' legal contrack at the stipulated price, but that if you don't do nothin' you gits paid extra?"

"Ezackly."

"Great sufferin' tripe!"

"I yearns to act, an' it's gwine cost you money to keep me fum doin' such."

Mr. Wail's hands were on his hips. The large body swayed determinedly. It was patent that Aurelius was not to be dissuaded. There was another hectic conference between counselor and president.

"He ain't got no sense," rasped Latimer.

"He's got plenty sense. He knows us can't let him git kilt no matter what it costs. His wife would bust us all to pieces in co't."

"But, Lawyer Chew ——"

"Make up yo' mind quick, Orifice. This man has got us where he wants, an' the cheapest thing fo' us to do is pay him off."

Latimer shrugged hopelessly as he turned to Aurelius.

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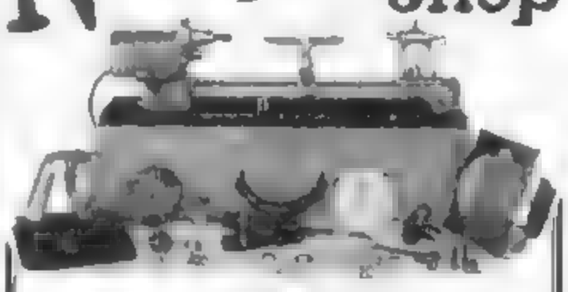

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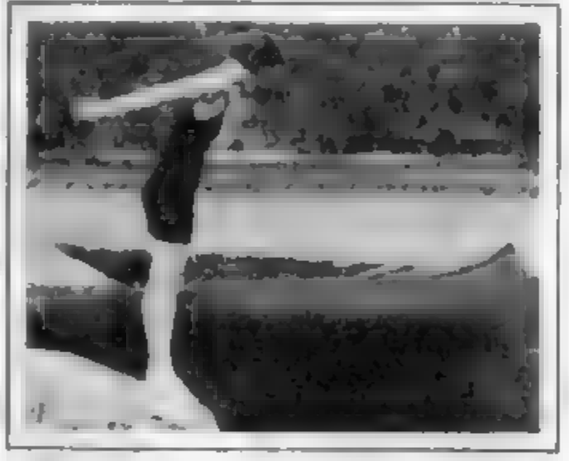

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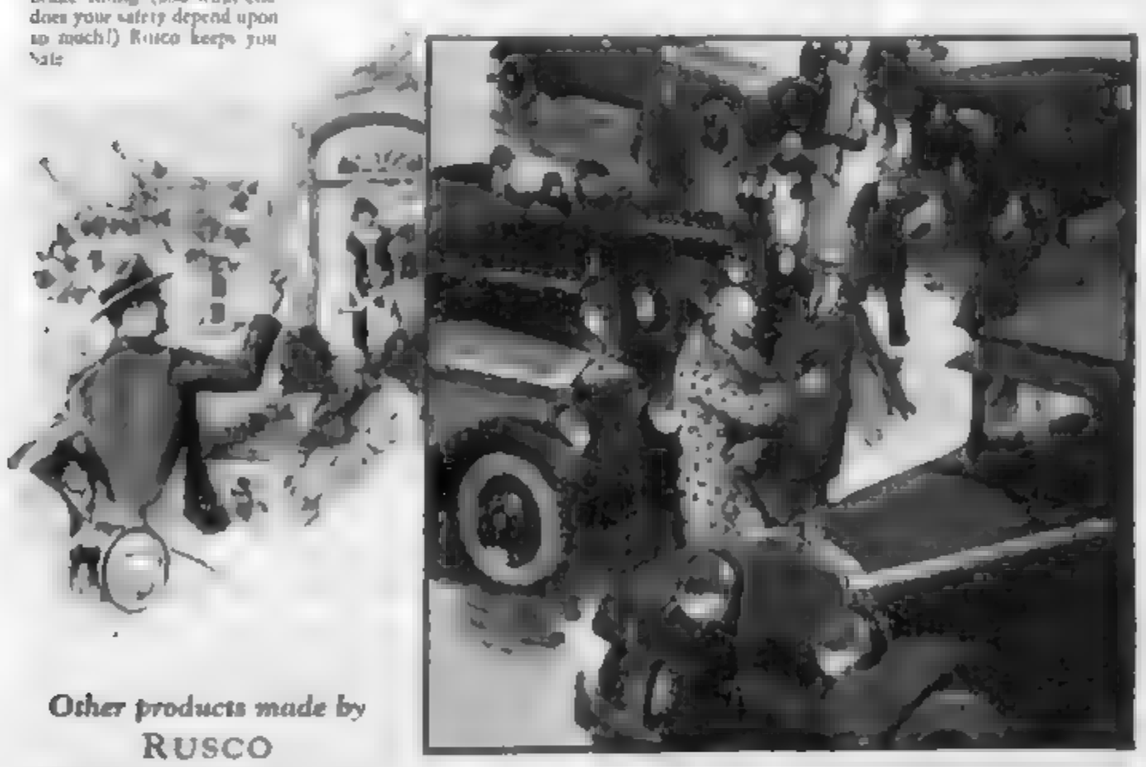

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"How much does you demand fo' not gittin' yo'se'f kilt?"

Mr. Wail pondered. "Ninety-seven dollars an' ninety-two cents," he announced finally.

"One hund'ed dollars!"

"I don't want no hund'ed dollars. I craves ninety-seven dollars an' ninety-two cents—even."

A wild debate ensued. Latimer was all for refusing the exorbitant demand. Chew and Clump argued in favor of it. Once Opus Randall suggested that Aurelius' demand be refused and the big man be forced to fall into the river. Latimer bestowed upon the pudgy actor a malevolent stare.

"Keep yo' big mouf out of this, cullud man. No matter what happens, you is gwine act this scene, an' I hope you busts yo'se'f plumb in half. If it hadn't of been fo' you ——"

Chew argued with Aurelius, struggling to show him the injustice of his demands. Mr. Wail either could not understand or would not, and he refused to dicker.

"Ninety-seven dollars an' ninety-two cents," he maintained stoutly. "Not a nickel mo' or a dime less. An' you better decide quick."

Chew tried a bluff. "Well," he announced, "us ain't gwine be helt up. We refuses'"

"All right." Aurelius turned and walked steadily toward the wire. "Git them cameras goin', Director Clump, 'cause heah's where one cullud man suddenly becomes ain't."

They watched his unswerving advance toward the telegraph wire, and just before he reached it Chew and Latimer broke. They chased the ardent actor and seized him by the arm.

"Come back heah, big boy! You gits yo' money."

"Ninety-seven ninety-two?"

"Yeh."

One fat hand came out eagerly. "Gimme!" The money was paid. Then Latimer flung around furiously on Opus Randall.

"Now you git out on that wire!" he grated. "An' you showly better make it ninety-seven dollars an' ninety-two cents' worth of funny!"

Mr. Florian Slappey reclined on the bed in luxurious ease. He blew smoke rings with deftness and precision, and it was obvious that he was at peace with himself and the world. The door opened and Mr. Aurelius Wail stormed into the room. Florian sat up and arched his eyebrows interrogatively.

"Well," he inquired sharply, "what happened?"

"Oh, boy!" exulted Mr. Wail. "You just should of seen Opus!"

"What 'bout him?"

"He acted that scene his own se'f. An' man, how he acted it! He liked to of slipped off the wire on the rocks, an' when finely he did git over the river, he fell in with the biggest an' wettest splash any man ever made. An' he was most drowned when they gotten him out."

"Hot dam!" Mr. Slappey radiated beatitude. "I showly is gloomy I missed it."

"An' that ain't all, neither, Florian." Aurelius produced a large sum of money. "Stan' aside an' leave me do some figurin'."

Florian moved to the foot of the bed, where he stood regarding Mr. Wail's very strange proceeding.

Aurelius arranged his ninety-seven dollars and ninety-two cents into four neat stacks. In the first he put four twenty-dollar bills; in the second, three fives, a fifty-cent piece and a dime; in the third, two dollars and thirty cents, and in the fourth, two copper cents. Florian frowned.

"What that is, Aurelius?"

"Tha's how much I got fum them folks fo' not actin'. Now lemme see." He stared reflectively, as he designated the first pile of money. "Tha's eighty dollars which gits returned back to Carrie to make up fo' her money which I lost. This next stack has got fifteen dollars an' sixty cents. That buys me a railroad ticket."

"Where to?"

"Savannah—an' th'ee meals a day—ev'y day."

"An' the two dollars an' thirty cents?"

"That goes to my wife. It's how much she spent on that telegram she sent to Orifice Latimer warnin' him she was gwine sue if I got hurt."

Aurelius returned all the money to his capacious pockets—all but the two forlorn pennies. Florian eyed them curiously.

"What is them two centses for?"

Mr. Wail extended the coins to his friend.

"Those is yours, Florian."

"Mine?"

"Uh-huh, yours." Aurelius gestured grandly. "They is to pay fo' the stamp you put on the letter which you wrote my wife tellin' her what kind of a telegram to send."

THE FIFTH ESTATE

(Continued from Page 41)

having it said that the American champion had been overthrown by an opponent who had himself barely risen above duffer golf.

It was on this trip that we received an invitation from Lord Northcliffe, the distinguished British publisher, to visit his private links at Sutton Place, Guildford, Surrey. This course, eighteen holes in length, is a rarely beautiful spot, located in a stretch of wooded rolling country and surrounded with the richness of historical lore dating back some four centuries. The estate was originally laid out in the sixteenth century by Sir Richard Weston, an able statesman and court favorite. Through the centuries the original lines of the massive dwelling have been retained, and the atmosphere of the time in which Sir Richard reigned over the estate still clings to its spacious drawing-rooms and paneled walls, an enchanting reminder of the luxury and grandeur of the living standards of the British people of high social caste in that day.

Lord Northcliffe was justly proud of Sutton Place, and also of the splendid golf links which Harry Vardon had constructed for him on the vast acreage. His frankness in exhibiting this pride was typical of the unaffected character of this man who had become such a power in British politics, as far as I was able to form an estimate of his character in the brief space of that visit. The outstanding impression I gathered was that he was one of the most democratic men with whom I had ever come in contact. He seemed to possess a great fondness for American institutions, our native energy and our characteristically direct manner of calling a spade a spade. Indeed, it seemed to me that he had deliberately acquired some of our mannerisms.

He had such a highly developed knack of making you feel perfectly at home that both Fred and I remarked after leaving his hospitable country home that he had probably cloaked himself in sort of an American atmosphere that day for the benefit of his American guests.

We played a foursome, the other member of the party being an American newspaper man, Burton, whom Lord Northcliffe had mustered into service to introduce American methods in the conduct of his various newspaper enterprises. As we traversed the links Lord Northcliffe gave free expression to his views regarding international relations between his own country and the United States. His trend was all along the lines that he would like to see our friendship grow without interruption and move on to the point where there would never be any jarring notes of discord.

(Continued on Page 193)

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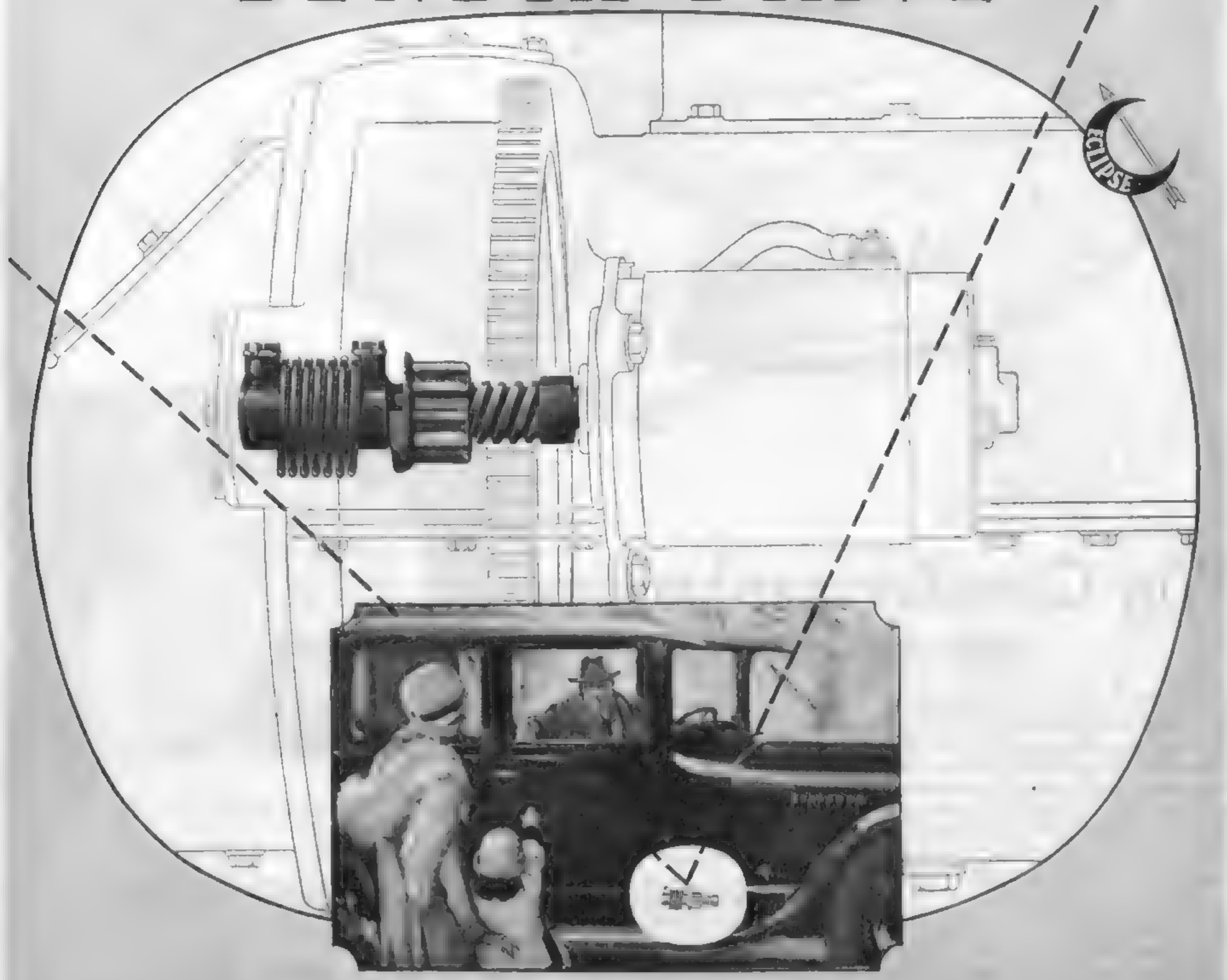

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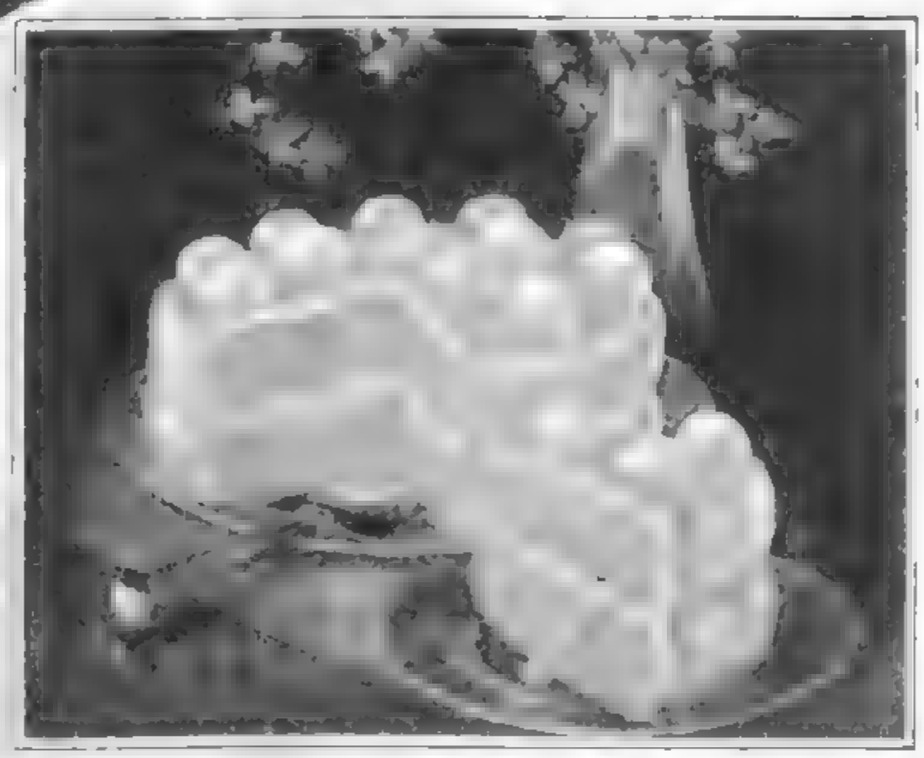

Campfire Marshmallow Easter Cake

5 egg yolks	5 egg whites
1 cup sugar	1 cup flour
1 teaspoon vanilla	1 level teaspoon baking powder
	½ teaspoon salt

Beat egg yolks until very light, then gradually beat in the sugar and vanilla. Beat egg whites until stiff and dry and fold into the yolks. Mix flour, baking powder and salt and sift and fold gently into the egg mixture. Bake in a moderate oven in two layer cake pans. Put together with Campfire Marshmallow Filling between and on top

Filling

30 Campfire marshmallows	1½ cups confectioner's sugar
1 egg white	3 tablespoons cold water

Put half the Campfire marshmallows in double boiler over hot water and cut remainder in small pieces. When the first marshmallows are softened, add egg white, sugar and water. Beat over boiling water with Dover egg beater seven minutes, remove from fire, add remaining marshmallows and fold over and over until mixture is cool and will hold its shape. This may be used for frosting as well as filling

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Continued from Page 190

"The maintenance of the *entente cordiale* between our countries is not only vital to our own happiness but important to the peace of the whole world," he said. "There are so many little factors which can contribute to a better understanding. I believe the intermingling of our athletes in friendly competition is one of these. I am heartily in favor of every move which aims to send our own athletes to your country and to bring yours to our country. The trip of Harry Vardon and Ted Ray to America last year had a tendency in that direction, I believe. That was one of the reasons why I was so interested in their visit."

I learned later that Lord Northcliffe had himself paid the expenses of Vardon and Ray on their American tour the year previous. His belief was that these two noted linksmen were not only the embodiment of exceptional golfing skill but that they typified the average Englishman in their personal traits. America, he reasoned, would be interested in them primarily as golfers and secondarily as Englishmen. And since they were such skilled players on one hand and such fine sportsmen on the other, it was inevitable that they should be well received and create a favorable impression. If this theory proved true in fulfillment, then the English public would in turn feel a sense of gratitude that the response of their American cousins had been so generous. It was sound logic, so established by the fine reception accorded Vardon and Ray, plus the dramatic touch given to their tour by Ouimet's victory over them in the Open Championship.

For the Good of the Game

To the golfer, there is something else to this interchange of visits than a mere cementing of British-American relations something, I dare say, as important to him as a member of the fifth estate as the international aspect is to the statesman mind. It is the fact that the opportunity thus furnished for a comparison of form and temperament is beneficial to golfers on both sides of the Atlantic. The mutuality of this benefaction is of only recent development. For years American players were the sole beneficiaries in this respect. We had much to learn from the English golfers, and they had little to learn from us. Now it comes near to being a fifty-fifty split.

Our progress has been so tremendous that we have just as much to offer as there is to receive.

Yet I am unconvinced that in some of the rudimentary arts of the game we are as far advanced as the British. For one thing I believe that many of us here are prone to take the game too seriously, which doesn't help in the slightest to mold the proper mental attitude toward it. For another, we have a tendency to be too deliberate. That is a real handicap. Step out on any golf course and watch the average American golfer as he fiddles around before swinging the club. You will see him take half a dozen waggles or so, change his stance, tighten his forearm and then relax it, and go through an endless number of twistings as though his entire future happiness was at stake on the successful execution of that particular shot. The duffer is more inclined to these things than the finished player, but even the best are guilty.

Don't Take Your Time

Overdeliberation is a mistake primarily for the reason that it furnishes the player too much opportunity to think about the shot he is making. While he is fiddling around, uncertain as to what he should do, the thought is almost sure to come to him that he may foozle the shot or that he ought to use some other club; and once that notion begins flitting before his vision, he stands on the brink of disaster. The chances are then about nine out of ten that he will do exactly the very thing he has been seeking so earnestly to avoid. He has literally worried himself into committing one or more of the many errors which swarm about golfers like a buzzing horde of black flies, ready to sting him the moment he lets down his guard.

The foreign-bred golfer, taking the game less seriously, is far less inclined to upset his own poise by means of being too deliberate. Do you recall Willie Smith, brother of Aleck, George and Macdonald, and a member of one of the best-known golfing families the game has ever known? I saw Willie play at Nassau for the first time when I was a kid of twelve years, and I have never forgotten the utter lack of concern he exhibited when he stepped to the ball. He never hesitated about the shot after he had taken his stance, never waggled the club head more than once or twice and never changed the club itself. The rapidity of his play was a revelation to me. His principle was simply to walk up to the ball and hit it—and Willie Smith could hit a golf ball as brilliantly and accurately as almost any golfer I have ever seen. The delicacy of his stroke was especially astounding, for he had large hands and wrists, and was a man of such bulk that it was difficult to reconcile his physical dimensions with the hair-line timing and daintiness of stroke of which he was capable.

I gained a similar impression of George Duncan when he first came to this country. Indeed, the famous British player, winner of the Open Championship of Great Britain in 1920 and of many other conspicuous honors on the golf links, was the most rapid player I have ever seen—even faster than Willie Smith. Duncan seems to make his shot while on the run, or perhaps it is better to say while on the walk. He scarcely takes any stance at all and doesn't waggle the club. He merely walks up to the ball, lays the club head back of it momentarily and shoots.

How effective this system is has been demonstrated by his splendid record on the links, which finds him not far removed from the three masters of British golf - Vardon, Braid and Taylor.

Abe Mitchell, whose golfing skill America had the chance to see just a few years ago, when he came here on an extensive trip in company with Duncan, is another example of rapid-fire play. The American galleries following in the wake of Mitchell and Duncan never ceased to marvel at the crisp style of these two visitors and their apparent disregard of the mental hazards which we in this country have cultivated so assiduously, and I am quite sure that those who saw profited accordingly. To the man who fusses around with each shot, and thus imposes a severe burden on himself, it is wholesomely enlightening to know that good shots can be made without all these preliminary motions.

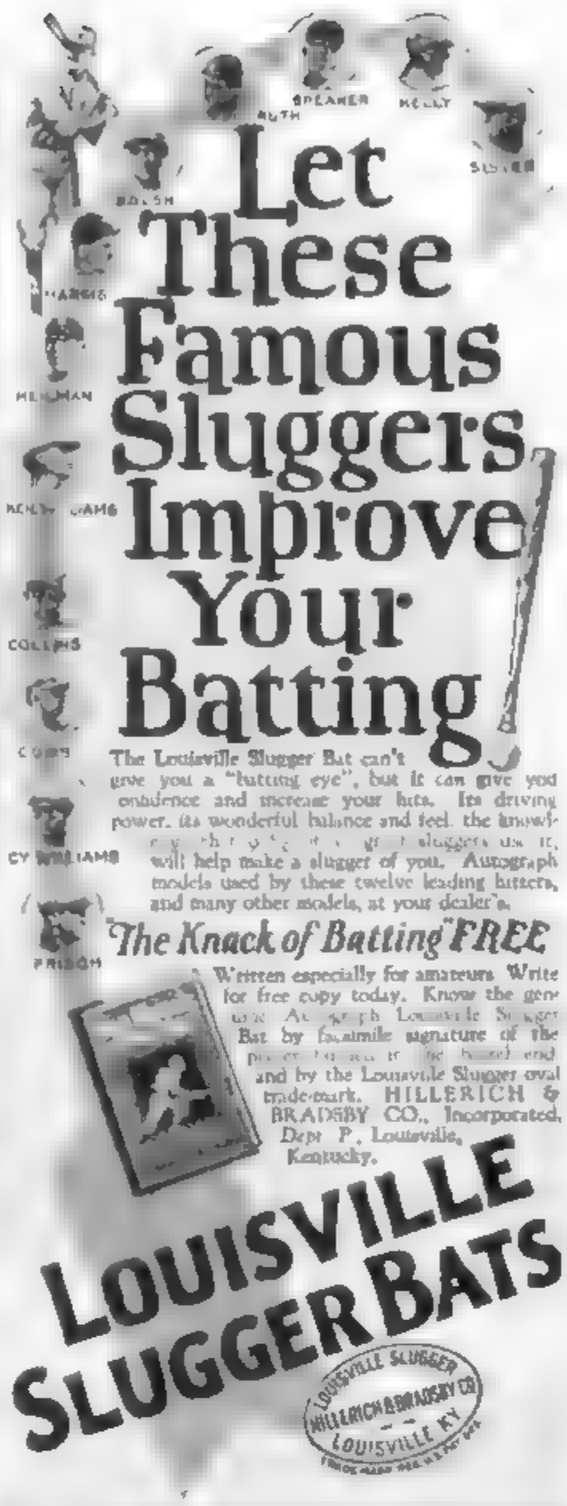
Willie Smith's Lost Clubs

The standard of American golf, as great as has been the improvement in the last quarter of a century, would move forward even more rapidly if the value of unlabored play were strongly emphasized. I do not suggest that every golfer try to emulate the methods of Duncan, Mitchell and the other foreign experts, but I am convinced that the average player would get more enjoyment and better scores if he abandoned the national habit of overemphasizing the care necessary in every shot. Try it out some day. See what the effect of a quick address will have on your playing

Willie Smith once gave in my presence a striking illustration of the impervious spirit of the Scotch-born golfer in the face of a vexatious incident. This was while he was the professional at a Philadelphia club and subsequent to his engagement in Mexico, where he did yeoman service in spreading the gospel of the links. On the way from Philadelphia to New York to play in some important tournament on the Staten Island links of the Fox Hills Club, Smith lost his clubs. He spent hours in a vain search for them and finally got to bed barely in time to snatch a few winks of sleep before starting out on his round of the Fox Hills course. I saw him when he reached the first tee. He seemed much bedraggled and worn.

Every golfer will appreciate, I believe, how irritating it might be to a player to

Along the Quebec Road, Bingham, Maine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lose his clubs at such a moment. The opposition was about as stiff as it could be. Among the other players were the great Willie Anderson, four-time winner of the American Open Championship; and Isaac Mackie, the Fox Hills professional and a skilled player. Against a field of this character Smith certainly required his full complement of golfing resources, and with his regular set of clubs missing it could hardly be said he was in possession of them.

Confronted with a dilemma of this nature, what would have been the attitude of the average American golfer? I refrain from charging my mind with anything so inevitably blasphemous.

It is more gratifying to turn back the pages of time and recall Willie Smith as I saw him that morning. Aside from the evidence of fatigue, he was the picture of serene affability. Somebody asked him what he intended to do.

"Do? Why, man alive, what is there to do? I'm going to borrow a set of clubs from anybody who's willing to take a chance on my not breaking them."

Anderson returned a scintillating 66 for the round. Mackie came home with the same superb score. And then Willie Smith, after a round with the set of borrowed clubs, trudged up to the clubhouse.

"How many?" asked the official score keeper.

"I got a 66; is it any good?" nonchalantly replied Smith.

The greatest golfer who never won a championship was the late John Graham, who amassed a fortune in the sugar business in Liverpool, England, where he was born of Scotch parentage. I played with Graham over the Hoylake links in 1914, when he and Captain Nicholls—I am not positive as to the spelling—partnered in a foursome against Herreshoff and myself. Graham's name in amateur golf goes down alongside of those of John Ball, Fred Tait, Harold Hilton, Bobby Jones, Francis Ouimet and Chick Evans, although, as I say, he never won an important title. In our round at Hoylake I was able to make note of the reason often advanced for this strange failure of a master golfer to acquire honors which have fallen to players many steps removed from his superlative science on the links. Graham lacked the physical stamina to survive the ordeal of a championship. Fate, so kind to him in her bestowal of an ideal temperament and magnificent form, had forgotten to give him the needed strength to round out these gifts.

Encouragement for Left-Handers

A tall thin man of pleasing mien, Graham found in his pursuit of the various championships that he could go a certain distance and would be compelled to stop there. The day we played at Hoylake he exhibited a variety of shots which showed plainly why he was so highly regarded by students of the game. I had wanted to play with him to see at first hand whether he was the accomplished golfer he was reputed to be. My curiosity was more than satisfied. Jack Graham carried every needed shot in his bag. As the four of us made the round at Hoylake, and he brought forth one dazzling shot after another, I kept thinking continually what a pity it was that a trick of Nature had denied to this wonderful golfer the meed of laurels of which he was so justly deserving.

A year after that Jack Graham was dead, killed in the war at Hooge. And Captain Nicholls, his partner that afternoon, paid the great sacrifice too. Nicholls was known as the best left-handed player in England, and incidentally the only really first-class one I have seen. To both Herreshoff and me it was quite an innovation to be playing with a left-hander who was so expert in shot making. Neither of us had run across many in our time, and those we had encountered could scarcely have qualified as heralds of a great southpaw upheaval in the golfing world. Golf is one of the few sports which does not adapt itself to left-handed players. Men who are left-handed in other sports usually start in playing golf right-handed. That there are so few good left-handed players is unquestionably due to the fact that there are so few left-handers of any kind, good, bad or indifferent. I see no congenital reason why golf should not be played as well left-handed as right-handed

It has always been a matter of the keenest interest with me to make the rounds of golf courses with players acknowledged to be proficient in the game. The wisdom of this policy seems obvious. Though skill cannot be acquired by observing the methods of others, provided your schooling ends there, golf is conspicuously a game of the eye; and the more the aspiring player visualizes in the way of sound form, the more he is inclined to adopt the approved principles of play. The real benefit comes through actual study of these tactics and not casual observation. To make the round of a course daily with Harry Vardon three hundred and sixty-five times a year would accomplish nothing if some heed was not given to the technic of his genius. The entire equipment of the expert must be subjected to scrutiny—his temperament, the position of his hands and arms and body, his stance, the sweep of the club, the follow through and his freedom from the most common of all faults—lifting the head and failing to keep the eye on the ball.

A Great British Trio

To some of the foremost players in golf history I am grateful for object lessons I have learned through playing with them or following matches in which they participated. Let us take the concrete example of the remarkable demonstration of the value of accuracy given by J. H. Taylor in a round Herreshoff and I had with him at Sunningdale. Swinging his clubs with the easy grace typical of most great players, Taylor time after time placed his tee shots in the precise spot where he wanted them to be. His control of the driver was mystifying in its deadly accuracy. Before teeing off he would designate to us the best place to shoot for in anticipation of the second shot, and would then proceed to drop his own ball there for an absolute bull's-eye, neither farther away nor nearer than he had indicated, nor to right or left, but at the exact point. He did not try for record-breaking length, though his drives averaged in the neighborhood of 225 yards; he avoided any attempt to produce spectacular effects and he performed his task with expedition and assurance. Accuracy was his chief stock in trade. It was on a platform of accuracy he had risen to be one of the world's greatest golfers, five times the winner of the British Open.

Between the years 1894 and 1914, Vardon, Taylor and Braid among them won the British Open sixteen times, Taylor and Braid five times each and the Old Master six times, the end of their remarkable reign coming at the start of the war. Considering the class of the opposition to be encountered among British professionals, it had always mystified me how it was possible for three players, no matter how skillful they might be, to maintain so firm a monopoly on the championship. When I played with Taylor and Braid, and watched Vardon at work, I ceased to marvel. The all-around finesse of Vardon, the accuracy of Taylor and the brilliance of Braid were self-explanatory. It then became plain why these men had permitted the championship to elude them only five times in this span of twenty-one years.

The three outstanding impressions I have gathered from contact with such players as this distinguished British trio, and with Americans of the class of Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Francis Ouimet, the Smiths, Johnny Farrell and others of the first division, is that the most valuable assets of the golfer with championship aspirations are these: The ability to make the most of good luck and the best of bad luck, the development of steadiness and the avoidance of pressing, and incessant practice,

(Continued on Page 197)

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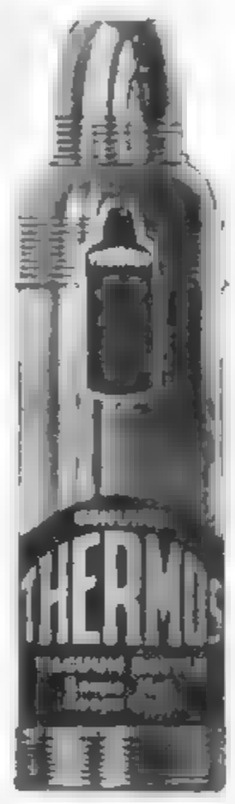

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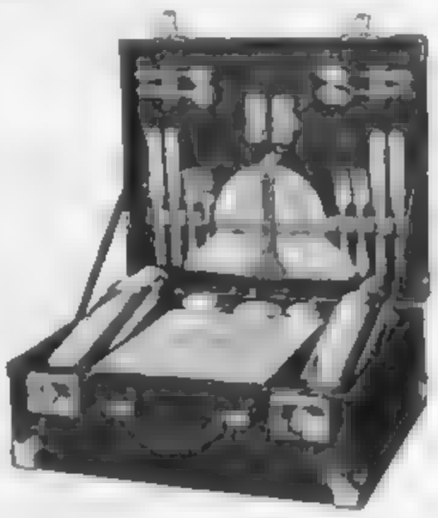

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(Continued from Page 194)

particularly with the shots which are found most difficult. The player who masters these three points, provided he has some basic natural prowess, is bound to be on his way toward the important goals of the golf universe. In the firmament of the game's stars is no Jones or Vardon or Hagen who has ascended to his celestial place without a thorough preliminary baptism in the knowledge that sound golf is reared only on a foundation possessing these rudimentary bulwarks.

Of the many curious features which give endless variety to golf, and distinguish it from other sports in the abundance of its eccentricities, none is more striking than the prank it plays on the individual in determining whether he is to excel at match play or stroke competition. Let us contrast it for the moment with our three other great national sports—tennis, baseball and football. In its individualistic phase, tennis is like golf, but differs in the fact that it is distinctly a one-department sport, match play being the sole basis of competition on the courts. Baseball is a nine-department game and football an eleven-department game, with the strength of the whole contingent largely upon the strength of the various units. The tennis expert, master of a repertoire of strokes, has a single outlet for his skill. Nothing is left for him if he fails to conquer his opponent. And the baseball or football star is quite helpless if the rest of the units in the machine of which he is but a part fail to function properly.

Golf, I believe, is the only game which offers a double opportunity for the athlete to win honors in his adopted sport. The other still-ball game, billiards, fails to furnish an exact parallel in this respect. It is true that a billiardist may be either expert in the delicate requirements of the balk-line game or the more rugged stroke of three-cushion play, but here the science of each is so distinctive and the difference in style so sharply drawn that the two branches of the game come close to the point of being actually separate games in themselves. That does not hold true in golf, where match play and stroke competition require the same technical skill. The difference there is purely psychological.

There is nothing particularly odd in the fact that the founders of golf so arranged the sport that this dual prize should exist, but it is essentially a freakish condition that players possessed of the identical measure of technical ability frequently display a flair for one department of the game and not the other.

The Struggle Against Par

Now why is it that a man versed in shot making can make a round of the course in 75 or less when engaged in stroke competition and overshoot that mark by many strokes when at match play? The answer to that is temperament. Chick Evans was a shining illustration of this athletic oddity, which is the exclusive possession of golf; indeed, there is no other example within my knowledge so striking as that of the famous Edgewater crack.

The reverse of Evans' case has been my own. Stroke competition, as I have before mentioned, carried an exceedingly minor appeal as compared with the enjoyment I had always found in match play. It was always the Amateur Championship which struck the keenest note of response in me, and not the Open. I delighted in the conditions of the Amateur, which brought player against player in the human struggle of match competition; I was impassive to the requirements of the Open, which seemed to me to lack the color of active battle and was more in the nature of conquest with a myth. I mention this with no thought of belittling the fighting spirit of players who find more exhilaration in the struggle against par. It is as much a test of the aggressiveness in a golfer's make-up to keep storming the stronghold of par, knowing that after all his real competitors are men engaged in the same pursuit as he, as it is to carry on a battle with a living opponent. I feel I have given clear expression to this opinion in my comment on Ouimet's rare exhibition of courage in his overthrow of Vardon and Ray at Brookline.

It was, indeed, this very incident which more than anything else opened my eyes to the high-powered tension which stroke competition could generate. After Ouimet had won the epoch-making play-off against his distinguished adversaries, I thanked him for having furnished me with the finest thrill I had ever enjoyed on the golf links and for having revealed to me for the first time the extent of the rugged elements of stroke play.

"I'm beginning to learn something," I told him. "As much golf as I've played, I never knew before that a medal round could pack such a wallop as this. Say, boy, you've given me an inspiration. I'm going to pay a little more attention to stroke competition hereafter. You've broken the ice for the amateurs in the Open. It's going to start a lot more of us shooting for the mark."

The Tenth Hole at Baltusrol

My own attempts to gain this honor had always proved a trifle dismal. Though I had played with every ounce of ability I possessed, it simply couldn't be done. Yet it didn't worry me much. The Open had always appeared to me, as it no doubt appeared to other amateurs, as the special privilege of the professionals. It was not only fame and glory which came to the professional who won it, but a good round sum in dollars and cents as well. The acquisition of the title meant just so much additional revenue for professional services throughout the succeeding year. At that time, ten or twelve years ago, the championship was figured to be worth in the neighborhood of $10,000 to $15,000 in the course of twelve months; today its value is fully three times that sum.

The year after I had this conversation with Francis Ouimet he beat me in the final round of the Amateur Championship, played on the links of the Ekwanok Golf Club, Manchester, Vermont. It was certainly in no sense surprising to find the young Woodland champion, now barely past his majority, at the crest of his game. His victory over the British cracks, Vardon and Ray, had given him just the required touch of confidence for championship competition and had rounded out a golf temperament as nearly ideal as any I have seen. I say it was no surprise to see this doughty youngster touching the pinnacle. Perhaps I had rather say that the surprise would have been in the reverse of this. Those who had analyzed Ouimet's form at Garden City the year before placed great store in his future, myself among them. And when he eliminated me in the final round 6 up and 5 to play, my disappointment at losing was at least tempered with the knowledge that I had not been conquered by an unworthy opponent.

The interest which Ouimet's victory in the Open Championship stimulated in my attitude toward stroke competition was destined to bring about an absorbing experience two years later, when the event was held at Baltusrol. In the meantime I had paid a great deal more heed to medal rounds, trying to whip myself into a state of mind where I could get as much zest from this eternal battle with par as I had always been able to obtain from a close engagement with an actual opponent. The results were gratifying. I found myself getting genuinely excited over medal play. Where it had invariably seemed like such a lifeless sort of thing to me before, I now saw it in an utterly different light, and I was amazed that the revelation had been so long in coming.

On the tenth hole of the fourth and final round of the championship I found myself in the thick of the fray, with an excellent chance of being well up among the leaders. The tenth is the famous Baltusrol island

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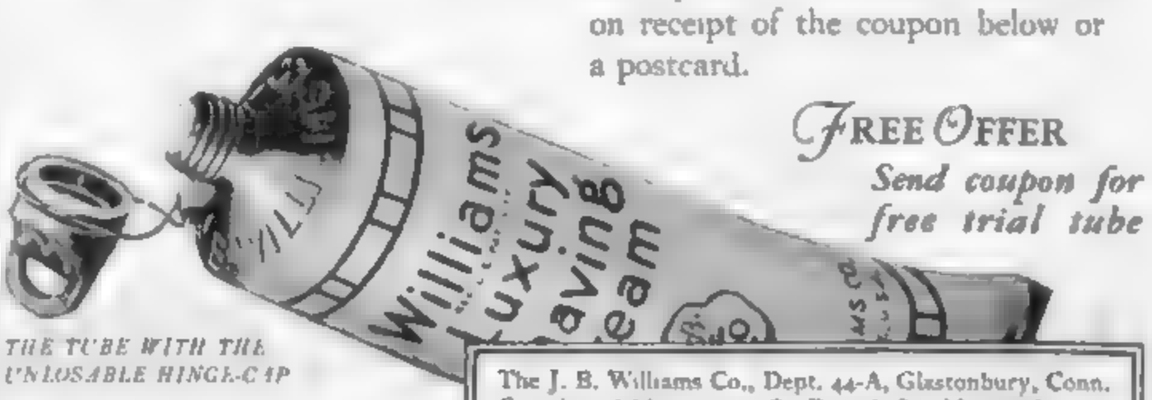

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hole, one of the best known golf holes in the country. It is a drive and a pitch to the green, over a stream of water which cuts across the fairway directly in front of the putting green. In that treacherous, yawning hazard many a golfer has come to grief at a moment when the voice of victory was beginning to whisper to him. It calls for a second shot which must not only travel straight for the mark but must carry sufficient back spin to prevent an overplay.

From the tenth tee I sliced my first drive out of bounds for the loss of a stroke, a vital setback at this particular moment. My second I pulled sharply to the left, where it bounded into some high grass and left me in an exceedingly difficult position for my third. If I could pull out of this plight with a 5 for the hole it would be more than satisfactory—and a 6 could furnish no cause for grumbling. Those two tee shots certainly had all the earmarks of being costly.

When I reached the ball I found it buried in the grass about 175 yards from the hole. I meditated for a moment before determining how to play the shot. If I took a heavy niblick there was a reasonable chance that I could get back on the fairway on my third and hole out in the next three shots for a 6. But was a 6 good enough at this stage of the journey? My friends had kept a steady flow of reports coming to me on the other scores being turned in, and a hasty calculation indicated that something better than a 6 would be required here if I hoped to remain in the championship as a candidate for first place. What I really needed was a 4, or even a 3, but both these seemed so far out of the realm of things possible that I dismissed the thought from my mind. I resolved to try for a 5, hoping that by some miracle I might be able to place my third on the green and hole out in the usual two putts.

Four Holes in One Under Par

That third shot I made on the island hole of Baltusrol in the final round of the 1915 Open Championship I look upon as the greatest I have ever made in all my golfing career. Using a jigger, I dug into the deep grass with all the power at my command, caught the ball cleanly at exactly the right point and sent it on a high-arching journey toward the pin. As it began descending I fairly gasped for fear it would not clear the water. But it did, nicely. And the shout that echoed back from the large gallery surrounding the green told me that it had apparently rolled up close to the pin. It had. I found the ball lying not more than three feet from the cup and sank it for an easy 4.

When I reached the fifteenth tee I learned I was still in the running. Joe Mitchell, exuding enthusiasm, came running up to me and asked if I knew how many strokes I had to spare to beat the best score turned in—that of Tom McNamara, the Boston professional, who had already finished his fourth round for a total of 298 strokes.

"Yes, I know. I've got Tom McNamara to beat," I told him.

"But, Jerry, have you figured out what you've got to do on the next four holes? You have to make them in par to tie him and one under par to win."

"Yes, I know that too. Depend on it, I'm going to try my darnedest."

The fifteenth hole was a par 5. I made it in four that afternoon. I was then quite as thrilled as any of my good friends, who were fluttering around me in a state bordering on frenzy. I chuckled inwardly at this thought, in spite of the tension of the moment. Here two years before this I had been one of that weaving high-strung gallery, exhorting and praying that a youth of twenty would retain his composure long enough to traverse the short distance which stood between him and success. Now the boot was on the other foot. It was I upon whom a portion of the gallery at least was calling to hold together for just three more holes. Not that anyone wished to see Tom McNamara defeated, but simply that the last man in, if he has a chance, is invariably the center of interest.

Travers' Finest Shot

I was thinking of something else also. It was simply this: That never in my life had a golf battle proved of such profound interest as this. I could appreciate now how Chick Evans and the rest of the great medal players got their thrills from stroke play. I recalled the most interesting match I had ever played, that with Charlie Seely in the Metropolitan Championship some years before, but it flashed through my mind that this memorable contest certainly had carried no greater zip than what was taking place now. It was with cold deliberation that I was thinking of these things, mind you. I had been through enough golf to realize that this was a time when I should keep my mind clear of everything except the fact that I had an exceptionally hard task to perform.

The next three holes I covered in even par, to finish with a total of 297 strokes for the four rounds, one less than the aggregate turned in by McNamara and one under par for the four final holes. And this score brought me the National Open Championship, a prize which had at one time seemed utterly beyond my reach. I am frankly forced to admit that the finish from the fourteenth hole in was good, but it was not this that brought me my fifth national title. It was rather the shot from the rough at the tenth hole—the best shot I have ever made in my career.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Travers and Mr. Crowell. The next will appear in an early issue.

The Gentle Art of Learning to Swim Without Going Near the Water

(Continued from Page 35)

guide the adventurous spirit into a mood of reason and deliberation.

Such a counselor, it was thought, could be found in the Senate, a comparatively small body, originally composed of wise and experienced men representing all the constituent states of the Union, and therefore expressing a widely diffused and well-balanced public sentiment, in which all interests and all opinions would have deliberate and untrammeled opportunity for expression. To serve this purpose, this body was made to voice the sentiments of the states rather than that of the individual citizens; was charged with preserving to each state its due prerogatives of original sovereignty; and was exempted from every influence external to itself which might thwart its deliberate discussions and decisions. It was not to be hurried, intimidated or robbed of its efficiency in performing its legitimate office by partisan pressure, abuse or disrespect.

In order that it might be qualified to perform its part as an adviser, the tenure of office of its members was made longer than that of the President. As a body it could not be entirely changed at one time, and was never to lose at a given moment more than one-third of its membership. The same person could be elected for any number of successive terms, so that the same individual could acquire experience and exert influence in this body for a quarter of a century, or even longer, as has often proved to be the case; thus making the Senate a depository of continuity in our system of government. Presidents may come and Presidents may go, some with much experience and some with little, swept into office and swept out again by the

(Continued on Page 201)

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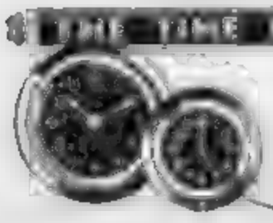

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In the Florence, the burners are built scientifically to *focus* the heat on the cooking. They see to it that the heat goes directly to work—not out into the kitchen, where it is worse than wasted.

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Florence Burner with outer jacket cut away to show how flame is forced on the cooking vessel. Notice that there is no wick, for the Florence operates on the most advanced principle of combustion engineering, mixing the vapor from kerosene with ***heated*** *air. This assures complete combustion and intense heat.*

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Also makers of Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heater, Florence Room Heaters, Florence Garage Heater

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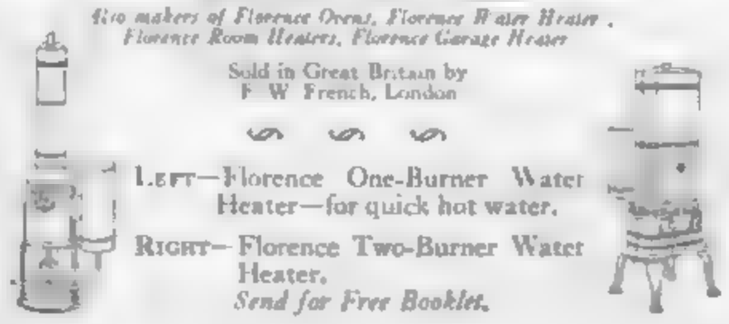

LEFT—Florence One-Burner Water Heater—for quick hot water.

RIGHT—Florence Two-Burner Water Heater.

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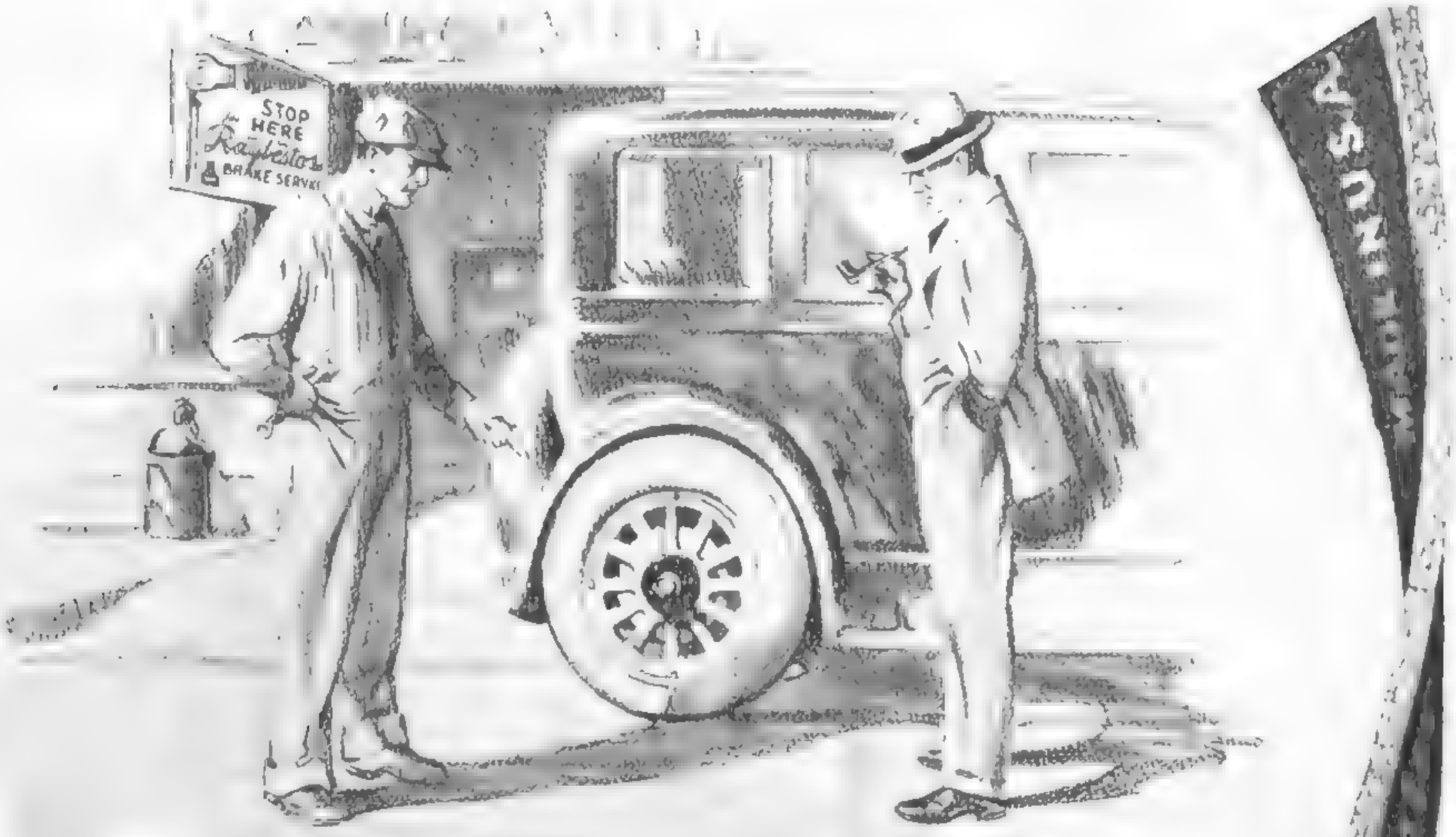

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RAYBESTOS CO., Ltd.
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(Continued from Page 198)

periodic tides of public opinion; but the Senate—Ah! The Senate—that was to be the permanent organized wisdom of the nation, the Rock of Gibraltar for the safety of the people!

The Responsibility of the Senate

Although, without doubt, the idiosyncrasies of individual senators may sometimes make the Senate eligible to caricature, it is far from the purpose of this article to subject it to so rude an ordeal. On the contrary, it is more important that we should be reminded that, next to the Presidency, which we all hold in honor, the Senate is charged with the heaviest responsibility for the safety and welfare of the nation. It requires but a momentary comparison of the departments of government to make it clear that this is true. As compared with the House of Representatives, with which it is in some respects coördinate, it is not only charged specifically with the most delicate duties, but the tenure of its members is three times as long as that of members of the House. As compared with the judiciary, the judicial function is confined to the declaration of a law already defined for it in the Constitution and the legislative acts, while the Senate is designed to be a deliberative body, with perfect freedom of discussion and expression of opinion upon all the open questions that confront the nation.

The most distinctive feature of the Senate, as distinguished from the other branches of the Federal Government, is its responsibility respecting foreign relations. Here at least, the founders of our system of government felt the need of an advisory body, without whose consent no engagements with foreign nations would have validity.

The reason for this restraint upon the executive should not be overlooked. It was clearly pointed out by Alexander Hamilton in The Federalist:

"However proper and safe it may be in governments where the executive magistrate is an hereditary monarch, to commit to him the entire power of making treaties, it would be utterly unsafe and improper to entrust that power to an elective magistrate of four years' duration. . . . The history of human conduct does not warrant that exalted opinion of human virtue which would make it wise in a nation to commit interests of so delicate and momentous a kind as those which concern its intercourse with the rest of the world, to the sole disposal of a magistrate created and circumstanced as would be the President of the United States.

"To have entrusted the power of making treaties to the Senate alone," he continues, "would have been to relinquish the benefits of the constitutional agency of the President in the conduct of foreign negotiations. . . . Though it would be imprudent to confide in him solely so important a trust, yet it cannot be doubted that his participation would materially add to the safety of the society. It must indeed be clear to a demonstration that the joint possession of the power in question, by the President and Senate, would afford a greater prospect of security than the separate possession of it by either of them."

The truth of this statement by Hamilton is obvious. If the Senate alone were to determine policy, it could be objected that, although the Senate as a whole might represent better than the President the continuity of foreign policy, it would not, perhaps, possess such full information regarding an existing situation; since the President's Secretary of State is in direct personal contact with the entire world through the diplomatic officers of the United States.

On the other hand, for this very reason the President would be more exposed to personal influence, both foreign and domestic, since he is of necessity in direct contact with his own agents and personal advisers and ambassadors accredited to him, who regard him as the one officer of Government most readily acted upon, and sometimes privately, for the reason that he alone possesses the power of initiative in effecting a change of policy.

The Diversity of National Interests

There is still another reason why the Senate has been made and should continue to be an advisory body in the conduct of foreign relations. Our Constitution is the organic law of a union of states. The interests and responsibilities of the states are far from identical. Engagements made with foreign governments may be very advantageous to certain states but very disadvantageous to others. With the constant development of the problems of commerce, finance, immigration and political alliances, the diversity of these interests has been and will be greatly augmented and intensified. This diversity affects not only states of the Union, but large and important classes of individual citizens.

Lenders and borrowers of money, producers and consumers of manufactured articles, employers and the employed are all affected by the arrangements and engagements made by the Government of the United States with foreign nations and the laws relating to them.

To illustrate this divergence of interest in the different states, let us take as an example international finance. Billions of the surplus wealth of the United States have been sent abroad for personal profit in the form of a higher interest rate, receiving nearly twice the return that would have been received if loaned in the United States to cities, towns and private corporations for the improvement of this country.

Does anyone imagine that this exportation of capital is looked upon with the same approval, and that there is the same interest in the security of these investments, in all the sections and by all the classes of people in the United States? Has anyone been led to believe that the Permanent Court of International Justice affords any security to these loans? Does anyone have reason to suppose that when the United States adheres to this Court there is to be a reign of law and an end of war? Is it believable that if the Government of the United States should wish to render itself responsible to the slightest extent for the repayment of these loans there would be no division of opinion on the subject?

Nearly all the strong movements for change in foreign policy emanate from some locality and are supported by private interests. Is it not just and expedient that East and West, North and South, representing divergent interests, should somewhere have a voice, sometimes of inquiry and sometimes of protest, raised in their behalf?

And where else can this be done, if not in the Senate of the United States?

What reasonable man can object that documents too much neglected should be examined, that possible dangers of commitment to hastily prepared schemes of action should be exposed if they exist, and considered as possible consequences even if they do not exist? What outside influence, under whatever name, is to be allowed to penetrate into our domestic concerns, to deflect or manipulate them? Who will have the hardihood to maintain that the defensive and precautionary authority of the Senate should be silenced by popular uproar? There was a time when the Senate of Rome was the balance wheel of power in the republic. A power external to itself transformed the republic into an empire, and Caligula made his horse a consul.

The Common Denominator of National Interests

There has been in the United States, upon several occasions, a strong effort to induce the Federal Government to associate itself with foreign nations in various

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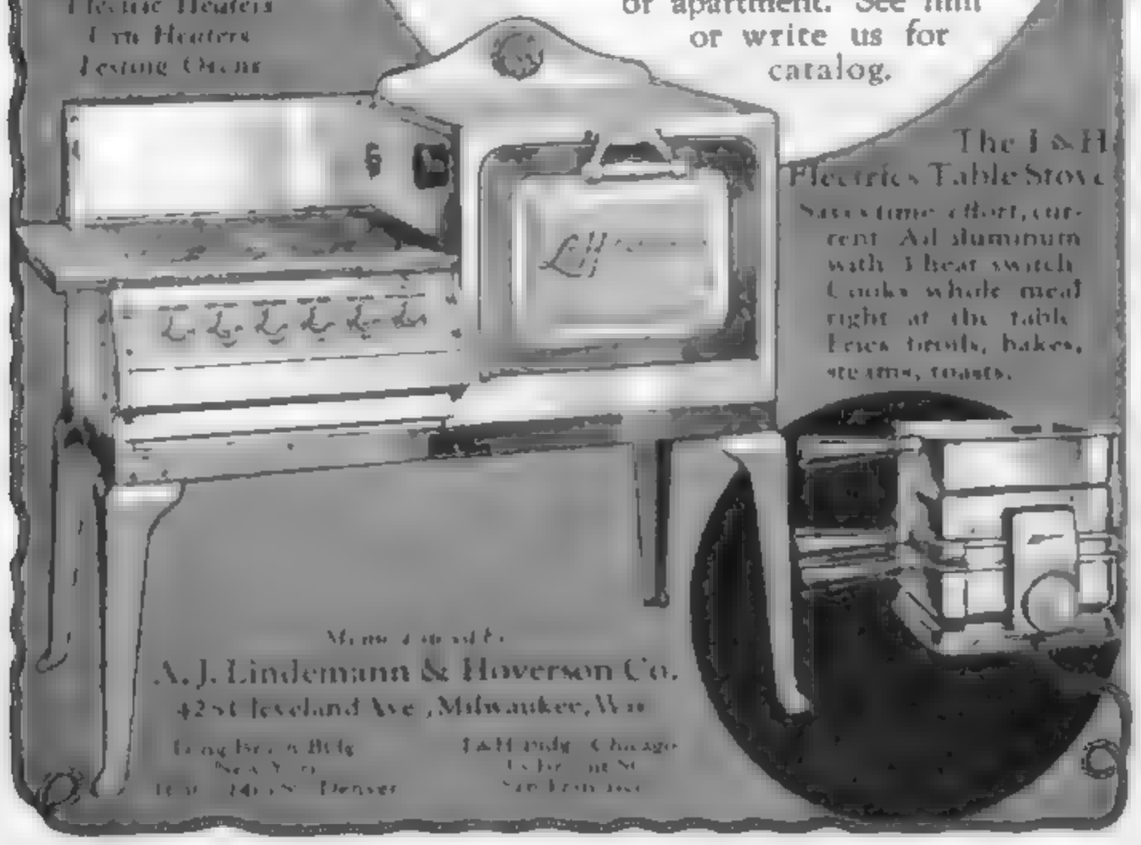

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ways, sometimes in the name of peace, sometimes in the name of justice and sometimes in the name of human fraternity. What is the driving force of these efforts? In choosing for illustration international finance, there has been no intention to stress any of the particular interests involved in it, or to emphasize the distinction between the interests affected. The tariff, the question of immigration and many other questions of conflicting interests would serve as well to illustrate the point, which is that these interests are divergent, and therefore that they are matters in which the Senate must necessarily participate. Every such question touching upon foreign policy has its local origin and its local effects. Senators were originally regarded as the ambassadors of the several states. Their normal function grows out of this representative character. They are the guardians of the public safety. It is for this reason that their advice and consent in matters affecting the whole nation is authorized, for without it there would never have been a union of the states. In addition, it is provided, in the interest of all, that these rights and interests of the states are not to be forfeited by the will of a numerical majority. All the great sanctions of the Senate in the sphere of foreign policy require the assent of a preponderant consensus of advice by a two-thirds vote.

It has seemed necessary to recall to attention the function of the United States Senate as a preliminary to the consideration of its recent action with regard to the Permanent Court of International Justice. The Senate as a body has been much abused because it has not promptly yielded to the importunity of those who have desired of it action which they wished to impose upon it by an expression of their private and irresponsible wills.

There is in the preceding paragraphs no purpose to convict anybody of wrong, but it is a bad sign for any citizen to attack the fundamental integrity of our political institutions by an assault upon the motives of one of the great organs of government.

The Senate is one of the most important of these and, next to the Supreme Court, the most original of our American political institutions. Without it there could never have been a union of the states. It is the organ that at the same time marks their separate entity and their national community.

Each one of the states possesses a certain fraction of the national strength and the national will. These fractions differ widely in their value, both from the point of view of power and the point of view of interest. The Senate is their common denominator. It, and it alone, can give these fractions unity of expression. This the President cannot do. He is the leader of a party; always has been and always will be. His office is a great one. In it, only his party, not the whole Government, is on trial. In the Senate the whole Government is on trial. If the Senate fails, the whole system fails. Why? Because our republic is a union of states. Parties may fail, but they succeed one another; and when one causes damage the other may repair it. But if the Senate fails, then the republic gives way to chaos; the balance of the union of states is destroyed; some interests become permanent victors, others the permanently vanquished.

American Ideals and Traditions

It has rarely happened in the political history of the United States that any great movement has been set on foot without an appeal to some altruistic human motive. Somebody's wrongs or sufferings, it is represented, are to be assuaged. It is a matter of national pride that it is so. If there are three human motives to which the American people love to pay tribute, they are peace, justice and the alleviation of suffering. It is behind these motives that every proposal of change delights to array itself. The cruelty of slavery, the political disabilities of women, the horrors of war may serve as examples. One other significant human motive is particularly characteristic of the American spirit—the abiding fear of subjection to some form of arbitrary power.

It is no sign of indifference to these aspirations for peace, justice, humanity and independence to insist upon open-mindedness in studying the manner in which they should be realized and applied. Nor is it forbidden to examine whether or not there are any political passions, prejudices or fanaticisms masked behind them. Where large sums of money are expended to influence governmental action, it is not unnatural to look for special motives; but there is in this fact itself no necessary ground for condemnation of a movement to form and enlighten public opinion.

The aspect of the subject which demands examination is to discover whether or not such a movement is really open-minded, based upon knowledge and seeking to establish the whole truth, in the faith that the whole truth, when made known, will inevitably lead to the end commended.

It is in this connection that the movement to secure the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations, and afterward into the League's Permanent Court of International Justice, is subject to some kindly criticism.

Consciously or unconsciously, there has been a manifest tendency to play the part of an urgent advocate and not to invoke the judicial attitude in treating the subject. It has always been assumed, and even openly avowed, by their American supporters, that the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Permanent Court of International Justice are the ripe fruition of American efforts and traditions, and for this reason they should be accepted as they are, and it has not been pointed out or admitted by them in what respects the League and the Court are not only not embodiments of American ideas but contraventions of them.

It is not here contended that any realizable international system could be a complete and immediate embodiment of American ideas. That, of course, is impossible; for the reason that such a result could be obtained only by a general agreement. What is here maintained is that both in the League and in the League's Court, American ideas and traditions have been frustrated and virtually abandoned.

The Decision Regarding the League of Nations

It is not perhaps inappropriate at the present time to bring to remembrance some of the events and conclusions of recent years.

It will be recalled that when, in 1919, the Senate of the United States was invited to ratify the Treaty of Peace the whole country was at the moment favorable to ratification. The reason was obvious. The people were told, and they believed, that this treaty, and particularly its first part, the Covenant of the League of Nations, was an instrument which would secure peace and justice for the whole world. The announcement was highly gratifying. It appeared as if the millennium might be near at hand.

When, however, it was demonstrated in the Senate and elsewhere that the Covenant of the League of Nations did not lay its principal stress upon a judicial organization but upon the combined powers of a confederation of states; that it was, as President Harding did not hesitate to call it, "a political and military alliance," a device of the great powers to secure the execution of the Treaty of Versailles, and to impose upon Europe a map created by war and not by agreement of the peoples concerned, a profound change took possession of public opinion. The Senate bravely refused to assume for the United States the obligations contained in this alleged covenant for peace and justice. It was soon discerned that war was embodied in this compact as a contingent obligation. President Wilson insisted that Article 10 was

(Continued on Page 205)

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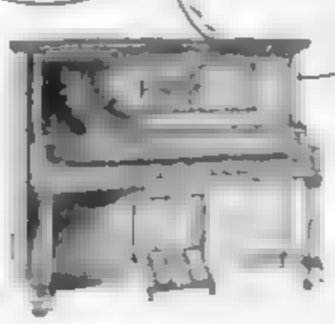

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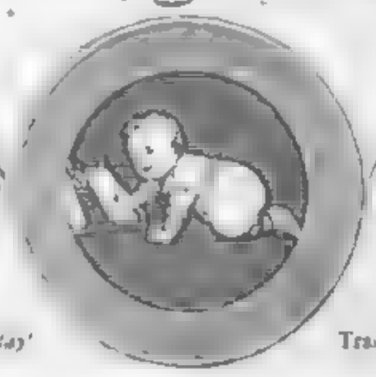

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In the matter of washing clothes for instance, we washing machine manufacturers have told women many things and women in return have said little.

But what they did say was important. So important that those of us who listened lived and those who didn't, died — at least so far as making Washing Machines was concerned.

We, Altorfer Bros. Company, have seen it all. From the start of the industry, we have grown with the industry until our factory now covers many acres of ground and our purchase of raw materials reaches clear back to the mines.

But if we take any credit to ourselves for the enormous development of this business into one of the largest manufacturing institutions of its kind in the world and for the stability of it, both in manufacture and financial strength, that credit lies almost entirely in the fact that we have listened to what the women had to tell us.

What they told us was that, out of all the hundreds of different washing methods, only five in their judgment have proven satisfactory over a period of time.

Each of the hundreds of others it was thought would be the one and only lasting method and that time would solidify its prestige. Even of the five different methods that remain, four are produced each by different makers, each claiming his to be the best.

We, Altorfer Bros. Company, make them all. We play no favorites. We give the women what they want to buy, not what we want to make. We favor their favor always and are ready (and possibly we are the only ones who are ready) to change when they change.

Today this new Double A Gyrator Type is much in favor. It has run into tens of thousands of production in less than a year. As this is being written, February 20th, new distributors and dealers have switched over to it to the extent of $3,000,000 worth of new business during the first 15 days of this month alone. These distributors call the Double A "a good job." They say it will stand up and render service better and longer than any other machine they have ever had. They say that women everywhere are asking for this Double A.

And we are pleased, of course.

But while we continue to give them this famous leader we also continue to back it with this famous line. We still make the old wood tub dolly — thousands of them. We still make the oscillator, because women still want it. We still make the cylinder type and the vacuum cup.

But the point is that we still make all five of the different machines of which women have approved.

* * * *

We take it that the chief difference between a Business and an Institution is the difference between trying to sell what you want to sell or trying to supply what the public wants to buy.

We prefer to be the Institution of the Industry. The development is more lasting. The growth more durable.

(Continued from Page 202)

"the heart of the Covenant," and refused to have it eliminated or modified by reservations on the part of the United States. The Senate declined to ratify the treaty which contained the Covenant, and the refusal was confirmed by the referendum demanded and accorded at the polls.

It has been said repeatedly that the decision then made was not definitive. In a sense nothing human is definitive; but it has never been pretended that the Treaty of Versailles, and especially the Covenant of the League of Nations, will ever be ratified by the Senate of the United States as it was presented and insisted upon by the President at the time when ratification was refused.

Without dwelling upon a past too recent to require to be recalled in its details, it appears incontestable that the Senate of the United States refused its advice and consent to the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations, because the Covenant was designed as an instrument of power rather than an instrument of justice. That such a confederation of states as the Covenant has organized may be useful to the preservation of peace in Europe may be freely granted, and is not likely to be generally disputed; but clearly it was not in the line of the traditions of American foreign policy to assume the obligations of this Covenant.

The Connection of the League's Court With the League

When, however, the idea of a Permanent Court of International Justice began to be developed in the League, American interest was renewed. That was not only in line with American policy but it was an object for which the American Government, with the virtually unanimous assent of the American people, had long and consistently labored. It is not strange, therefore, that considerable enthusiasm for the Court was awakened in the United States, and it is still less strange that the proponents of entrance into the League saw an opportunity to encourage the idea of at least entering into the League's Court.

Entrance had been rendered easy by the fact that, though membership in the Court, according to all the documents relating to its genesis, required a preliminary entrance into the League on the part of all its actual members, the signature of the Treaty of Versailles by the United States left a door open to the United States to sign the Protocol of Signature by which the Statute of the Court as developed by the League was finally adopted. States whose representatives had signed the Treaty of Peace had been listed in the Annex to the treaty as Original Members of the League of Nations. For this reason the United States had only to sign this Protocol of Signature in order to participate in accepting the work of the body that had created the Court.

By this signature the United States would ratify at least one article of the Treaty of Versailles, which it had declined to ratify; namely, Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, conatituting Part I of the Treaty, which provided for the formation of this Court. It need not be added that this signature would mean acceptance and approbation by the United States of every step taken by the League of Nations in executing this article of the treaty.

In order to secure this result, it was represented in the United States that this Protocol of Signature is an "independent treaty signed by various nations"; which gave the impression that the Permanent Court of International Justice is in reality a World Court, and not exclusively the League's Court. An examination of this Protocol of Signature would have shown on the face of it that this Court is what the Official Journal declares it to be, "an essential part of the League's organization," created by and for the League alone, with no provision in the Statute of the Court for either the nomination or the election of judges by any state not an active or an original member of the League. Quite naturally, the text of the Protocol of Signature was not given wide publicity by those who desired the signature of the United States, and it was virtually unknown, even by senators, until near the close of the recent debate in the Senate.

It is deserving of notice that the protagonists of this Permanent Court of International Justice were strongly averse to permitting it to be called the League's Court, and insisted upon its being called the World Court.

The debate in the Senate has shown beyond the possibility of denial that this Court is the League's Court and nothing more. It is the League's Court because it was created by the League alone, in execution of Article 14 of the Covenant. It is the League's Court because the Statute of the League was prepared for the League with the idea that only members of the League would ever be members of this Court. It was expressly provided by Article 37 of the Statute of the Court, whose jurisdiction the United States is urged to accept, that "when a treaty or convention provides for the reference of a matter to a tribunal to be established by the League of Nations, the Court will be such tribunal."

If the achievement of this Court has been accomplished by the League, and by the League alone, why should anyone maintain that it is not the League's Court? Should it not be to the glory of the League, if this is really the League's Court? Why, then, should the fact ever be denied by its friends?

The Hall Marks of the League in the Statute of the Court

The answer is obvious. The creation of the Court by the League, and by the League alone, was recognized to be a cause of prejudice against this Court and of an apprehension of entanglement with the League if the United States should enter into it. Is there any foundation for this apprehension?

It is desirable to be perfectly clear on this point.

Objection to entering the League's Court is not that it was created by the nations that are members of the League. There can never be a real World Court without the participation of these members in it. They constitute a great majority of the sovereign states of the world. Their union is an achievement not to be despised or to be lightly considered. They have created a Permanent International Court. It may in fact prove too permanent, too stationary, too much the organ for maintaining a fixed international system, a system produced by war and appealing to military force for the preservation of peace.

What then is the underlying ground of objection to participating in this Court of the League? It is that the hall marks of the League are written more than sixty times into the very fabric of the Statute of the Court, and for this reason, as long as it remains unsatisfactory to join the League, it will be undesirable for this nation to be identified with, or in any way held responsible for, the action of this Court.

Wherein do the vices of the League affect the character of the Court? At every vital point—its jurisdiction, its law and its political function. The primary root of these vices is Article 14 of the Covenant of the League, which repudiates the traditional American ideas of what a court of justice should be, as declared and contended for by one of our greatest jurists, the Honorable Elihu Root, in his Instructions to the Hague Conference and as a member of the Commission of Jurists invited to prepare the Project of a Statute for the Court.

What are those precious traditional ideas?

1. That even sovereign states should not decline to accept the jurisdiction of a Court with respect to really justiciable cases.

2. That really justiciable cases are such as are definitely covered by some law or convention previously agreed upon; and

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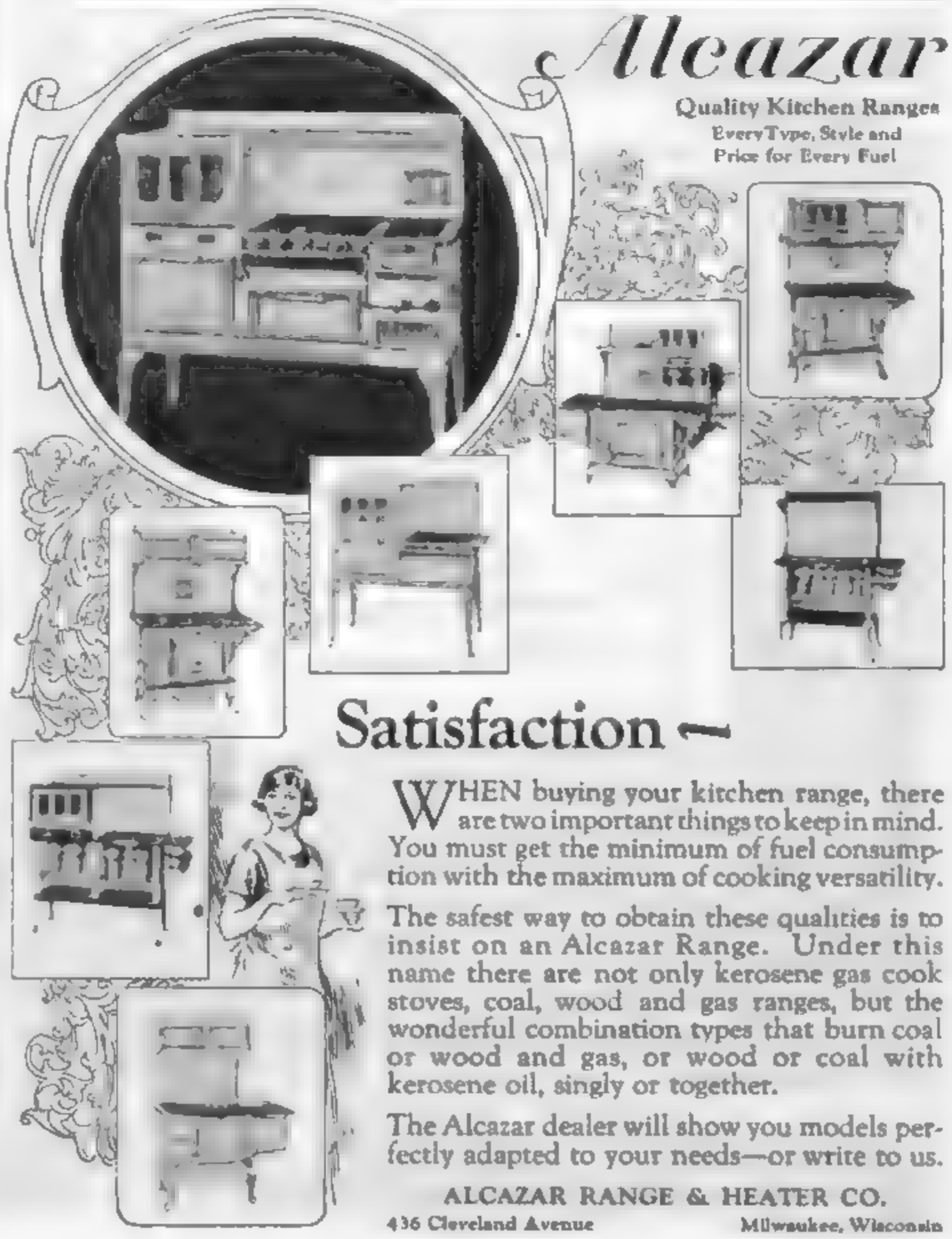

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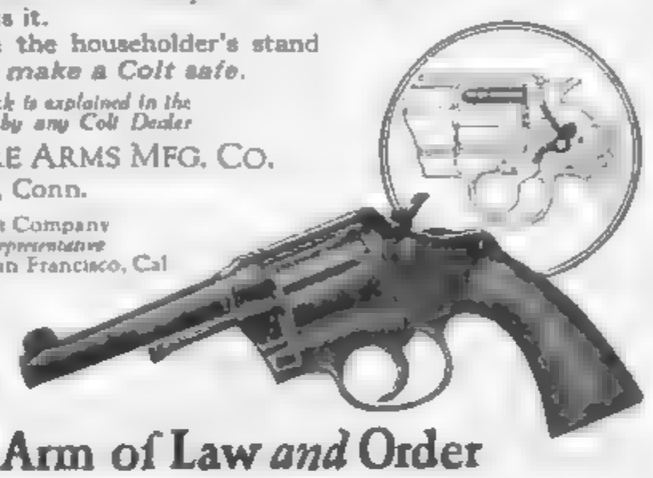

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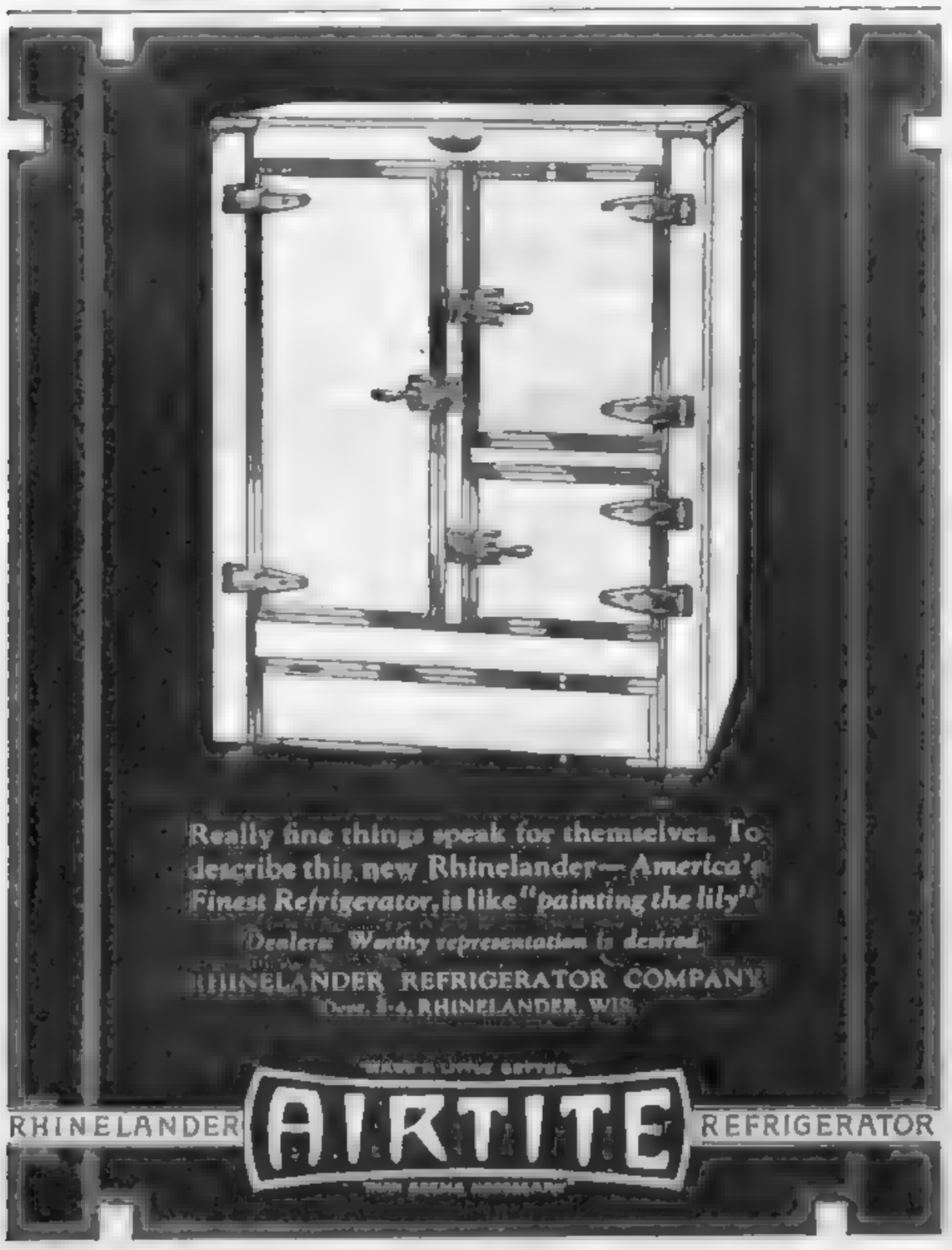

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3. That the decisions of a Court not founded upon some previously accepted law or convention are likely to be arbitrary or unacceptable.

If, now, we turn to Article 14 of the Covenant of the League, we find that each one of these principles is either ignored or contravened in this article. This article provides that the Council of the League shall "formulate and submit to the members of the League"—no state not a member of the League is mentioned—"for adoption plans for the establishment of a Permanent Court of International Justice." It is "the members of the League," as the Protocol of Signature repeats, by which these plans, when matured by the Council and the Assembly, are to be adopted, thus prescribing the execution of this article of the Treaty of Versailles.

A comparison of the Project prepared by the Commission of Jurists with the Statute adopted by the Protocol of Signature shows that the jurisdiction of the Court in all justiciable cases, prescribed in the Project, is repudiated, because Article 14 has carefully confined the jurisdiction of the Court to "any dispute of an international character which the parties thereto submit to it." That is, no wrongdoer, however grave or however trivial the offense may be, can be brought before this Court without his own agreement to submit the case! Of what utility for justice is a court wholly without compulsory jurisdiction?

But, though no wronged nation can appeal to this Court for redress of a wrong without both parties previously agreeing to submit the case, Article 14 runs on, "The Court may also give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or by the Assembly." "Also!" Having no power to do anything of itself, it may "also" give a quasi-judicial approval to what the Council or the Assembly wishes to do or cause to be done.

Finally, next to the exclusion of states not in some way connected with the treaties of peace from participation in the League's Court without becoming members of the League, thus creating a monopoly of international control, was the refusal to accept the proposal for future general conferences for the revision, clarification and extension of international law, so essential to any real advance of international justice. The reason for this, as seen by reference to Article 20 of the Covenant, is the abrogation of "all obligations or understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof," and the solemn undertaking of the members of the League that "they will not hereafter enter into any engagements inconsistent with the terms thereof."

An Obscurantist Propaganda

Just as the League set itself against future general agreements with regard to the further development of law, the advocates of the League's Court set themselves against any relaxation of the League's control by an extension of the Court's membership beyond the Annex. For them the League and its Court became the end of the law.

Much has been written regarding the codification of international law and much also about the law being made by the decisions of the Court, as if all that remains to be done is to codify the international customs and precedents of the past and allow the Court, in the dim light of such a code, to determine the law for the future.

There could hardly be a more effectual method of sterilizing international justice than to consecrate past custom and leave further development to the decisions of a Court endowed with the sovereign power of making the law. Such a proposal overlooks the fact that all modern law is developed by the agreement of those who are to be governed by it, and not a rule of action to be imposed by a superior. This at least is the American idea of law, and it is this idea which looks toward conferences of jurists to propose improvements in international law and the adoption of such improvements as are found desirable by the legislative bodies in the form of lawmaking conventions.

With regard to all these vital matters, the propaganda for entrance into the League's Court has been animated by obscurantism. By this is meant the urgency of will and determination toward an end thought to be desirable without any study of the ways and processes by which the ultimate end may be practically reached. It is the method of the promoter, but not the method of the statesman

The result of this method is that great numbers of persons, without the examination of documents and the facts contained in them, have been wrought upon to a point where will has displaced reason to such a degree that they, without discussion and examination, have demanded action prompt action and predetermined action by a body essentially deliberative, but of whose deliberations this irresponsible urgency is impatient.

The political influence of this urgency has been as effective as it was intended to be. It did not require any interest in this Court, or in any court, to realize that the League's Court had become a political issue. It could not be ignored. If there were developed a popular passion for constructing a mechanism at Government expense to put us in communication with the inhabitants of Mars, when it became of interest to a sufficient number of voters, it would become a political issue, and a promise of action upon it would be found in some political platform. Not to perceive this would indicate a total disregard of what political platforms are for.

Accordingly, in 1924, both political parties declared themselves for the World Court. The Republican Platform read:

"The Republican Party reaffirms its stand for agreement among the nations to prevent war and preserve peace. As an important step in this direction we indorse the Permanent Court of International Justice and favor the adherence of the United States to this tribunal as recommended by President Coolidge. This Government has definitely refused membership in the League of Nations and to assume any obligations under the Covenant of the League. On this we stand."

"On this we stand"—"adherence of the United States to the Permanent Court of International Justice as recommended by President Coolidge" and the definite refusal of membership in the League of Nations and "to assume any obligations under the Covenant of the League." It was left to the faithful of the party to find a method by which this feat of standing on both adherence and refusal could be accomplished. Difficult as it was, it appears to have been accomplished.

The Storm Center in the Senate Debate

All those who have followed the entire discussion of this subject in the Senate are aware that the storm center of the debate was how much risk of assuming obligations under the Covenant of the League is involved in adhering to the Court by signing the Protocol of Signature. The number of persons who are aware of this is perhaps not large, for not many senators heard the whole debate. In the midst of almost every speech the Congressional Record registers the formula: "I suggest the absence of a quorum," uttered once when six senators were present; and the press reported the speeches only in a fragmentary manner.

It remains true that the main point of contention was how far signature of the Protocol of December 16, 1920—prepared when it was expected that the United States would eventually become a member of the League of Nations, but which after five years remained unsigned—would involve the United States in obligations under the Covenant of the League. If none were involved, why might it not have been signed during these years that had passed?

(Continued on Page 209)

CREATING A $30,000 ESTATE BY A STROKE OF YOUR PEN

Here is an actual case, showing how a man with an income of $5000 a year provided adequately for his wife and boy. What he has done, you can do.

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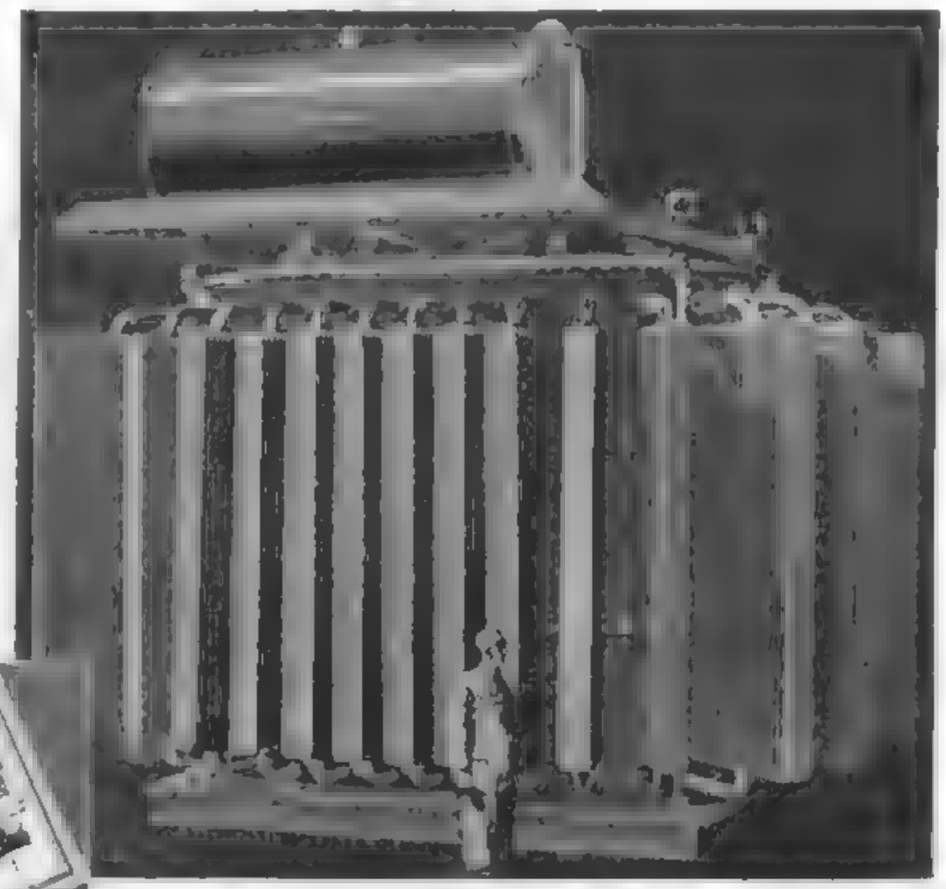

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THE INSTINCT FOR QUALITY IS A PRICELESS INHERITANCE

(Continued from Page 208)

One thing is clear: That the signature of this Protocol is a ratification of all that had been accomplished by the League in execution of Article 14 of Part I of the Treaty of Versailles, which the United States had declined to ratify.

It was perhaps for this reason, with others, that the Senate was asked to adhere to the Statute of the Court with four reservations. This the Senate had not been inclined to do; but, on the contrary, the Committee on Foreign Relations had proposed to adhere to the Statute of the Court if the Court were wholly separated from the League and made a real World Court. Failing in that, the Senate had done nothing.

In the meantime, the personnel of the Committee on Foreign Relations had been extensively changed by death and other causes. Not only this, but a new reservation regarding advisory opinions had been added to the four.

Thus mended, Senator Swanson revived his resolution to sign the Protocol. It was predicted that enough senators had decided to adopt this resolution to carry it by a three-fourths vote by virtually all of the Democrats and nearly all the Republicans.

With a solution thus predetermined, there was but little interest in the debate in the Senate. Both parties had taken their stand. On the one hand, there were to be no obligations under the Covenant; on the other, it was a recognition of the Covenant that was aimed at, with an adherence to Article 14 now and to the whole of the Covenant at some future time, and this hope was freely expressed by Senator Swanson, who had presented the resolution, and others.

Undoubtedly, the facts brought out in the debate and the news of how the country was taking it were creating some embarrassment for certain senators. New reservations began to be framed. A certain agitation was evident. It would be better to close this debate. Other matters of greater importance to the people were pressing. But it was easier to start this discussion than to close it, and especially to close it with more arguments to be heard and a fuller understanding of those that had been presented.

And so it was decided by the proponents of the resolution to sign the Protocol of Signature before a substitute protocol of adhesion, demanding as a preliminary to signature the real attitude of the previous signers regarding certain matters and an agreed statement by all the adherents of the Statute as to its scope and construction, could get under way.

The Resolution Adopted by the Senate

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly," was the watchword; and this is what was done. By a vote of 76 to 17, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas, the President, under date of Feb. 24, 1923, transmitted a message to the Senate, accompanied by a letter from the Secretary of State, dated Feb. 17, 1923, asking the favorable advice and consent of the Senate to the adherence on the part of the United States to the protocol of Dec. 16, 1920, of signature of the statute for the Permanent Court of International Justice, set out in the said message of the President—without accepting or agreeing to the optional clause for compulsory jurisdiction contained therein—upon the conditions and understandings hereafter stated, to be made a part of the instrument of adherence. Therefore, be it

Resolved—two-thirds of the Senators present concurring—That the Senate advise and consent to the adherence on the part of the United States to the said protocol of Dec. 16, 1920, and the adjoined statute for the Permanent Court of International Justice—without accepting or agreeing to the optional clause for compulsory jurisdiction contained in said statute—and that the signature of the United States be affixed to the said protocol, subject to the following reservations and understandings, which are hereby made a part and condition of this resolution, namely:

1. That such adherence shall not be taken to involve any legal relation on the part of the United States to the League of Nations, or the assumption of any obligations by the United States under the Treaty of Versailles.

2. That the United States shall be permitted to participate, through representatives designated for the purpose and upon an equality with the other State members, respectively, of the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations, in any and all proceedings of either the Council or the Assembly for the election of Judges or Deputy Judges of the Permanent Court of International Justice, or for the filling of vacancies.

3. That the United States will pay a fair share of the expenses of the Court, as determined and appropriated from time to time by the Congress of the United States.

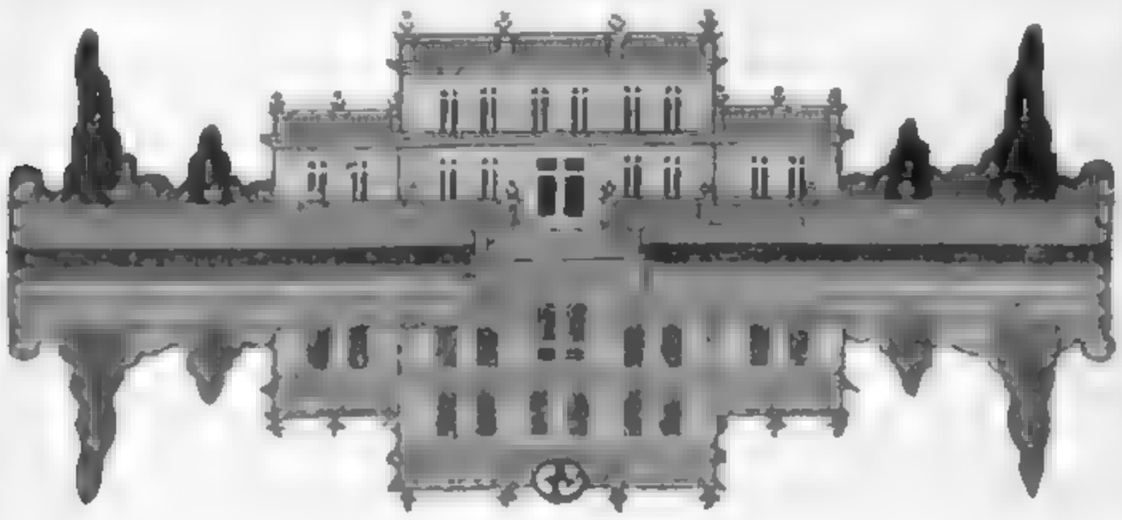
4. That the United States may at any time withdraw its adherence to the said protocol, and that the statute for the Permanent Court of International Justice adjoined to the protocol shall not be amended without the consent of the United States.

5. That the Court shall not render any advisory opinion, except publicly after due notice to all States adhering to the Court and to all interested States, and after public hearing given to any State concerned; nor shall it, without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest.

The signature of the United States to the said protocol shall not be affixed until the powers signatory to such protocol shall have indicated, through an exchange of notes, their acceptance of the foregoing reservations and understandings as a part and a condition of adherence by the United States to the said protocol.

Resolved, further, as a part of this act of ratification, That the United States approve the protocol and statute herein above mentioned, with the understanding that recourse to the Permanent Court of International Justice for the settlement of differences between the United States and any other State or States can be had only by agreement thereto through general or special treaties concluded between the parties in dispute; and,

Resolved, further, That adherence to the said protocol and statute hereby approved



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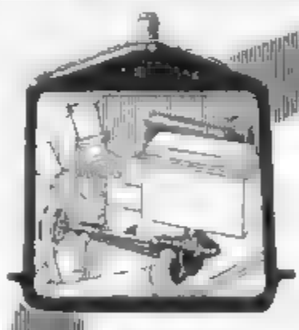

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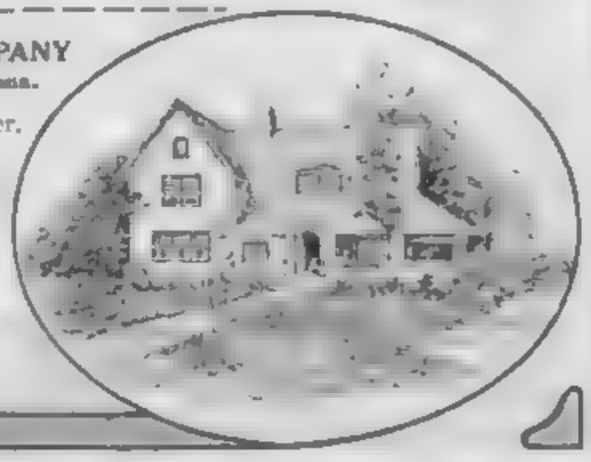

shall not be so construed as to require the United States to depart from its traditional policy of not intruding upon, interfering with or entangling itself in the political questions of policy or internal administration of any foreign State; nor shall adherence to the said protocol and statute be construed to imply a relinquishment by the United States of its traditional attitude toward purely American questions.

The Resulting Situation

The full text of the resolution has been given because its conditions and understandings are yet to be acted upon. It was the most complete consent the Senate was disposed to give, but if the reservations are meant as advice, much advice was given also.

It is unnecessary to comment in detail upon the significance of this resolution. It appears to end the matter, for the present at least, so far as the Senate is concerned. It also shows where the Senate stands. It distrusts the League as a confederation of states founded on power rather than on law. It will have as little as possible to do with the Court, and it will see that that little has the supervision and further consent of the Senate as a condition of appeal to the Court.

To some who have labored long for a real World Court—a court where justiciable cases may be brought by the wronged without the acquiescence of the wrongdoer—the result is a disappointment.

But, as has been said, it is nobody's victory. It is the proposal of a passage from the Annex of the Treaty of Versailles to a blind alley. The United States was as a fact no longer in the Annex of a treaty which it had abandoned. The admission that it was by construction still in the Annex keeps it on the waiting list for entrance into the League of Nations by one more signature. If signing becomes a habit, perhaps the Republican Party will not stand in 1928 where it said it stood in 1924. It is well to keep faith, but it is wise to put it in the right place.

The wisdom of the Senate is not to be decried. It has committed the country to nothing of importance.

As this writer takes his meditative walks under the leafless trees and watches the little river rolling at his feet, he will often hear the refrain:

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water!"

BATTLING TIME

(Continued from Page 17)

"I'll fight you again—right here and now!" cried Dan Kirk.

"I don't fight for nothing," said Jansen, with professional dignity. "But see my manager. I'll give you another chance."

"You haven't heard the last of me," said Dan. "I'll come back. You wait!"

"Fight you any time, any place," said the new champion carelessly; and added: "If the purse is right."

They were still congratulating the new king when Dan Kirk, with dull steps, went to his dressing room. There was nobody there to congratulate him, nobody but his old manager.

"Dan," he said, "I'm proud of you."

"I lost," groaned Dan Kirk. "I'm not the champ now."

"You turned in the grandest fight of your life," said the manager.

"If only," lamented Dan, "I'd been twenty pounds heavier!"

The manager shook his head.

"It wasn't the weight that beat you, Dan," he said. "It was the years. They beat everybody sooner or later, no matter how big he is. They'll beat Jansen, too, some day."

"I'll beat him myself. I'll fight him again. Get him for me, Larry."

"Dan," said the manager gently, "forget it. You've had your day. It's been a long one and a great one—but now you've got to step aside and make room for the younger generation. You've saved coin. You can afford to hang up the gloves and go fishing."

"Me do—nothing?" Dan asked miserably.

"Well, open a sporting-goods store or something. That will keep you busy."

"Me keep busy selling mitts for other guys to use?"

Morosely, Dan packed up the old blue trunks, darned in a dozen places, which he had worn in many a celebrated bout. Despair bowed his wide shoulders.

When a man is through in the ring, he is very through indeed. Dan found that out. He tried whole-heartedly to come back. He tried to train again. But the Jansen fight seemed to have drained the snap from his blows.

A few tepid rounds of boxing with sparring partners left him leg weary, arm weary. No use.

Dan Kirk found himself wondering why he went on living now that there was so little worth living for. Men, they say, live for their dreams. He had dreamed his, realized it, and lost it. He had no dream now. He did have a wish; but it was a hopeless one, for sense told him he could never make it come true. He wanted to beat Jansen.

He could never do that now. He admitted it. He had known it, really, from the instant he had landed his first tremendous right-hander, and Jansen had simply blinked and kept boring in.

"If I was his age"—he said it a dozen times a day—"if I was twenty ——"

"Dan," his old manager said, "take my advice and find something to do or you'll go cuckoo. You just can't be twenty again. You can get a doc to amputate your leg, but no doc can amputate your years. Brace up and enjoy life."

"Bah!" said Dan Kirk.

He had never felt so low, so unnecessary as the night he went to the circus. He just wandered in there because he hoped the noise and the crowds might distract him. They didn't. He glowered at the antics of the clowns. He scowled at the acrobats and envied them their supple youth. But he felt an ebb of interest when Miss Jennie Huber appeared. Her art was calculated to appeal to him, for she was announced as the Strongest Woman in the World, and she proved her claim to that title by lifting prodigious dumb-bells, armfuls of men, and even a robust pony. Dan was aware, too, that she was pretty in a magnificent blond way, and of a heroic mold; but it was her biceps, like a pair of pink grapefruits, that fascinated him. He saw her raise aloft the pony.

Suddenly his eyes, which had lacked luster for weeks, brightened with the quick spark of inspiration. He got up and made his way to the dressing rooms of the circus.

They knew him of course. Everyone knew Dan Kirk. An ex-champion has certain prerogatives. So he was shortly presented to Miss Jennie Huber, the Strongest Woman in the World. She smiled graciously and offered him a hand as big and hard almost as his own.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Kirk," she said. "I seen you fight that big bum Jansen. You certainly was grand."

Embarrassedly, Dan Kirk cleared his throat.

"Look here, Miss Huber," he said, "I don't think a lot of women, but I like you. What do you say we go out and eat?"

"Sure," said Miss Jennie Huber. "Why not?"

(Continued on Page 213)

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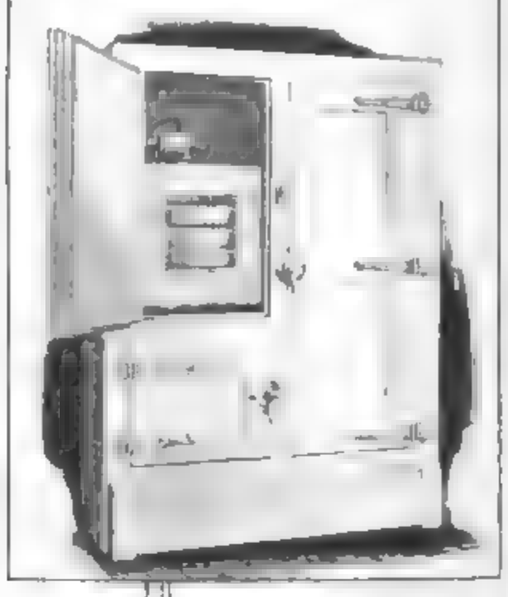

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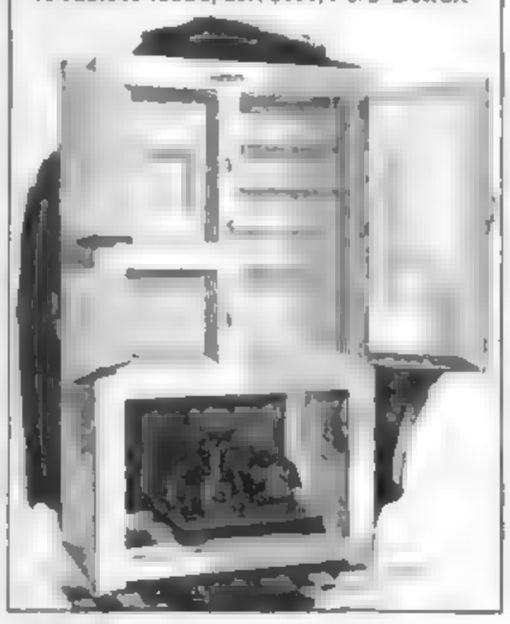

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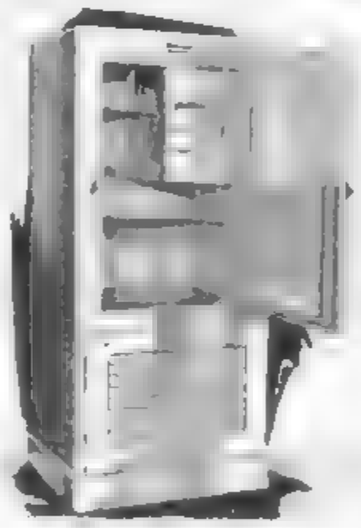

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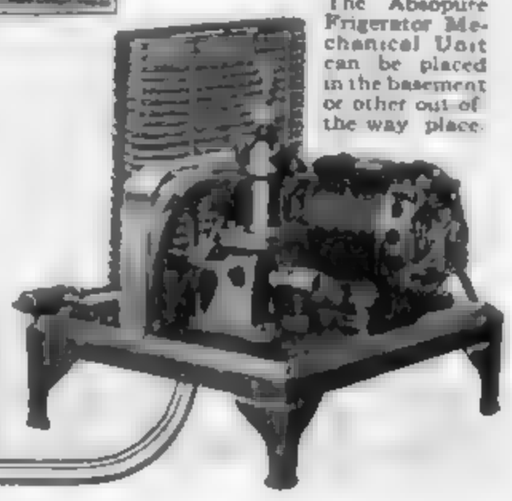

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AJAX BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 210)

The last thing Dan Kirk said to her that night was: "Look here, I've got a good reputation. I don't smoke, drink or stay out nights. I'm thirty-five, healthy and have got a hundred and twenty-one thousand salted away in first mortgages. And I think you're the swellest woman I ever seen, Jennie."

The Strongest Woman in the World blushed.

"I finish my act at 10:20 tomorrow," she said. "And I'm always hungry after I work. Good night, Dan."

They were riding uptown in a taxi after an official at the Municipal Building had mouthed certain words over them which joined them in more or less permanent wedlock. Silence was on them.

"What are you thinking about, Dan dear?" the Strongest Woman in the World inquired.

The ex-champion tweaked his new necktie with nervous fingers.

"Well," he admitted, "as a matter of fact, Jen, I was thinking if we had a son what a hell of a husky kid he would be."

The Strongest Woman in the World averted her glance.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "so was I."

And he was.

The first thing about the baby that the jubilant father looked at was the hands.

"I guess," mused Dan Kirk, "they don't make mitts as small as that. Looks like I'll have to have a pair made to order for young Dan."

Young Dan Kirk mastered the left jab before he learned his alphabet. The proudest and happiest man in the country was Old Dan Kirk. He had a new dream now. In the bedroom of Young Dan hung a large photograph of a burly gentleman in fighting togs, his fists poised to deliver a soporific wallop, his scrambled features contracted into a fearsome fighting face; and under the picture were the words:

"Jim Jansen, Heavyweight Champion of the World."

Nearly every day Old Dan pointed to the picture and said solemnly, "Danny, that's the man who licked your dad. That's the man you've got to lick."

And little Dan, as solemnly, made answer: "Yes, dad." That became his religion.

Old Dan Kirk lived for three hopes which at the same time were three fears. He wanted Jim Jansen to keep his health, strength and championship.

He wanted Young Dan to develop into a fighting man who would avenge his father by knocking Jim Jansen out of that championship. And he wanted to live to see that day himself.

Considering his parentage, and the fact that Old Dan was his mentor, his trainer and his professor in the art of hit and get away, it was not surprising that at nineteen Young Dan Kirk had grown into a hundred and ninety solid pounds of leathery muscle and steel bone, with a jarring left that darted out like a striking cobra and a right as crushing as a falling girder.

Then the day came when Old Dan went to Jim Jansen and demanded a match for Young Dan. Jim Jansen, in his late thirties, was still a great champion. He did not need to win his battles by sheer crude power now. Much of that power he still had. To it the years had added cunning, ring wisdom. He was inclined to sneer at the claims of Old Dan's son.

"Chip off the old block, eh?" the champion grunted, as he lolled in an audible dressing gown. "Well, I took the block, and I can take the chip just as easy. But I ain't going to—yet. He's too young. I'd murder him. Fatten him up a few years and then I'll slaughter him for you."

"He's big enough and smart enough right now," declared Dan warmly. "You was his age when I gave you your chance. I didn't try to side-step you."

"Who's trying to side-step?" Jansen demanded.

"What do you call it then?" Old Dan threw at him. "You've seen my boy work. You saw him put away Steamboat Benny Bush in three rounds. You know the Steamboat is no push-over for any man. You know you're due for a lacing, and you've got a rough idea my lad can hand it to you."

"Yeah? Is that so? Well, listen! I could use a little easy money; and I sure would like to pick it up at your expense. I never liked you, and I don't like this kid of yours any better."

"The same to you, and that goes double!" snorted Dan. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I'll get Pop Geary to fix up a bout soon," growled the champion. "I can lick all the Kirks that ever lived, or ever will. About July Fourth, bring round your kid—and bring a stretcher."

"You'll need it," said Old Dan Kirk.

Young Dan had been doing intensive training for weeks on his father's farm in New Jersey. New youth seemed to be in Old Dan, as, in a ring rigged up in the barn, he patiently worked with his son, teaching him how to smother the lethal left of the champion, teaching him a wicked one-two punch, teaching him all the old tricks and inventing some new ones.

It was three weeks before the fight. Old Dan was awakened, late at night, by a stealthy sound outside his house. Burglars? He stole downstairs. He had no gun; but his right was ready, and heaven help the marauder who got his chin in the way of it!

Someone was cautiously opening the window, getting in. Old Dan drew back his fist. Then in the moonlight he saw the intruder's face; his fist dropped.

"Danny? It's you? At this hour of the night? Where have you been?" Old Dan's voice was hurt.

"It's only a little past midnight, dad," said Young Dan.

"You know your bedtime is half-past ten. That's training rules. You know that well. What have you been doing?"

"Nothing, dad."

"Nothing—at this time of night? Danny, answer me! Is it a girl?"

Young Dan hung his head. "Yes, dad."

Old Dan groaned. "I didn't think it of you, Danny," he said.

"It isn't wrong," protested Young Dan. "All the other boys visit girls."

"Who is she?"

"Her name is Angelica Burns."

"Oh, that little red-headed kid of Tim Burns'. Well, she's all right, I guess. But look here now, Danny, I can't have you running round with girls."

"I didn't see any harm in it, dad."

"Danny?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Have you called on her before?"

"Well, yes."

"Often?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Well, it seemed sort of natural somehow. And, dad, I might as well tell you—I expect to marry her."

Old Dan sank into a chair with something between a moan and an oath.

"Sit down, Danny," he said. "Listen to me. What I'm going to tell you is for your own good. Women and the fight game don't mix."

"Angie ain't women," protested Young Dan. "She's my girl—the only one I ever had. I want to marry her."

"Well, then, marriage and the fight game don't mix. You can take that from me. To be a good fighter takes all a man's time and energy. Danny, I brought you up to be a fighter, not a husband. You want to be champ, don't you?"

"Sure I do."

"Well, I was champ, and I wasn't married. I didn't let no wedding bells hinder me. I gave everything I had to my work. That's what I want you to do. Remember this, Danny: There's lots of girls in the world, but there's only one heavyweight championship. Any boob can get married; it takes a first-class man to win a championship."

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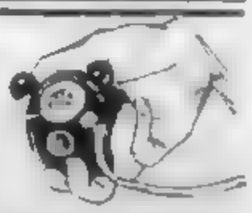

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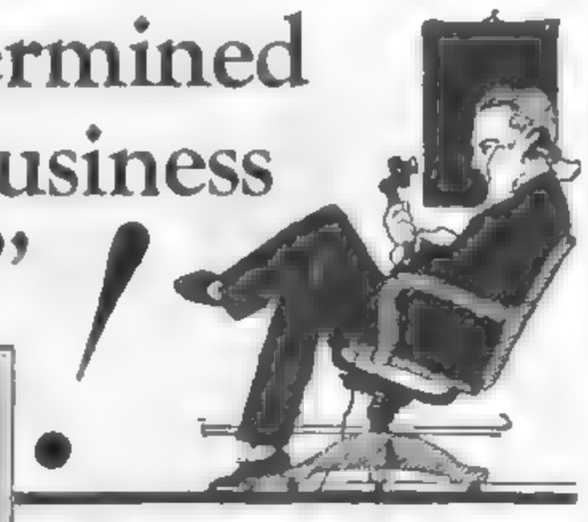

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"I don't see ——" Young Dan began.

"I'll tell you what taking your mind off your work does, Danny," said Old Dan. "Today you missed three lefts in one round. You'll need to miss only one against Jansen and he'll cop you on the button. Take tonight. Already you've lost two hours of sleep. Those two hours may beat you. I mean it. It's the little things like that that count. If I'd had one more ounce of strength, I'd have knocked out Jansen in the fourth when I had him woozy on his feet. Danny, I couldn't stand it if you failed me. Promise me you won't see this girl any more—or any other girl. Put off marrying till you're well past thirty and then you won't make no mistake. Promise me!"

"But, dad ——"

"I've given a big chunk of my life to make you champ, Danny. I'm mighty fond of you too. You're my life, you might say. Don't go back on me."

Young Dan looked at the earnest, pleading face of his father.

"It's sort of tough on me," he said miserably. "But you've never give me a bum steer yet. I'll do what you think best."

"That's a good lad," said Old Dan, and for a moment rested, awkwardly, his arm on his son's shoulder. "Now hit the hay. Forget girls. Think of socking Jim Jansen smack on the old potato."

"Yes, dad."

As long as there is fighting in the world, men will speak, almost with reverence, of that fight between Jim Jansen and Young Dan Kirk for a world's championship. They will tell how through eight thrilling rounds Young Dan carried the battle to his bigger and more experienced foe. They will tell how Young Dan again and again plunged at the champion, and how Jansen met the assault, stemmed it with his elbows or gloves, turned it back with vicious countering blows to head and body. They will tell how Young Dan, bruised and battered, kept coming on.

At the ringside the experts whispered: "Jansen hasn't the old kick, but he knows too much for the kid. Even so tough and game a youngster can't keep taking it like that and coming in for more."

At the end of a grueling eighth, Young Dan tottered to his corner. Old Dan bent over him.

"How's the legs?" he whispered, as he feverishly applied first aid to Young Dan's eye.

"O. K."

"Then you've got him. You'll outlast him." Old Dan tried to put into his words a conviction he did not feel.

"Got him?" breathed Young Dan. "I can hardly see him."

Old Dan's face was ashen. His day of triumph had come—the day he had lived for—but it was turning into a tragedy. Young Dan had fought gallantly. His young stamina had carried him on long after he should have crumpled under the champion's furious bombardment. Old Dan shot a quick look toward Jansen's corner. The champion wasn't breathing easily, but he looked fresh enough to go through another round. But could Young Dan?

In a fierce low voice Old Dan addressed his son:

"Stick to him, Danny, just one more round. Tie up his left the way I showed you. One more round and you've got him. He'll blow up all of a sudden if you'll only stick. At his age, he can't last. I know. Stick to him, if you love me. Just this round, Danny! One more! If you don't lick him, I'll lick you—and then croak."

Then the bell rang. Old Dan crouched by the corner. His hands were clenched. He knew he had played his last card.

From his corner hurtled Jansen with the savage confidence of a tiger about to make a kill. It wasn't gameness or skill that kept Young Dan Kirk on his feet under that violent hurricane of blows. Spent, punch-drunk, he took them. But he did not go down. Nothing but the miraculous vitality of youth kept him up. Old Dan Kirk lived a lifetime in those three minutes. A high-pitched voice at his elbow startled him.

"Finish him, pop!" it cried. "Put him away, pop!"

Old Dan looked. A stocky boy of eight or nine was there, wildly excited. Then, for the first time in his life, Old Dan Kirk said a prayer. He prayed that the bell would ring. His prayer was answered. Young Dan slumped down on the stool in his corner.

"Danny, get hold of yourself. Danny lad, one more round and you're champion." Old Dan, as he rubbed his son's heaving chest, pleaded with him. "He fought himself out that time. Stick to him one more round!"

But Young Dan stared at his father with the vague, uncomprehending stare of a man whose brain has frozen. Old Dan's expert eyes told him that the end—for his son, and for him—was near. He put his lips close to Young Dan's torn ear.

"Danny, if you stick one more round, you can marry Angie."

From the bleeding lips of Young Dan a word trickled—"Honest?"

"I swear it! Tomorrow!"

The bell clanged. Young Dan forced himself out toward the center of the ring, walking stiffly, like a drunken man making one last supreme effort to prove that he has control of his body. From his corner Jansen came. He did not rush. He walked like a man at the end of a long march, weary but resolute. Jansen swung with his left—and missed. He missed another left. His blows lacked direction. He landed a right high up on Young Dan's head. Young Dan wabbled, then he grinned. But Jansen did not grin; he had put all the heart and body left him into that right. Jansen launched a left. But it was a tired left; he seemed like a figure in a slow motion picture.

"Right-hand him, Danny!" screamed Old Dan, and Young Dan did. Jansen went down; not abruptly, but slowly, majestically, like a redwood under the last ax stroke. He tried to get up. His head was clear enough, but his legs would not obey his brain. Sitting there on the canvas, he heard the referee count the ten seconds that made Young Dan Kirk a world's champion.

When the new champion shook the old champion's hand, Jansen, with a wry smile, said, "You've got stuff, kid. You can take it. But wait—wait ten years or so. I've got a kid of my own. He'll be bigger than me, and better. Just you wait!"

As Old Dan and Young Dan whirled home in a motor car, the new champion addressed his father, who sat there, silent, glowing with happiness, and thoughtful.

"Dad, did you mean what you said about my marrying Angie?"

"You bet I did. We'll stop for a license on the way home."

Young Dan regarded his parent with puzzled brow.

"Dad," he said, "it ain't like you to change your mind like that."

Old Dan grinned.

"Jansen's got a kid," he said.

"What of that?"

"I saw him at the ringside," said Old Dan. "He's about ten, and he's got his father's jaw and shoulders. A dozen years from now, Danny, you're going to have to fight Jim Jansen's kid."

"But what has that to do with my marrying Angie?"

Again Old Dan grinned.

"Well," he said, "if Jansen's kid beats you—and with youth in his favor, I guess you can't stop him—who is going to beat Jansen's kid when his time comes?"

Old Dan Kirk bent over the crib which contained a small reddish thing called Daniel Kirk III.

"Smile at your granddad, little Danny," he said. Then he turned to the heavyweight champion of the world, who stood beside him. "Look," said Old Dan, "at the little rascal's hand! They're doubled up into fists. He'll do! Golly, I hope I live another twenty years!"

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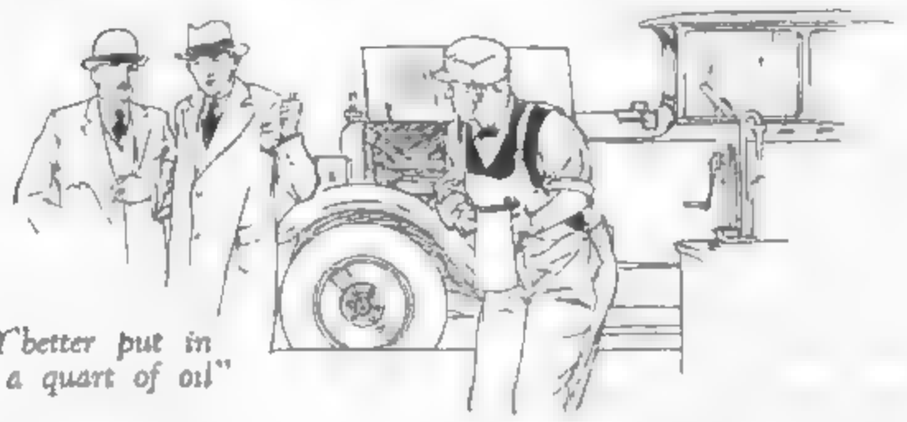

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The Modern Farm Paper

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

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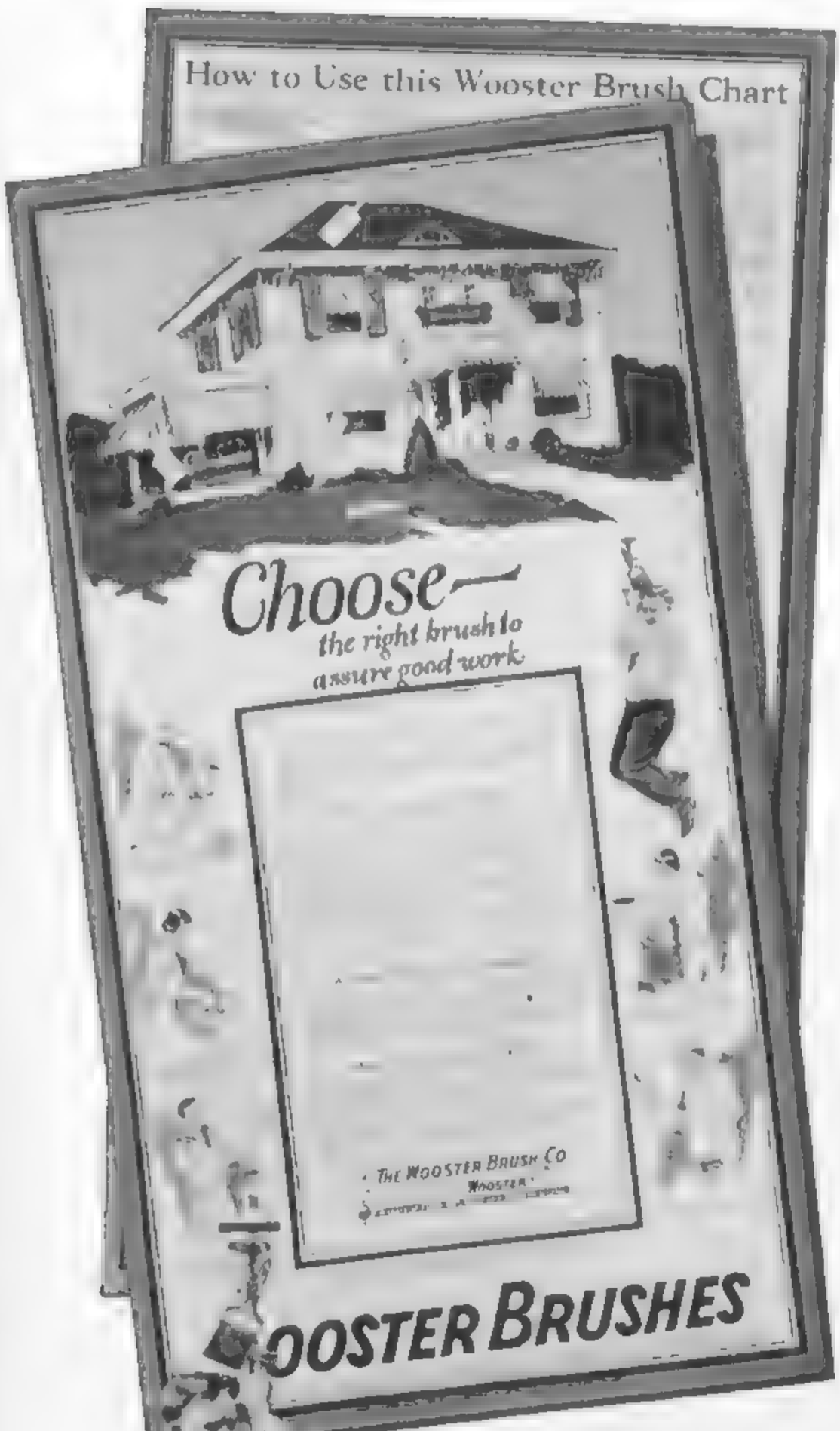

The Wooster Brush Chart is one of the aids to proper brush selling supplied on request to dealers. And any brush user who would like a copy of the Wooster Paint Brush Chart is heartily welcome. Simply write us.

Next Time You Paint
Use the *Right* Brush!

Your dealer can quickly recommend from his Wooster Brush Chart exactly the right Wooster Brush for anything you want to paint.

AND the Wooster Brush you get will be the finest brush you can secure for the work. Your hand will instantly sense the comfortable easy balance; you'll *feel* the sleek, springy bristles—genuine hog bristles—accurately graded and mixed to spread paint, lacquer, varnish, or enamel smoothly and evenly.

The bristles in a Wooster Brush don't come out on the job; the setting grips like a vise and holds the bristles permanently in the brush. Wooster Brushes won't swell, burst nor pull apart. The experience of 75 years of brush-making is yours when you use Wooster Paint Brushes.

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Since 1851—One Family—One Idea—Better Brushes
WOOSTER, OHIO

The Wooster Shasta Brush (Patented) excellent for general use—varnishing, painting or enameling. Ask your dealer to show you the Wooster Shasta.

"Ted the Tester"

189 pounds on a Wooster Paint Brush! An actual test. The bristles in a Wooster Brush are in to stay.

"The Better the Brush the Better the Work!"

WOOSTER BRUSHES

FOR PAINTING—VARNISHING—ENAMELING—LACQUERING—KALSOMINING

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The land is yours. Come and possess it this year in actual experience—forever in your memories. You will be a happier individual—a prouder American. The glory of the Great Plains—the distant ranch-house tucked among the foothills—Denver, where the Rockies spear the sunsets, Royal Gorge, the Great Salt Lake with its city and tabernacle, picturesque Reno, Lake Tahoe in the High Sierra—or Feather River Canyon all bring you direct to San Francisco by the Overland Routes. Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming, Glacier and Rainier National Parks in Washington; the lordly Olympics seen across Puget Sound; Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, rich in interests and romance, Columbia River Highway and the unbelievable blues of Crater Lake in Oregon—lead into California by the northern route. Or you may come the southern way through a choice of routes that include Zion National Park, Grand Canyon, and the Apache Trail in Arizona and Carrizo Gorge in Old Mexico below the California line, and return, after your California vacation, through the fir-clad mountains of the Pacific Northwest.

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140 Montgomery Street, Room 508

Please send me the booklet *"California Wonder Tours"*

Name

St. & Address

The Poets' Corner

How to Treat Elves

I MET an elf man in the woods,
The wee-est little elf!
Sitting under a mushroom tall—
'Twas taller than himself!

"How do you do, little elf?" I said,
"And what do you do all day?"
"I dance 'n' fwolic about," said he,
"'N' scuttle about and play;

"I s'prise the butterflies, 'n' when
A katydid I see,
'Katy didn't!' I say, and he
Says 'Katydid!' to me!

"I hide behind my mushroom stalk
When Mister Mole comes froo,
'N' only jus' to fwighten him
I jump out 'n' say 'Boo!'

"'N' then I swing on a cobweb swing
Up in the air so high,
'N' the cwickets chirp to hear me sing
'Upsy-daisy-die!'

"'N' then I play with the baby chicks,
I call them chick-chick-chick!
'N' what do you think of that?" said he.
I said, "It makes me sick.
"It gives me sharp and shooting pains
To listen to such drool."
I lifted up my foot, and squashed
The silly little fool.

—*Morris Bishop.*

Old Towns

ALONG the borders of the world they lie,
Old towns built in some haunted long ago;
Down quiet roads where silver poplars grow,
By ponds where dark blue waters hold the sky.
The woodbine wreathes in wild security
O'er moss-grown roof and weathered portico,
And loudly on the stillness, to and fro,
Weave the bright wings of sunset's dragon fly.

Yet on these old towns as they drowse and dream,
Falls oft a strange and hushed intensity,
As if they waited for a signal gleam
To light once more the lamps of memory;
Or for some note to wake the throb and beat
Of life's wild pulse through every silent street.

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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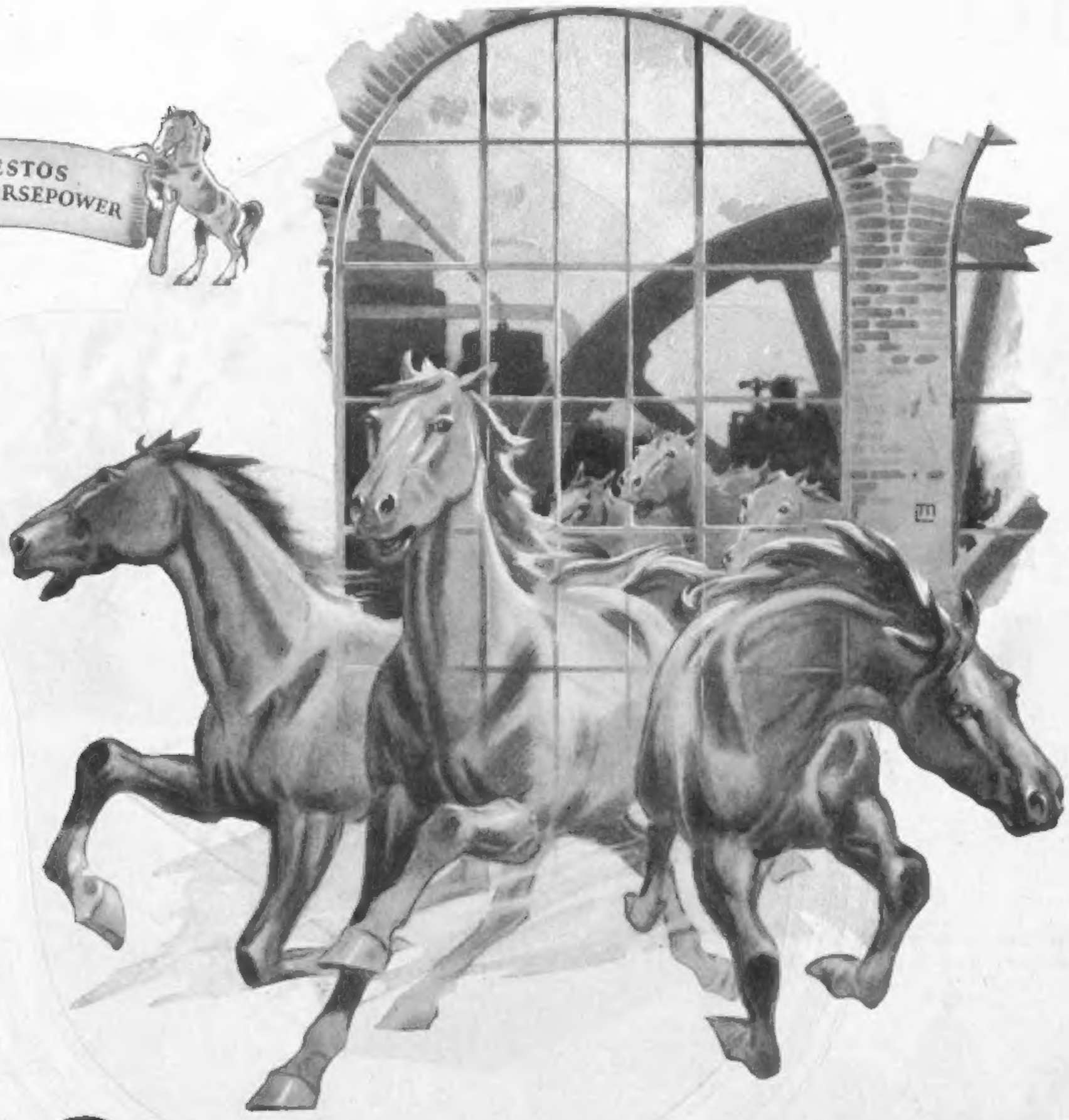

Runaway Horsepower!
—save it with Asbestos

AWAY they go—and you can't even see them. Hundreds of units of horsepower, in the average industrial plant, are bred and raised but never harnessed. Although their escape is invisible, their loss is recorded by high production costs.

What are you going to do about it?

Johns-Manville *is* doing something about it and *has been* doing something for years.

It is just as much the business of our men to help find and remedy losses of horsepower in your plant as it is to give you information about our Asbestos products.

Avail yourself of our Service to Industry.

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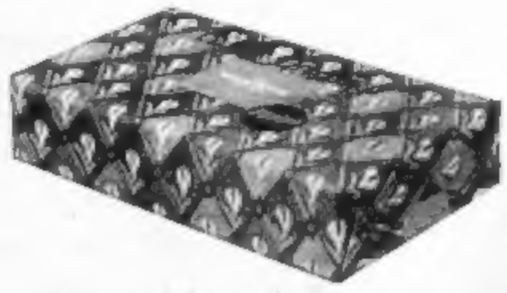
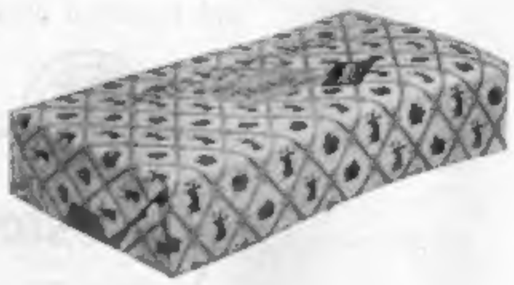
A sparkling holiday package this . . . the "20-Odd"—a wide choice of delightful candies . . . dressed in spring mood and offering the variety one expects in a box of Johnston's

The Easter Quintette Package, a joyous assortment that will be most popular this year. This package, decked for the holiday season, contains many of your favourites.



It is hard to select between these three special Easter assortments of Johnston's. Here is the famous T-R-I-A-D package, in a spirited new spring costume . . . for your Easter gift.



Johnston's

CHOCOLATES

HERE are gay Easter packages of Johnston's . . . for those who observe the pleasant custom of making gifts on this bright day of rejoicing. At this, as at other gift times, the choice is Johnston's . . . your gift to the sweetest lady in all the world.

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You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

IN·BEHALF·OF·THE·BRIDE

A word to the groom, concerning the breakfasts and the dinners he will share with her

DEAR SIR:

In each decade of happy matrimony, *He* and *She* dine together an average of twice a day for at least 3,000 days. That's a lot of breakfasts and dinners.

But the worry of preparing this endless round of menus descends largely on her. If her maid walks out, his appetite may suffer. But he seldom has to broil the chops or coddle a lazy oven.

If it's up to the bride to make the table-fare interesting, isn't it "good cricket" for the groom to help lighten her job by brightening her table?

He can't solve the servant problem for her. But he can give the cooking a fair show by giving it a fair setting. He can compliment good culinary with good table-silver.

An excellent beginning for the Newlywed Table Service, in the world's finest quality silverplate, is that exquisite 1847 ROGERS BROS. Utility Tray set of 26 pieces of spoons, forks and knives for $34, including the serving tray. . . . Price slightly higher in Canada.

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MAY WE SEND YOU THAT FAMOUS BOOK "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense"? *A charming little brochure on how to entertain correctly and smartly for luncheons, dinners and afternoon teas. What to serve and how to serve it—for occasions both formal and informal. A copy is yours for the asking . . . Ask for booklet R-90. International Silver Company, Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.*

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SALESROOMS:
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Healthful Cleanliness

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The foundation of Old Dutch is a natural detergent; free from harsh scratchy grit, acid and caustic. To the eye a fine powder—the microscope shows that its particles are flaky and flat shaped. Therefore they do not scratch or injure the surface, but like thousands of tiny erasers do their cleaning by *erasing* all dirt and invisible impurities. That's why Old Dutch is your greatest help at house cleaning time.

Do not complicate your cleaning by using harsh, scratchy cleaners. They make scratches which not only mar the surface, but so readily accumulate and hold dirt and impurities.

Healthful Cleanliness is the safeguard to health and Old Dutch is your safeguard to *healthful cleanliness.*

There is nothing else like it

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